Collier's

MAY 15, 1948

TEN CENTS

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GENERAL MAC ARTHUR

By George Creel

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CANCER — THE CHILD KILLER

PAGE 64

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Jane only consulted her compact… But Lucy consulted her dentist!

case #1

Jane, nervous about meeting new people, wished her mirror revealed brighter teeth, a prettier smile.

Jane should have stopped wishing and started for her dentist's the first time she saw "pink" on her tooth brush—instead of letting it go until it became serious!

He could have told her how important firm, healthy gums are to sound teeth and a sparkling smile. And how to follow the regular home care routine so many dentists advise: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

Silly of Jane—not to ask her dentist!

case #2

Lucy, when she met new people, was poised—confident of her smile.

Because she (wise girl!) took no chances with her teeth and gums. Seeing a warning flash of "pink" on her tooth brush, *she consulted her dentist—quick!*

After treatment, he said that hers was simply a case of soft foods robbing her gums of exercise—and for home care suggested "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

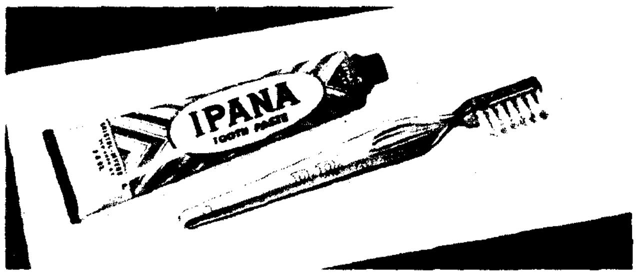
This advice, followed faithfully, soon helped Lucy to firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile. *Smart of Lucy—to ask her dentist!*

National survey shows:

Dentists recommend Ipana 2 to 1

(over any other tooth paste)

Products of Bristol-Myers



P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the twist in the handle. 1,000 dentists helped design it.

The dentist knows best! See him for regular check-ups on your teeth and gums. He is the man best qualified to advise you.

Remember: Dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste. And 9 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage regularly or in special cases. *(These facts were shown by a recent nationwide survey of dentists, conducted by impartial authorities.)*

So start today with Ipana Tooth Paste. Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. *Help him guard your smile of beauty!*

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COLLIER'S

May 15, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

COLLIER'S ABROAD!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: If the millions of readers of Collier's and other good American magazines would each week send their copy of the magazine to key individuals in Italy, France, Germany, Austria, Korea and Latin America, they would be using the most powerful of all forces to counteract Communist lies and be far more effective than official government propaganda.

Our magazines can be the machine guns of democracy and freedom. Let's send a flood of them abroad—immediately!

ALBERT CROISSANT, Occidental College,
Los Angeles, Cal.

THE MCMAHON PLAN

DEAR SIRS: You are to be congratulated for publishing No Miracle in the Marshall Plan (Apr. 3d, by Senator Brien McMahon). It is the most lucid, farsighted plan yet to be suggested by anyone, making heartening sense in a hysterical-minded world.

MRS. E. N. CLARK,
Alexandria, Va.

. . . Were we to put as much effort into spreading the truth as the Russians have into subversion and distortion, I am sure that the need for military expenditures would soon diminish. . . .

JOHN G. MILLER, Peoria, Ill.

. . . I know this is no time for levity, but I wonder what the Jim Marshall Plan would be like. From his writings, he sounds like a pretty perspicacious gent, even if he isn't a professional politician. . . .

PHIL HUNSIGER, San Francisco, Cal.

WALLACE IN WONDERLAND

DEAR SIRS: Ditto, ditto, ditto to all the fine letters in defense of Henry Wallace (The Week's Mail, Mar. 27th). Since time began, great men have been persecuted, criticized and smeared. Maybe, after all, we are learning to recognize greatness in our time.

MISS JESSIE MOSELY,
Jonestown, Miss.

. . . Congratulations on being fair enough to print a few bouquets for Henry Wallace, after festooning him with such a generous amount of poison ivy. . . .

CHESTER HILLER, Elizabeth, N. J.

. . . I still feel the same about Hennery, only worse. . . .

GERALD HILLIARD, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 83)

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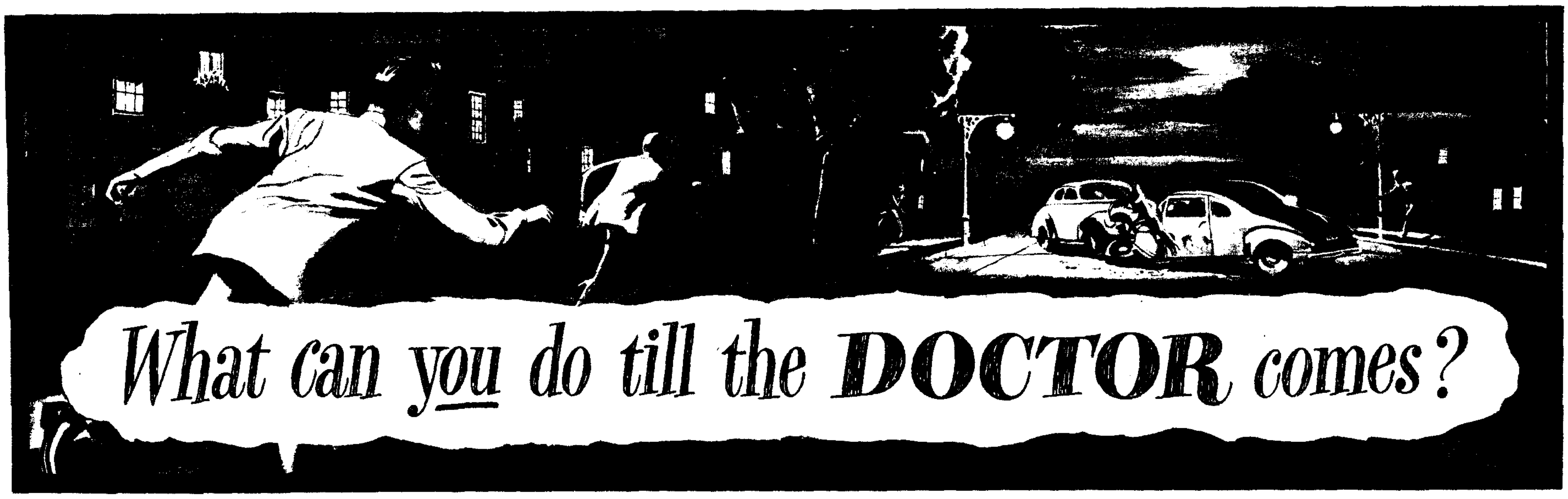

What can you do till the DOCTOR comes?

Q. Do you know what to do if there's an accident?

A. If you know and can use First Aid after an accident, you may prevent a lasting injury, even save a life. Accidents will injure 9 million Americans this year. One may happen where you are, and it's up to you to know what to do—*and what not to do* until competent medical help arrives. To learn the new, approved First Aid methods, register for the classes held by your local chapter of the Red Cross.

Q. Do you know what not to do?

A. Don't try to *be* the doctor! Do whatever is necessary to save the victim's life, and to prevent shock by keeping him warm and quiet, *but no more.* Don't move the patient unless it is absolutely necessary. Don't give unconscious persons water or liquids. Remember, doing the wrong thing may be worse than doing nothing, and a good rule to follow is "If in doubt—DON'T."

Q. Have you a First Aid Book in your home?

A. About one half of all accidents occur in the home, and a first aid book should be a "must" in your medicine cabinet. If you don't have one, *send today for Metropolitan's booklet, "First Aid."* It gives the proper immediate treatment for bleeding, stoppage of breathing, poisoning, burns, broken bones, and many other emergencies. To get your free copy, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

DILLARD'S BIG HURDLE

BY BILL FAY

INTERVIEWS are embarrassing to Harrison Dillard, the slender Negro from Baldwin-Wallace College who's always breaking hurdle records. People want to know how Harrison does it, and he isn't sure himself.

"What can you say about a hurdle race?" he asks. "The gun goes off and you go with it. It's all instinct—a blur. Usually I'm past the fifth hurdle before I begin to feel the race. If I ever run a perfect race, I'll hit the tape without knowing I ran over a single hurdle."

Dillard doesn't even watch where he's going. Most hurdlers crouch at the starting line, heads up, looking straight down the track. Harrison cocks his head and stares at his right knee—a trick that relaxes his neck muscles.

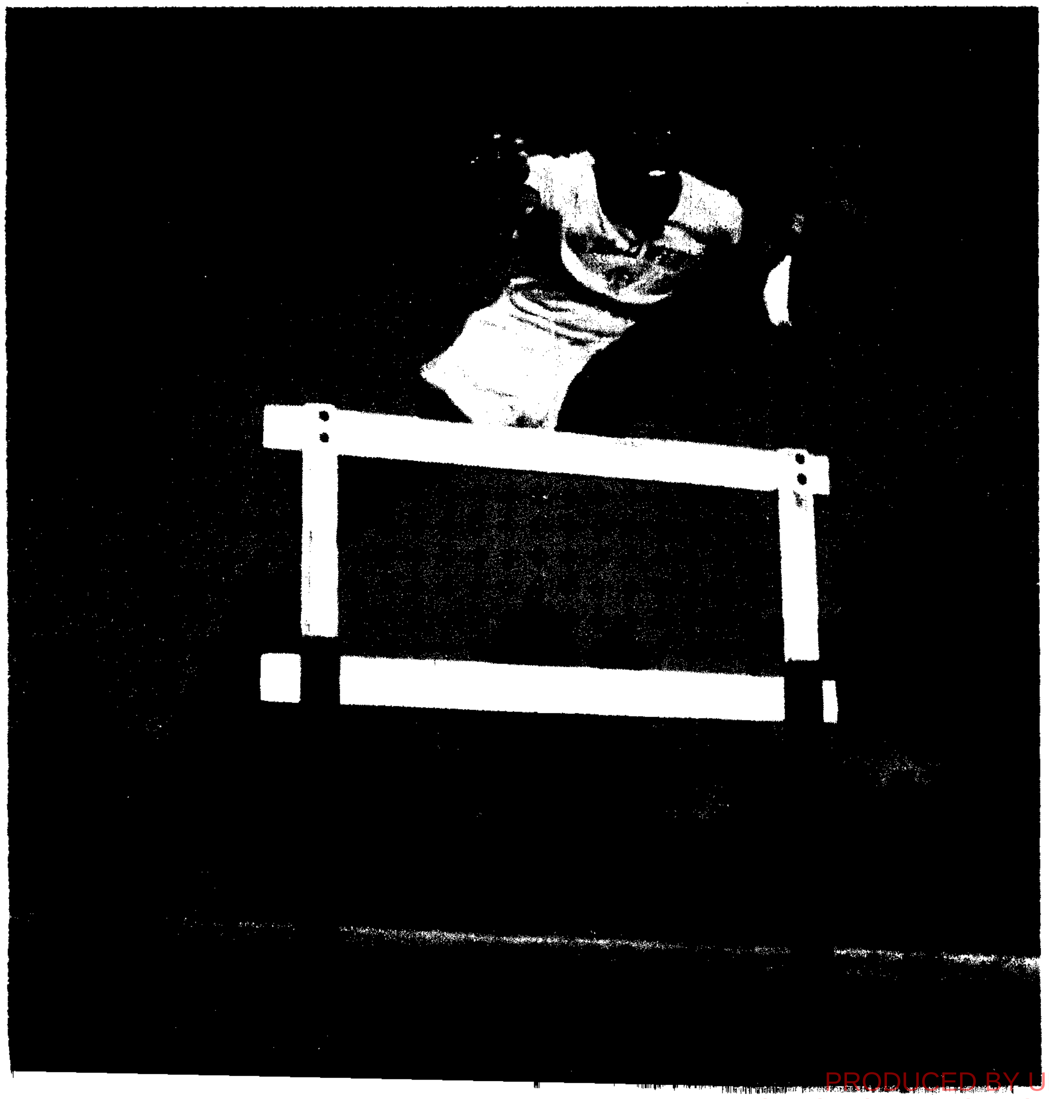
Maybe relaxation is the secret. Dillard's muscles are supple, thanks to rigorous sitting-down exercises. He spends an hour every day on the floor, bending forward, touching forehead and knees. The bends loosen the back, tighten the stomach, keep his weight constant. He's been an even 152 pounds since June, 1942.

Harrison says records are broken between the starting blocks and the first hurdle. "After that, it's just another race. But if you can anticipate the gun—get into stride as it goes off—you're in."

This blithe disregard for hurdle hazards is understandable. He's fallen only once—and that was eleven years ago—even though his style is unorthodox. He drives over hurdles with a skimming 13-foot, 8-inch leap. Orthodox rivals take off approximately two feet closer to the hurdle and hop 11 feet.

Dillard holds the world record of :22.5 in the 220-yard low hurdles. If he makes the U.S. Olympic team—and how can he miss?—he plans to carry a home movie camera to London. "Never bothered before," he explains, "but I'd have somebody film the Olympic race for me. If I win there, I'd sort of like to know how it happened."

An unusual action photo of Harrison Dillard, snapped with Ansco color film



● Bill Schindler was in first place and riding high on the outside edge of the Velodrome midget-auto track at Coney Island. Let's put that another way. Bill was traveling 92 miles per hour on a quarter-mile oval banked at 80 degrees—when his right front wheel came off!

Nothing happened—for almost two seconds. Then the axle dug into the board track, the car flipped up and over, three pursuing cars zoomed underneath, and Schindler came down on three wheels. Bill was pulling out of the spin when—WHUMP—the fifth-place car bumped his tail. Down went the axle, up went Schindler, and this time Bill landed under 700 pounds of twisted metal and smoking rubber.

The double forward flip broke Schindler's right shoulder, smashed the right side of his chest, and severed his left leg at the knee, but Bill didn't worry about the leg. It was wooden. He'd lost the original two years before—crashing through the infield rail at Mineola (Long Island) at 85 miles an hour.

That Mineola accident was 12 years and 13 trips to the hospital ago. Bill still drives—faster than ever—but now he hobbles to his tiny car on crutches. He's the only active survivor from the pioneer field of sixteen drivers who pushed off in the midget-auto inaugural at Newark in 1934. Last year, at thirty-seven, Bill was top man on the Eastern circuit with 53 main-event triumphs.

Bill lives with his wife and two children at Freeport, New York, in a small stone house with a small mortgage. He hopes to pay off the mortgage this summer because the little cars are moving into the big city. After 14 years of racing before small crowds at abandoned horse tracks and county fairgrounds, the midgets are taking over the home of the Giants—the Polo Grounds in New York.

Promoter Alexis Thompson, owner of the Philadelphia Eagles, has gambled $250,000 on a 15-night program Mondays and Saturdays, when the Giants are away. The nation's top drivers will swarm into the Polo Grounds to challenge Schindler for $12,000 nightly prize money.

Schindler hopes to rev his $8,000 six-foot racer up to 110 miles an hour on the straightaway of Thompson's portable 500,000-pound track. "Guess I just like speed," Bill muses. "Racing isn't a business with me—it's a sport. I get a big kick out of it."

● Willie Hoppe still plays billiards four hours every day and he's still the master—at sixty. "Billiards must be like chess," Willie muses. "So many combinations and possibilities that each shot is just a little bit different. I've been playing the game 54 years, but I never stood on a soapbox—funny how that story follows me around—how I stood on a box to beat the customers who were waiting for shaves in my dad's barbershop."

Willie did beat the customers, but he sat on the edge of the table to reach the difficult shots. "That's how I happened to develop my sidearm shooting style," Willie insists. "If I'd stood on a box, I'd have used the regular pendulum stroke. It's the natural way to swing the cue."

Those were happy days in the Hoppe Tonsorial Parlor at Cornwall on the Hudson, New York. Before clipping a customer in the chair, Papa Hoppe would point to Willie and suggest: "Feel like a spot of pool or billiards, neighbor? Loser pays?"

That was the signal for Willie's brother, Frankie, to inquire if there was any objection to making it a three-handed game. Usually there wasn't. Willie would run half a dozen balls, then leave a setup for Frank, who would run half a dozen more, then leave an impossible shot for the stranger, who would miss. The Papa-to-Willie-to-Frankie combination paid off so well that Papa decided to put the show on the road.

"From the time I was ten until about sixteen," Willie relates, "we covered the country, poolroom by poolroom. Mama went along, too."

Most weeks, the touring Hoppes made $100. Once or twice, when Willie lost touch temporarily and Mama had to pawn her diamond ring, Papa reinspired Willie with a simple question: "Mama, do you think we ought to quit and put the boys back in school?"

Willie's formal education ended in fourth grade and he makes no effort to supplement it with books, newspapers, magazines or movies. "Anything that strains the eyes is bad for billiards," he says.

What with prize money, exhibition fees and business connections, Willie averages $25,000 a year—which should explode the theory that people who grow up around poolrooms come to no good end.

Willie says he can continue in championship competition for five more years, and nobody questions it. After all, Willie still shoots a mighty good cue for a fellow who never stood on a soapbox.

● Why golfers turn pro: Lieutenant Cary Middlecoff made his Army dental debut in 1943 by filling 7,813 teeth. He was graduated to extractions in 1944 ("pulled enough to load a barrel"). In 1945, it was dentures, until a whirring drill shot a speck of carborundum into the cornea of his left eye. Cary spent nine months in the hospital, then was reassigned to active filling. Final score: 12,093.

"When I got out," Cary recalls, "I didn't want to see any more teeth. Just wanted to play some golf." He entered the 1946 North and South Open and won it from the big-name pros. Amateur Middlecoff (a prewar college star at Tennessee) received a silver cup. The second-place pro accepted the $2,500 first-prize money.

Cary thought things over for almost 10 seconds and turned professional. Now he's one of the best pitch-and-putt men in the business, but he still talks like a dentist. While teaming with Jim Ferrier to whip Ed Furgol and Ellsworth Vines in the final round of the International Four Ball tournament at Miami, Cary holed a 120-yard number-9 iron from the rough for a deuce. As the ball rolled toward the hole, Partner Ferrier overheard the following conversation between Middlecoff and the cup: ". . . a little wider . . . just a little wider . . . thaaat's it . . ."

● Peggy Lewis of Augusta, Maine, invented a new sport last summer—diving for lobsters. Peggy was swimming in Boothbay Harbor when she met a lobster crawling along the bottom. Peggy grabbed it behind the claws and paddled home.

Next afternoon, Peggy donned diving mask and rubber foot-fins and tried for another lobster. She didn't catch any. Noisy surface dives frightened them—sent them scuttling under rocks. Another thing, they swam forward only two miles an hour, but shooting backward—propelled by their powerful tails—they traveled about 16 miles an hour.

Eventually, Peggy worked out her effective technique; the silent dive; the stealthy rear approach; the deft grab for the body. Aided by her dad, Fritz, she snatched 30 lobsters in one afternoon in depths from 15 to 25 feet. Fritz grabbed the biggest—a 12-pounder.

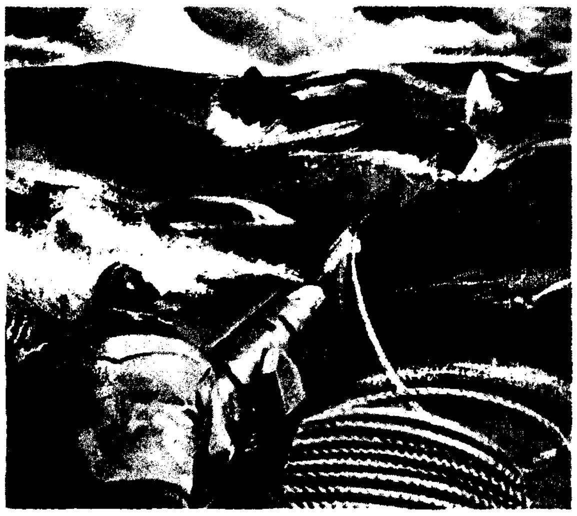
Peggy says lobsters are harmless, really. "If you get a good grip on them, all they do is get mad and wave their claws."

Sounds like a snap. ★★★

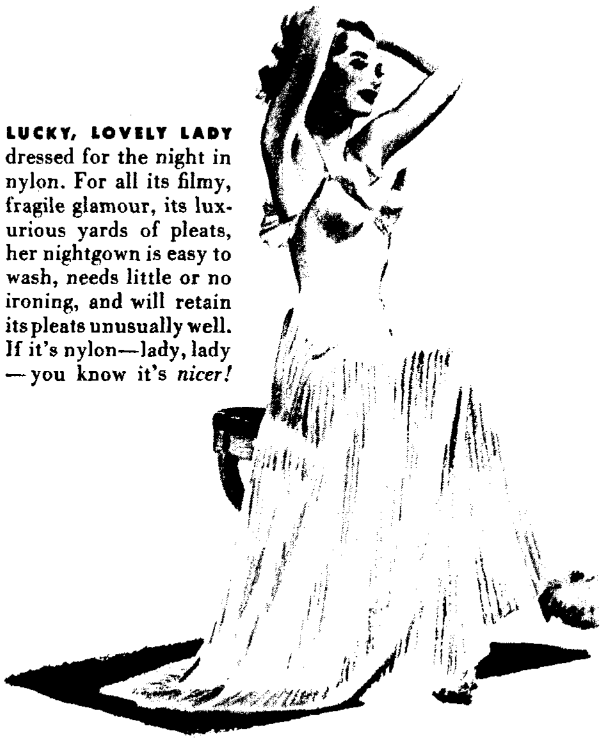
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

news about nylon

IT'S NYLON, it's nicer! The nicest sweater you've come across in a long, long time. Put your cheek against it, revel in its soft, fleecy feel. Slip into it; see its well-made lines. Toss it in the tub—marvel at the way it dries without shrinking, stretching, sagging. No other fiber gives a sweater such fabulous washability, lastability, comfort! There's something new in sweaters . . . NYLON!



WHEN YOU'RE GUNNING for a whale, you want a strong rope, a light rope, a smooth, free-running rope attached to your harpoon—a rope that keeps its strength when wet, a rope that can take great stress without snapping. Name it? NYLON!



LUCKY, LOVELY LADY dressed for the night in nylon. For all its filmy, fragile glamour, its luxurious yards of pleats, her nightgown is easy to wash, needs little or no ironing, and will retain its pleats unusually well. If it's nylon—lady, lady—you know it's *nicer!*

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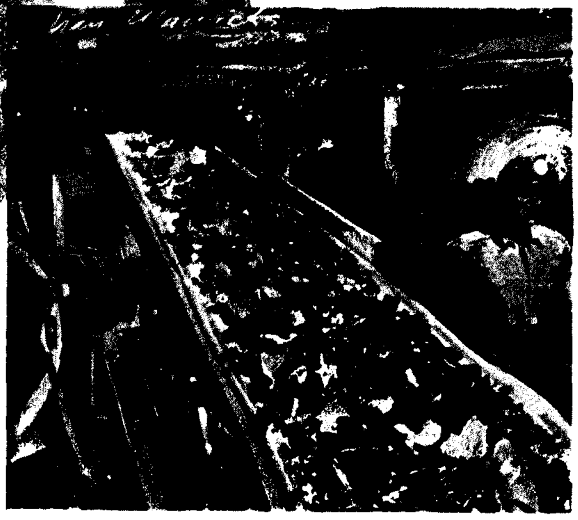
BEAUTIFUL BILLFOLD! That nylon lining is as strong as the leather—it can take a lot of wear and tear. And every stitch is sewed with nylon thread—the thread that has exceptional strength, resilience, resistance to perspiration and rotting.



IN HEAVY INDUSTRY—mining, steel, many factory operations—few things live a tougher life than the hard-used conveyor belt. For great strength, long wear, abrasion resistance, economy of operation and toughness, there's no fiber like NYLON.

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P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
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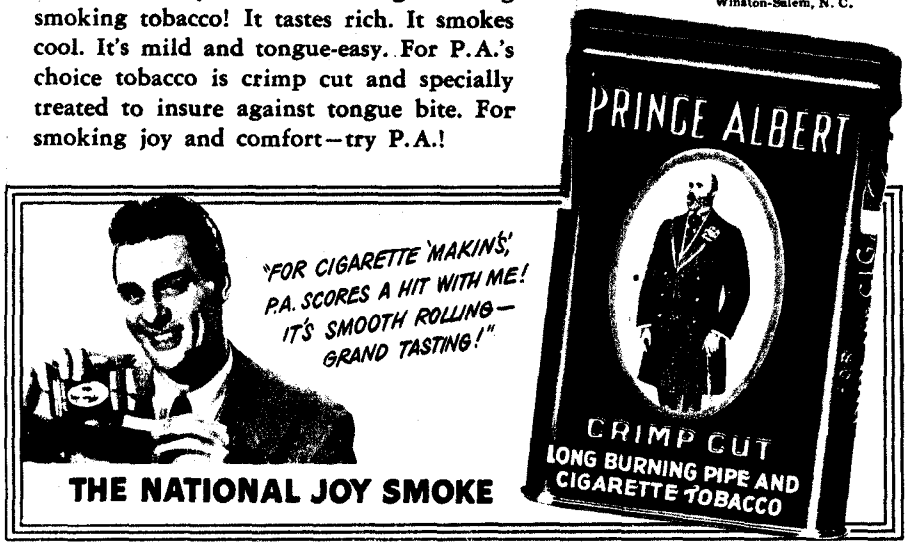
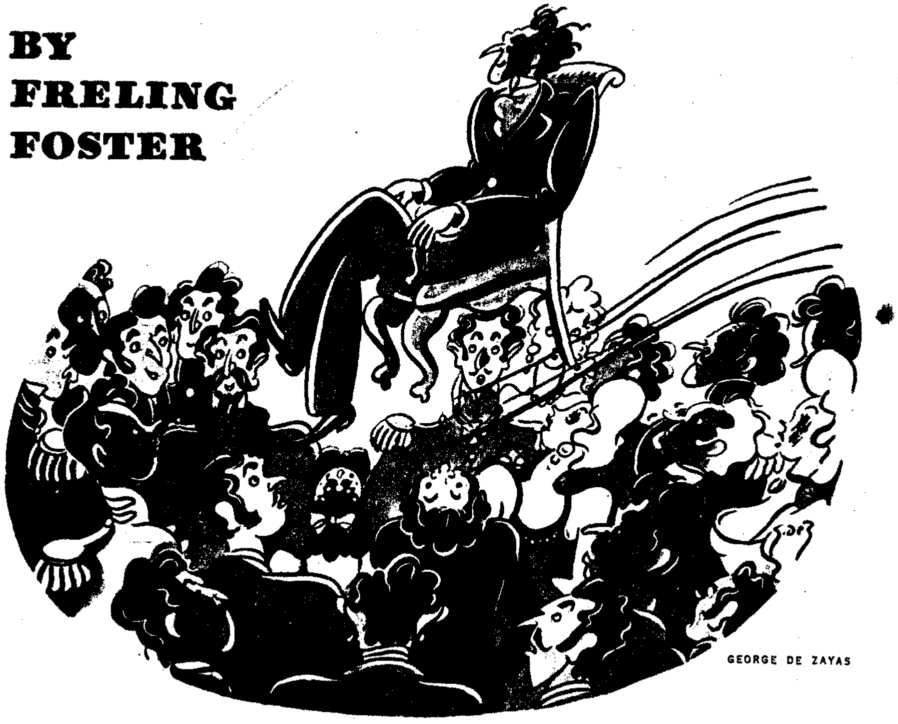

"FOR CIGARETTE 'MAKIN'S,' P.A. SCORES A HIT WITH ME! IT'S SMOOTH ROLLING—GRAND TASTING!"
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY
FRELING
FOSTER



As a subject of international speculation, no spiritualist medium ever approached the record of Daniel Dunglas Home who, between 1852 and his death in 1886, demonstrated his chief power—levitation—in all the royal courts and noble houses of Europe. According to affidavits of hundreds who witnessed his performances in brightly lighted ballrooms, he would seat himself in a chair and then make it rise and carry him around over the heads of the spectators. How Home created this illusion is one of the greatest unsolved mysteries of modern times.

Special groups of people are exempt from jury duty in certain states. For example, accountants are exempt in Alabama and Florida, professional gamblers in Colorado and Mississippi, and chiropodists in California, Missouri and Rhode Island. In Nevada, exemption is granted to anyone who lives 60 miles from the court and pays $25.—*By Cecil Brown, Tulsa, Okla.*

For the first time in 60 years, the land areas of our 48 states were remeasured in 1940, with the result that, statistically, the country as a whole gained 3,352 square miles. In these revisions, the areas of 23 states were reduced by a total of 6,397 square miles, the losses ranging from seven in New Hampshire to 992 in New Mexico; while the areas of the other 25 states were increased by a total of 9,749 square miles, the gains ranging from eight in New Jersey to 1,246 in Texas.

Because of strong opposition, human bodies were not dissected and analyzed until 1543, when Andreas Vesalius, a Belgian physician, dissected a number of corpses and published his findings in the first scientific book on human anatomy. As bodies were difficult to obtain, the subject was taught, for the next 300 years, chiefly by means of male and female ivory figures, eight inches in height, whose external parts and internal organs were stained in their natural colors and could be detached to facilitate their study.

While on trial for bigamy in Sheffield, England, on December 19, 1922, the twenty-four-year-old defendant, a Theresa Vaughn, confessed that she, although not divorced from her first husband, had ceremoniously married 61 other men in over 50 cities in Great Britain, Germany and South Africa. Moreover, all these bigamous marriages had taken place within five years, or on the average of one every 30 days.

Among the some 130 prominent Americans who have had U.S. postage stamps issued in their honor, Molly Pitcher was honored in a unique manner, made necessary by technical difficulties. In The Molly Pitcher Issue of 1928, the stamp, instead of bearing a picture of this famous Revolutionary figure, was an ordinary two-cent variety with her name printed in black across the face of George Washington.

Owing to the American habit of referring to a thing by some meaningless colloquialism instead of its real name, there are at least 150 of these words in current use. Among them are doofunny, flipmagildy, rigamajig, thingumabob and whatyoumaycallit.

The largest sum of money brought in a disposal sale of race horses was the $1,553,500 paid for 60 thoroughbreds, owned by Louis B. Mayer, auctioned at the Santa Anita track in California on February 28, 1947. The second largest amount was the $1,300,000 obtained in the sale of 77 horses at Newmarket, England, in 1925.

At the national conventions held in the past 50 years, ten of the 13 Republican Presidential candidates were nominated on the first ballot, and one each on the third, sixth and tenth ballots. Of the Democratic candidates, eight were nominated on the first ballot, and one each on the fourth, fifth, 44th, 46th and 103d ballots.

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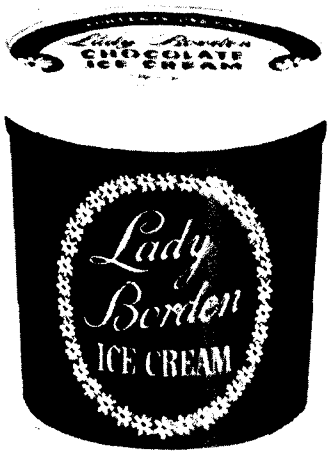

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THE WEEK'S WORK

Sax Rohmer, creator of Dr. Fu Manchu

DUNCAN KEITH CORINALDI

IN THE serial, Shadow of Fu Manchu (p. 20), the doctor is making his first public appearance since Hitler stopped blitzing his creator, Sax Rohmer, in London. It may have been personal at that. "Himmler thought so highly of the doctor's methods," says Mr. Rohmer, "that when Hitler seized power, all the German editions of the Fu Manchu books were confiscated and the plates destroyed." In any event, Rohmer wrote but one novel during the war: Seven Sins, serialized in Collier's in 1943.

Mr. Rohmer, who does most of his writing at night in his flat on Sloane Street, London, came to New York last winter with Mrs. Rohmer, for local color for Shadow of Fu Manchu, which takes place in and around Manhattan. The weather drove him to the Caribbean. "I liked Jamaica so much," Mr. Rohmer says, "I am sure there is pirate blood in me."

Since Fu Manchu's exploits have been translated into most languages, including Japanese, Chinese, Arabic and Braille, and also filmed, some folks have come to think Mr. Rohmer smokes opium. He assures us he finds inspiration only in a brier.

Mr. Rohmer is now back in New York with a play based on the theme of this new serial (the book version will be out in August). "I have my ideas about who should play the doctor," he says, "but your guess is as good as mine."

NEVER having had Breakfast in Bed himself, Jack Finney sought inspiration for the story of the same name on page 13 from a friend named Mr. Bob, who not only breakfasts in bed Sundays, but spends the entire day there. Seems that Mrs. Bob is given to "straightening up" that morning, which includes something called "plumping cushions." Not being allowed to sit on these till Monday morning (unless there are guests), Mr. Bob has the alternative of standing up all day, or of staying in bed.

"So he takes the only possible course," reports Mr. Finney. "When I arrived one Sunday morning and found him weak from lack of rest, because his wife had routed him out of bed, the story idea came to me. This is a true version of its origin, although it sounds preposterous to me."

JAMES POLING (Lillie's in the U.S.A., p. 24) is from Lima, Ohio, and late of the book business. "After fourteen years of trying to be one of Manhattan's Bright Young Men," he says, "I left being managing editor for Doubleday Doran, and spent four years aboard an aircraft carrier in the Pacific."

After his release from our Navy, Mr. Poling retreated to a small Canadian fishing village to (a) reorient, (b) write a book, and (c) fish. "The book was lousy," he says, "and my wife caught more bass than I. So I became Eastern Story Editor for a Hollywood studio. I wanted a nest egg to retire to free-lancing. But I reckoned without the British. When they taxed our pictures, I was washed up on the beach on the economy wave. Now I'm free-lancing on half an egg. No telling what I'll hatch out of it!"

ZACHARY BALL and his collaborator, Saliee O'Brien, being from Missouri, say they have a love of rivers and river lore by right of birth. "There's something about the sound of the name *Monongahela*," they say, "that has always sent our imaginations spinning away on flatboats or roaming around the old Pittsburgh, where the keelers and steamboatmen stopped by with their tales of the sights and the wickedness to be seen down-river toward N'Orleans. What could be more natural than to get a daydream over a typewriter about a boy in old Pittsburgh who has his faith in a riverman father he doesn't know, tested? And call it River Screamer?" (Page 30.)

Ball & O'Brien report the following story casualty: In the old days, there was a bounty offered for hogs caught roaming the Pittsburgh streets. The collaborators tried to open the story with the incident, but it didn't fit. Then they pushed it back to the middle. Finally it had to go out. "We're holding it for future reference," they say, "for more old Pittsburghering."

This week's cover: Little Girl Blowing Dandelion. Ariane Beigneux, who painted the melancholy miss, is from Roxbury, Connecticut, of French parentage, and spent most of her young life in her uncle's sculping studio, learning to love art. The studio is now filled with Miss Beigneux' own paintings. Since fifteen, Miss Beigneux has been studying and winning prizes for her work, which include the 1941 Pulitzer prize in painting. During the war she made Conté portraits of servicemen in New York; and in 1945 her painting of a G.I. and his girl asleep on a subway seat won a prize. She is well known for her portraits. . . .

TED SHANE

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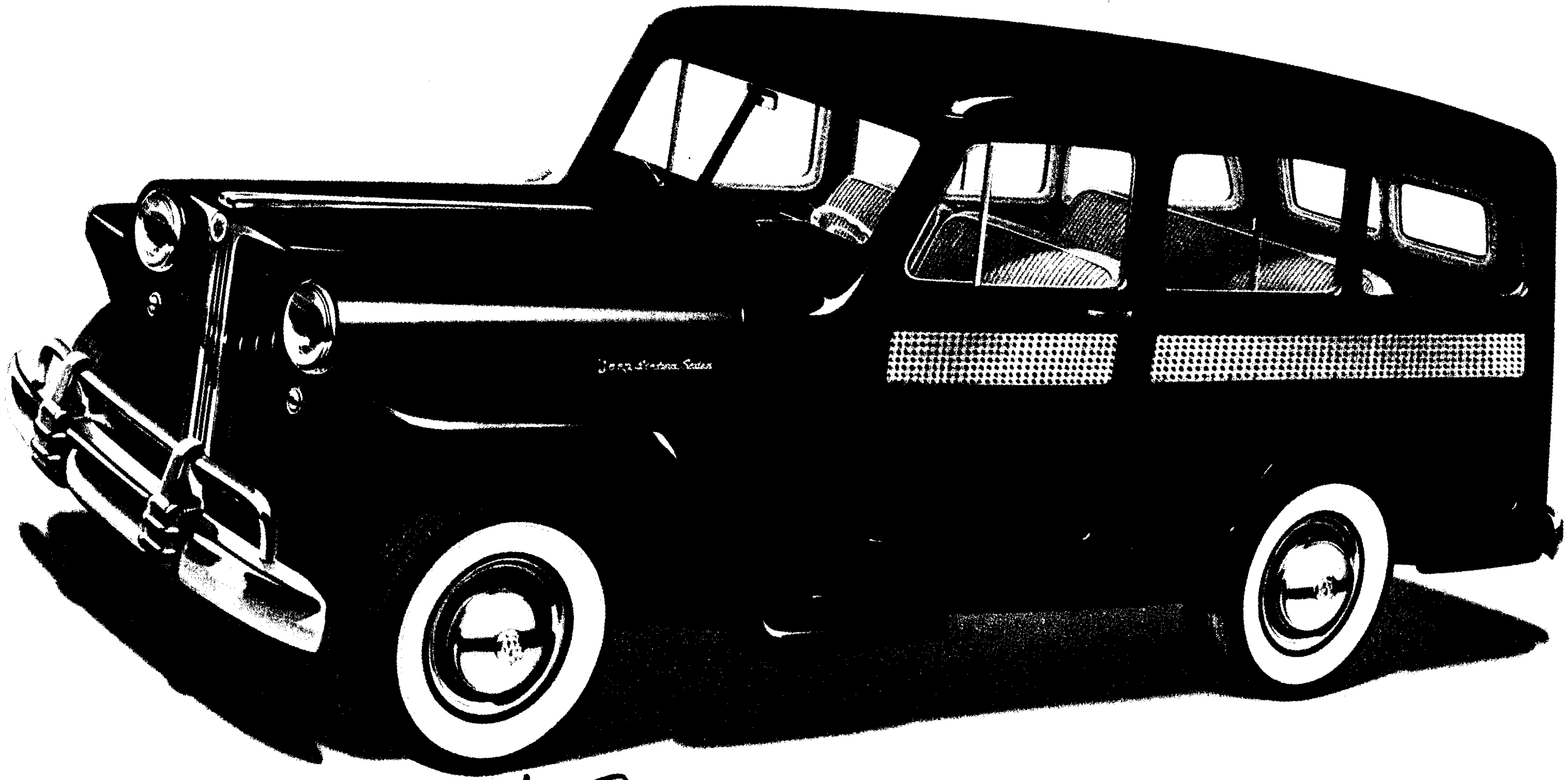

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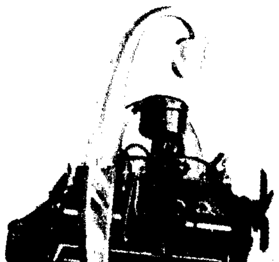

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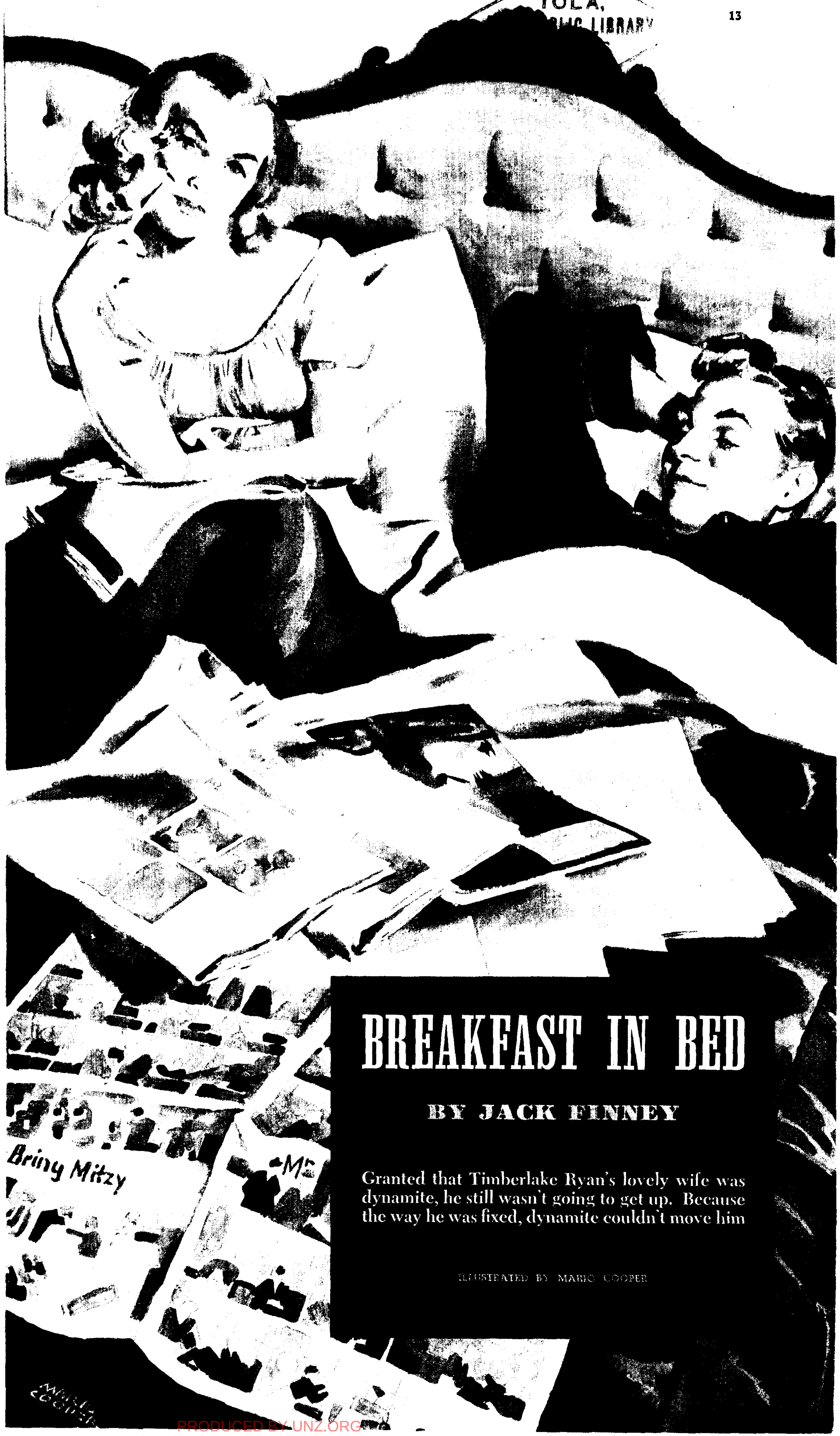


"'Quality of evening light,'" Eve said, after she had studied the design of the puzzle. "Eleven letters. It's crepuscular. They always use that"

BREAKFAST IN BED

BY JACK FINNEY

Granted that Timberlake Ryan's lovely wife was dynamite, he still wasn't going to get up. Because the way he was fixed, dynamite couldn't move him

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

LIFTING the breakfast tray from his lap, Mr. Timberlake Ryan set it on the floor beside him. Then, planting an elbow on his pillow and propping his head in his hand, he pulled the blanket up over one shoulder and turned to grin at Eve beside him. "The life of a sloth is the life for me," he said. He raised his other arm and without turning his head, groped behind him for the table at the side of the bed. "Radar me in," he said.

Eve finished a last sip of coffee and turned to look at the table. "Left," she said, and Tim's hand moved to one side. "The other way," and his hand, hovering over the tabletop behind him, changed its direction. "Further back," she said, and his arm extended. "Still more." Tim frowned, and now, nearly flat on his back again, stretched his arm full length. "Drop," said Eve, and his groping fingers descended to touch and pick up the cigarettes on the table behind him.

"Roger," said Tim, and placed a cigarette in his mouth. "Now, radar me the matches."

"Here—" Eve took a folder of matches from the other table at her side of the bed, and handed it to Tim. "This is easier than radaring."

"Roger," said Tim, "over," and he lighted his cigarette.

"You'll set the bed on fire."

"You always say that, but somehow I always disappoint you." His eyelids slowly began to close and the muscles around his mouth relaxed so that the cigarette hung from his lips as though it were about to fall.

"Enjoy yourself," Eve said. "And fast. Because it's ten thirty."

Tim opened his eyes. "So what? It's Sunday."

"Yes, but it's time to get up."

"Why?" he said. He reached out to the wall, tugged at the cord of the Venetian blind, and filled the room with sun. "Why is it always time to get up? You know, that's what's wrong with the world—people get up. Naturally, then, they're cranky and irritable and they go out and start wars. That what you're trying to do? You want to fight? Want to wrestle?"

"Anything to get you out of bed."

Tim grinned. "That, I assure you, would not be the best method."

"No, but really, Tim"—Eve shook her head, dismissing his remark, and frowned—"it's terrible just to lounge around and waste the day." She set her tray on the floor decisively. "We ought to get out and do something."

"What, for example?"

"Well, anything. Get outdoors. Visit the zoo in Central Park. Or one of the museums or something."

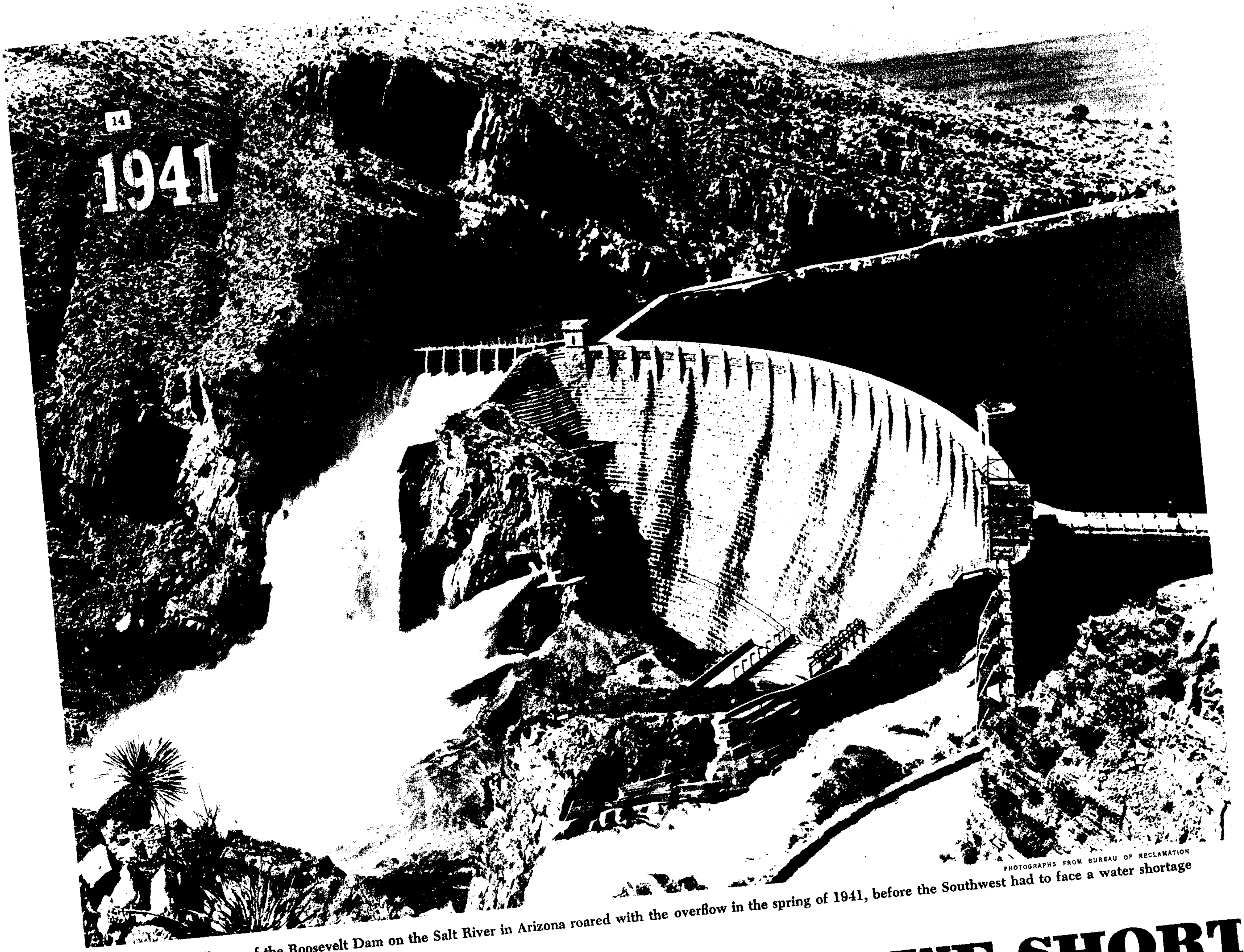
Tim turned to lie flat on his back, drew up his knees, and blew a jet of smoke at the ceiling. "You've just convinced me," he said, "that the smartest thing I can do is stay in bed till Monday morning."

"Well, you suggest something then."

"What about shooting some pool? At the Paradise Billiard Parlor on Third Avenue, ladies invited."

"I know!" Eve sat up, suddenly excited. "I *knew* there was something. Helen Beardsley is having a cocktail party. This afternoon. She said to drop in if we could. Tim, let's go!"

(Continued on page 40)



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BUREAU OF RECLAMATION

The spillways of the Roosevelt Dam on the Salt River in Arizona roared with the overflow in the spring of 1941, before the Southwest had to face a water shortage

ARE WE SHORT

The water shortage is spreading like a creeping paralysis. We are using up our underground supply faster than nature can replenish it. The Middle West and industrial East are feeling the pinch but in the semiarid Southwest the trouble is coming to a head

RICHARD HAMAN, a Nevada rancher, walked out of the state engineer's office recently with a legal claim to "full possession and rights thereof" of water in the clouds over his ranch. Moisture is scarce and he intends to milk the clouds whenever they appear, by dropping ice pellets into them, and he wants no ornery neighbor miles down the road getting possessive with the Haman air lake.

At Los Angeles, County Supervisor Raymond V. Darby asks the California legislature to put up $1,000,000 for ideas on how to get sweet water from the sea, cheap. The legislature appropriates no money, but ideas pour in from drought-conscious citizens anyway. One of them: Hoist the Palomar Observatory's $6,000,000 Big Eye out over the Pacific and harness the sun's rays for the heating and distillation of ocean water.

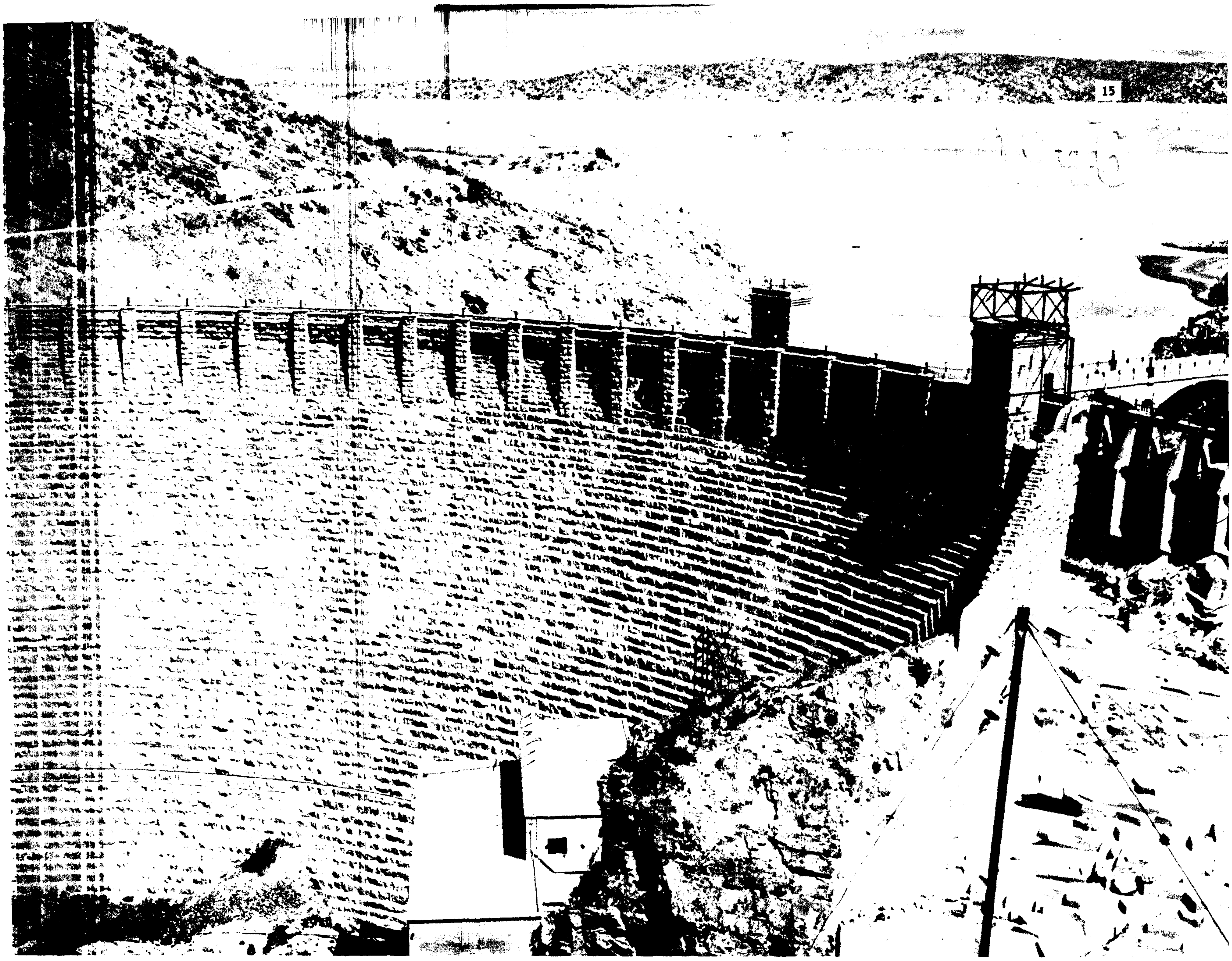
These characteristic American shenanigans provide the lighter side to a grim predicament. Large chunks of our country are running out of water. Drought is creating havoc in the Southwest. But drought is only partly to blame.

At Sacramento, California, a newspaper puts a black border on its weather news, in mourning over the situation. The item says, "No rain for 42 days. No rain today or tomorrow."

Townsfolk in Santa Barbara, forced to ration water, rename their city Sahara Barbara. The well-to-do import water by tank truck to save their lawns, and pay $40 per two-hour wetting. A committee of vigilantes checks water meters for water hogging.

In California's fruitful Central Valley dairy farmers slaughter their cows, and cattlemen send steers out of the state by the thousand. No pasture. Beekeepers ship out their bees. No flowers.

Good wells are hard to find. Only a dribble comes from this one at Fairfield, Calif.



This picture of the same dam, taken in the fall of 1946, indicates the tremendous difference in the water supply available to the Phoenix area's irrigation system

OF WATER?

BY LESTER VELIE

But drought, even as war and pestilence, must pass. The kind of water shortage many communities face has nothing to do with drought. Far from passing, the shortage is, as one alarmed geologist described it, "spreading like a creeping paralysis." We are using up our underground water faster than nature can replenish it. Stored by years of rainfall it has become in some areas an exhausted resource. Chalk it up to overpumping. We are also running out of surface water—our rivers and lakes. Blame overpopulation.

In the Southwest some experts are already reckoning the day when the last newcomer will cross the Rockies heading west, because there will no longer be enough water for all. Some engineers in Los Angeles have even set the deadline—1968. This is only 20 years away.

"As cities count time," one engineer said, "that's practically tomorrow."

In Arizona, and in California's Imperial Valley, the deadline has arrived.

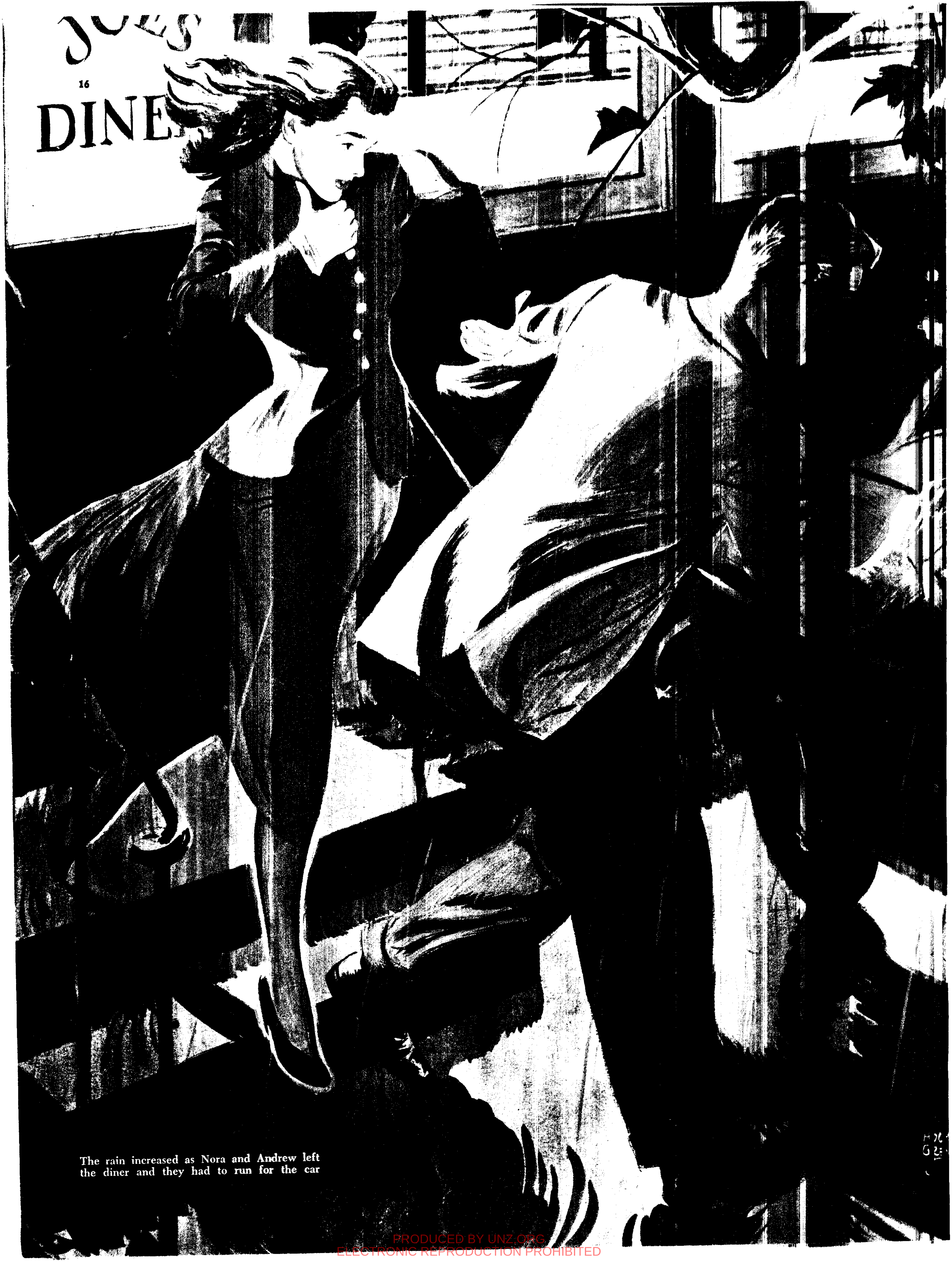
Confronted with this nightmare of failing water California and Arizona are waging their own cold war over the Southwest's last big water hole, the Colorado River. Prodded by Westerners, Congress has authorized $4,350,000,000 to dam and divert river waters to thirsting acres, and is being urged to vote another billion.

Surprised that water can be an exhausted resource? You shouldn't be. In the Texas Panhandle, as in California and Arizona, in the Dakota plains, and even in such Eastern communities as Cincinnati, Louisville and Brooklyn, men are learning a sobering lesson. Like oil and coal you can take water out of the ground faster than nature can put it back.

At Phoenix and Tucson in Arizona, and the irrigated lands around and about, men don't talk about war with

(Continued on page 74)

Orchard, near the a-building Friant-Kern Canal, abandoned when water gave out



The rain increased as Nora and Andrew left the diner and they had to run for the car

THE FLIGHT

BY WILLIAM BRANDON

THE offering was a sonata for piano and cello. A girl in an iridescent dress played the piano and a youth with bushy red hair played the cello. The cellist bounced his Brahms, suggesting surreptitious sessions of jam. The pianist waved her hands in a gentle, graceful way that was almost hypnotic. Her hands became two gliding ballet dancers absorbed in their own floating leaps, contemptuous of the tempo. The cellist retired after the duet and the pianist concluded with Liszt's pyrotechnic La Campanella, very noisy. Andrew forgot the music in watching her hands.

There was applause and the artists bowed their way through folding doors. A fat woman wearing pink-rimmed glasses and a corona of little golden curls stood up and said, "Now, before we have sherry, I want to tell you that the next concert is scheduled for the third of November. I'm especially pleased to see more undergraduates here tonight. We *don't* want the Jordan Friends of Music degenerating into another faculty club. We *do* want everyone on campus who would enjoy these evenings to join us. It's a simple matter of paying dues of five dollars to the secretary, and, of course, the more dollars the more concerts."

"Let's be big and skip the sherry," Nora said in Andrew's ear. They got up and Andrew's folding chair fell down with a crash. The fat woman stopped them and said, "Dear Mr. Bent!"

"Dear Miss McDarmott," Andrew said. Miss McDarmott's round nose wrinkled as she subtly tested the air for liquor on his breath. She said, "Did you bring one of the little undergraduates? So nice." She beamed upon Nora. She said, "Aren't you Miss Stevens? Of course you are, you're one of my juniors. You will congratulate our gifted people of the evening before you go?" Nora and Andrew smirked and mumbled and drifted away. They edged out of the room and left the deanery by a side door.

Nora said, "Everyone thought you were drunk."

Andrew swung her around and lifted her off the ground and kissed her. "What the hell were we doing there?"

"I don't know. Miss McDarmott took a dim view of you, anyway." She got her breath and said, "There's lipstick on you."

"Let's go someplace," Andrew said.

They walked on. They came to Nora's convertible and Nora got in and said, "You drive." Andrew started the engine and switched on the lights. She gazed at him in the panel glow. She said, "I'd like to go and tell someone."

"Who?"

"John."

He backed the car out of the deanery drive and turned around and drove down the campus street to Jordan Avenue.

"It might be kind of grim," Nora said.

"I don't think so."

"He likes you."

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking that he knows you."

"I'm not sure," Nora said. "He's so sort of indecisive. He's so much wrapped up with his indecision that he never really thinks of anything else. I suppose he'll always be that way."

"He marches with an army."

"But I do want to tell him. He won't take the view everyone else will take, at least."

Andrew smiled. "No, he won't."

John Reeve had a fine, impressive mind, Andrew thought. His trick was to make the conventional conclusions of the day sound like his own ideas. Consequently he was listened to with respect. Dean McDarmott had a fine mind too, but she kept it smothered in curls and the deanery, and if it pleased her to look like a retired chorus girl she could look like a retired chorus girl, for she was not only a dean but dean of Jordan, the women's college that of all women's colleges had been the last to drop the word "seminary" from its name. Dean McDarmott had a fine solid mind and Dr. Drew, the head of Andrew's English Literature department, had a fine twisted mind, but of them all John Reeve had the finest acrobatic mind, a dancing mind, while Andrew had nothing but feeling, no mind at all, only feeling and Nora.

"You're grinning like a baboon."

"This is the day," Andrew said.

WHEN the car was parked, they went into John's apartment house of neat squared stone and up two wide flights of stairs to John's flat. John called from his bedroom, "Hi, have a drink." He came out to meet them in his shirt sleeves, knotting a tie.

"Andy and I are going to be married," Nora said.

John looked from one to the other of them. He said, "You've got it strung on banners." He had a small face and a small narrow body but he was handsome when he smiled. His smile was frank and honest and engaging. He was ten years younger than Andrew and not much older than Nora, and his boyish smile was the badge of his age. He smiled at Andrew. He said, "You slob," and shook hands.

"We only wanted to tell you," Nora said.

John turned and left the room. After a few minutes he returned with three glasses and a bottle. He said, "Let me make a toast that reality is only relative. It doesn't seem real to me. How are you going to do it?"

"We'll drive down to Maryland on Saturday," Andrew said.

"What about your people?" John said, looking at Nora.

"They won't be able to do too much after it's over."

"You won't tell them first?"

"Gosh, no."

"I don't know about that."

"Don't be silly. They'd make an awful scene. They'd try to have the police stop me."

"You're starting on the wrong foot this way."

"You sound like Miss McDarmott."

"You haven't talked to her, have you?"

"I mean you sound the way she'd sound if I did tell her."

"She's sharp. She sees more than you think."

"Well," Andrew said, "we'd better go."

"I'm sorry," John said. "I was trying to be honest. What do you want me to do, tell you I think it's wonderful? I think it's a hell of a mistake."

"You haven't talked like this before," Nora said.

"I haven't had any excuse to talk like this before. I said I loved you," John said directly. His eyes were clenched up and very bright. "So this is sour grapes. Don't pay any attention to it."

Andrew went into the kitchen and poured some water in his whisky. He came back to the living room and sat down on the couch. He was a quiet, rangy man, with graying sandy hair and an angular face, country features, wide cheekbones, jutting brow ridges and a long jaw. He felt that he looked old and slow and stupid beside John Reeve.

"You don't understand," Nora said.

"I understand you're infatuated," John said.

"No, we love each other."

Andrew watched Nora's face. She was slender and dark and self-possessed, attractive enough; any girl of nineteen is pretty. He thought she was beautiful. Her skin was delicate and she had the softest eyes in the world. Andrew thought that anyone catching her glance would look twice at her and then wish to speak to her. When Andrew watched her a mask slid off his features and he looked altogether different. He was aware of this and was not self-conscious but instead rather pleased that it should be so.

She was wearing a red suit with a white ruffle at her throat. Her dark hair was long and soft and fell freely in waves to her shoulders. She was quite intent. Andrew believed that he knew every expression of her body and inflection of her voice as he knew his own. He had never seen her before this fall but he believed that an absolute familiarity existed between them, as between a right hand and a left hand. It had nothing to do with reason, but was nearer to faith. He had once, when he was Nora's age, been earnestly concerned with the intellectual meaning of such concepts as faith and love. But he thought now that both were strangers to logic and that an intellectual meaning was of no importance. Love was the one quick look any life could get at the eternal. He remembered something from some medieval verse, but he couldn't recall the words.

"Sure, I remember," John said. "You came together over didactic poetry. You told me. You read Lucretius. Life is a mote of dust in a ray of sunlight. Nothing can stop its downward fall but it can swerve and join its path to another's. It's only a little thing and it only has that one instant that passes and is just as gone as if it had never been. What do you want, anyway?"

Nora said nothing. Andrew saw that John had succeeded in making her angry.

"You want to be together," John said. "This is a great thing. You'll wind up in five years with your head in the oven and the gas turned on. That's romance."

Andrew got up and said gently, "Shut up, John."

JOHN ignored him. He stood up straight before Nora. He was a trifle shorter than she. He smiled suddenly and thrust out his hands and clasped hers.

He said, "Okay, I'm a sorehead. But I've been trying to give you a sample of what you're going to get from everyone you know. They won't say it but they'll think it. You'd better get used to it. They'll think Andy's after your dough and they'll think you're an adolescent simpleton. They'll make book on how long it'll last. I'm trying to say that no one will exactly wish you well. You need to get into condition. You need to be untouchable. You're not so sure of yourself now or it wouldn't bother you when I tell you what I think."

"We don't want to fight what everyone thinks."

"That's tough. You'll have to."

"We're going away. We're going to sail on a coastwise steamer Saturday night."

"You're kidding."

"It's all arranged."

"Where to, Tahiti?"

"We don't know. Andy spent a year on one of the Florida keys. We might go there."

John turned to Andrew. "You're going to walk out on the college, like that?"

"The college won't miss me."

"It'll make it good when you want to get another job someplace."

"He won't want to," Nora said.

John said, "Who'll get up the grocery bill, your father?"

"He doesn't need to. I've got some money of my own." She smiled. Andrew felt the warmth of it. He was able to look placidly at John's blinking eyes and feel no embarrassment.

(Continued on page 79)

In a way, it was his first love—and, in a way, it was his last chance

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

BY GEORGE CREEL

The stewardship of General MacArthur in Japan, since the close of World War II, is reviewed in an interview with a Collier's correspondent

ARTHUR

RADIOED FROM TOKYO

IF GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR were a Presidential candidate in Japan his victory would be certain, for not even Hirohito could give him any real competition.

Entering the prostrate country as a dreaded conqueror, he is now hailed as a liberator, the hope of unhappy millions. Common reference to him as "the man behind the bamboo screen" (meaning the source of all light, strength and wisdom) is a tribute formerly paid only to emperors. His rare public appearances are events, and crowds wait before the doors of his office building for a fleeting glimpse. Most high officials are no less admiring than the masses. Prime Minister Ashida, in the course of a long interview, spent most of the time in grateful praise of the general.

In an afternoon of talk with the leaders of every major political party, only the lone Communist sounded a note of dissent.

Strangely enough, especially in view of the agitation of various Presidential aspirants, the Supreme Commander has never considered himself a candidate. As he sees it, all that his announcement did was to make clear his readiness for continuous public service.

Ardent supporters, fearful that eleven years of absence have made him a legendary figure, urged him to arrange a trip to the United States, confident of a triumphal transcontinental tour. He refused and will continue to refuse. If commanded to report in Washington, he will fly there directly and return as quickly, avoiding fanfare. Lacking any peremptory summons, he will stay on the job in Tokyo.

He will remain there because he regards the Soviet Union as the implacable enemy of democracy and believes implicitly that, just as years of appeasement have fed Russian arrogance, so is a stern stand the one and only way to check the Red menace and avert the danger of war.

MacArthur gave early expression to his belief that, since American arms had defeated Japan, America should and must have full authority over postsurrender policies. At the Moscow Conference in December, 1945, however, a Japanese control plan was adopted that made the United States one of eleven nations on a Far Eastern Commission. An Allied Council, with Russia, China, the British Commonwealth and the United States as members, was created to sit in Tokyo as an advisory body to Supreme Commander for Allied Powers.

The Supreme Commander States His Case

In a sharp statement, MacArthur let it be known that he had never received any communication or information from the conference during its session and did not know that Japan was being discussed until so informed by the daily press. Still more curtly, he stated that he had no iota of responsibility for the decisions made there. Nor was that the end of it, for when Russia demanded the island of Hokkaido as an independent occupational zone, SCAP turned down the request with icy finality. Out of this and various linked happenings, there comes the conviction that a major motive behind the MacArthur announcements is a supreme belief in his competence to handle Russian relations.

Aside from the implications with respect to the Soviet Union and his uncompromising insistence that Communism is no less totalitarian than Nazism and Fascism, nothing definite is known as to MacArthur's views on either foreign or domestic policy.

His determination to maintain silence proceeds in some degree from the War Department's prohibition against political activity but even more from a belief that his record in Japan affords full opportunity for the American people to judge him both as to capacity and ideology.

For two and a half years, he has been rebuilding a defeated, demoralized and disorganized nation,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

General and Mrs. MacArthur (center) help celebrate King George's birthday at the British Embassy in Tokyo. (Left) Lieutenant General C. H. Gairdner of the United Kingdom, Lieutenant General Robert L. Eichelberger, U.S.A. (Right) Sir A. D. F. Gascoigne, head of the United Kingdom Liaison Mission

uprooting ancient traditions and directing the lives and thoughts of 80,000,000 persons along new lines. Every step in the process has called for the disclosure of his concepts of government and complete expression of his political, social and economic philosophy. What need for words when deeds are submitted for judgment?

Not even MacArthur's severest critics minimize the magnitude of the task that faced him when he set up his government in Tokyo after the formal surrender of September 2, 1945. The mere business of ground clearing was a gigantic undertaking in itself, involving the disarming, demobilizing and disposing of 4,000,000 Japanese soldiers in the home islands and 2,500,000 abroad, the return of 2,000,000 Japanese civilians from overseas and the repatriation of 1,000,000 Allied nationals. Then came the disarmament and demilitarization of Japan and the 100 per cent permanent destruction of the country's war potential.

All of these things were done in less than a year and without the firing of a shot. Moreover, the record of the army of occupation has been almost entirely unshamed by scandal. As a result of fair treatment for a defeated people, fully expectant of brutality and terrorism, it has been possible to reduce the occupying force to 140,000 from a high of 400,000.

Undesirable Elements Are Eliminated

Under explicit directives from Washington, SCAP's next order of business was to purge from public office, public life, industry, commerce, finance and agriculture, all persons who had been active exponents of militant nationalism and aggression, to suppress all ultranationalistic, terroristic or secret patriotic societies, to dissolve immediately and permanently all industrial and financial monopolies and other large concentrations of private business control, to close if necessary all laboratories and research institutes, to rid both religion and education of feudal characteristics.

Here were powers that gave MacArthur the right to turn the land into one vast prison cell. Instead of that, he has chosen to put all emphasis on the preventative rather than the punitive. Of the millions screened, only some 250,000 have been arraigned, and in every case the accused was acquainted with the charges and given the right to present counter-evidence and file appeals. At this writing, the purge has been virtually completed, and the number either removed or barred is 223,373.

The cleansing of Japan's public life went hand in hand with the dissolution of the industrial and financial oligarchy that permitted oppression and exploitation at home and promoted aggression and spoilation abroad. For years the economic life of the country had been controlled by the corporate and personal interests of 14 great families, working closely with the militarists. To destroy the structure in its entirety meant chaos, and so SCAP broke up the monopolistic combines into competing units, bringing into existence widespread ownership of the instruments of production and trade.

With the purges in smooth operation, MacArthur turned to an inspection of the Japanese government. What he saw was a highly centralized police state without even pretense of local rule. A thought-control system had its spies in every home. Every prison was crowded with political offenders and, while the Diet was bicameral, the veto powers of the peers made the House of Representatives a joke.

On October 4, 1945, therefore, the Supreme Commander took the bold step of proclaiming a civil-liberties bill that ended totalitarianism, giving Japanese the right of free speech, free press, freedom of religion and free assembly. Shinto was divorced from the state and, after being cleansed of its ultranationalistic and militaristic dogma, allowed to take its place with other religious sects. Some 5,000 political prisoners were released, many of them Communists; equal suffrage was declared and the voting age reduced from 25 to 20. The right of labor to organize and bargain collectively was recognized, and an end was put to licensed prostitution and the binding of girls to brothels by contract.

If there had been any doubt as to MacArthur's intent to work for the democratization of Japan and the development of civil authorities that would lessen the need of military controls, it would have been removed by his next step. Rather than use fiat to get rid of the reactionary Diet, a carry-over from the Tojo regime, he called an election for April 10, 1946. Few voices were raised in approval, majority opinion protesting it as premature and unwise, opening the doors to a return of the propertied gangs or else to the Communists.

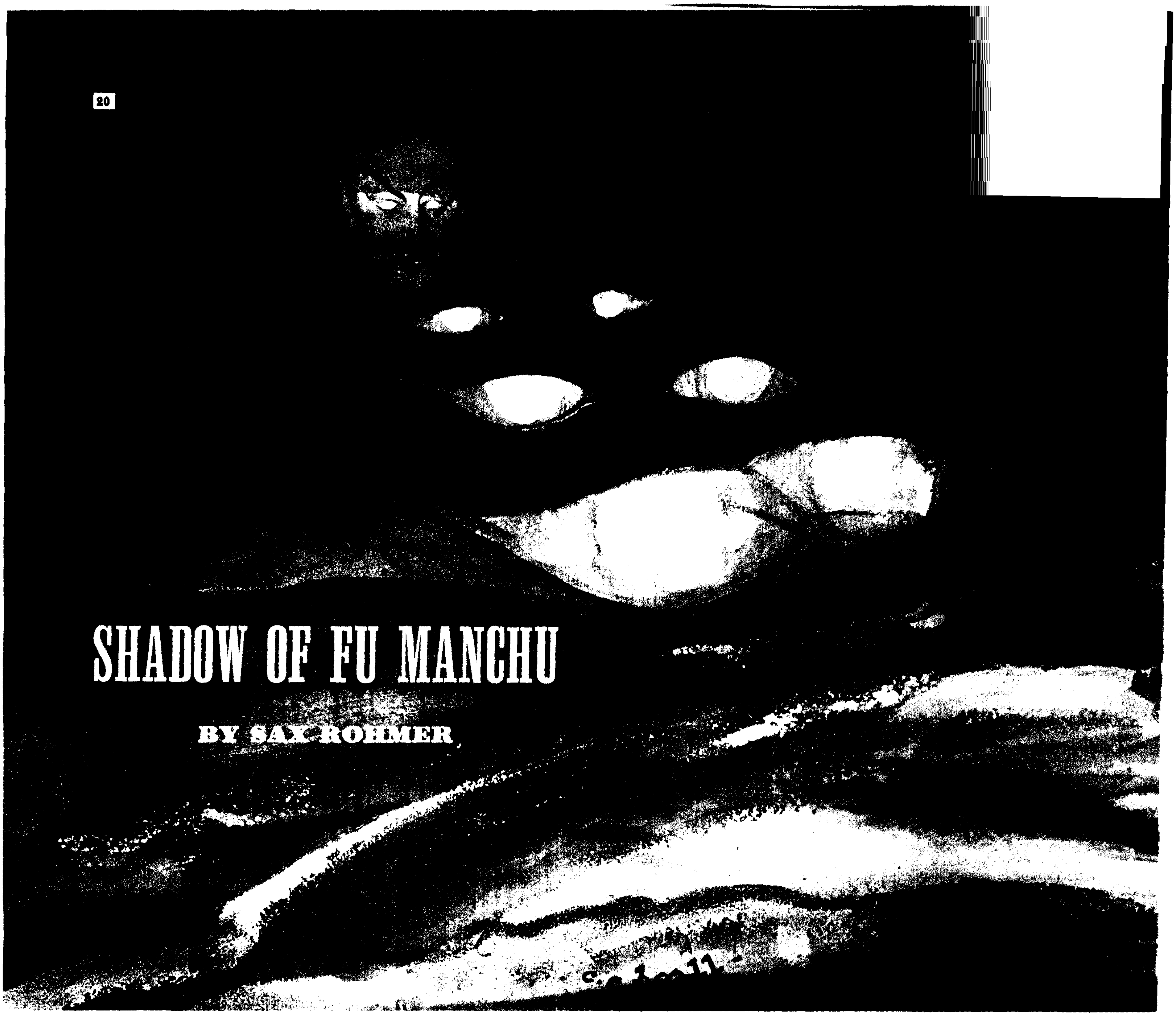
The election was duly held and when the ballots were counted it was found that out of 36,000,000 registrants, 27,000,000 had voted, and approximately one million more women than men. The Communists, who had expected to win a sizable number of seats in the Diet, elected only one. The freedom and honesty of the election were generally admitted.

MacArthur then pressed for a new constitution, and November witnessed its adoption—a remarkable and well-nigh incredible document, for, in the preamble, war is renounced as a sovereign right, force is disavowed as a means of settling international disputes, and the nation pledges itself never to retain a war potential.

Barging ahead, peers and the peerage are wiped out, with only the emperor and his immediate household permitted to retain titles. A bicameral legislature is maintained, consisting of House of Councilors and a House of Representatives, but the Upper Chamber is that in name only and action of the councilors can be overruled by a two-thirds vote of the representatives. If the lower body passes a resolution of no confidence, the Cabinet falls. An independent judiciary is set up, with a Supreme Court and various inferior courts and the guarantee of trial by jury.

Greatest change of all, however, is with respect to the status of the emperor, for the constitution does away with his traditional divinity, setting him down merely as the symbol of the state and the unity of the people, deriving his position from the will of the people with whom resides sovereign power. Under pressure from SCAP, a second election was held in April, 1947, and again more than 72 per cent of the population went to the polls, the women making an equal showing with men. As before, the Communists made a pitiful showing.

MacArthur proceeded to press for the speedier rehabilitation of Japan's economic life, although Washington's directive *(Continued on page 56)*



SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

BY SAX ROHMER

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A SINISTER CONSPIRACY

The Story:

SIR DENIS NAYLAND SMITH, famous investigator from Scotland Yard, is in this country helping the F.B.I. to protect DR. MORRIS CRAIG's vital scientific secret from the plague of international spies that has descended on New York—and from the clutches of the notorious DR. FU MANCHU, archcriminal, and world outlaw.

Craig is about to complete the construction of a device which will harness the tremendous power in the layers of ultraviolet rays far above the earth's ionosphere. The disintegrating power of this device would put its possessor in a position to stop, or win, any future war.

Nayland Smith realizes that CAMILLE NAVARRE, Craig's beautiful secretary, is playing some sort of double game, but says nothing to Craig of this. MICHAEL FROBISHER, president of the Huston Electric Corporation and Craig's financial backer, complains that he is being followed by Orientals, and that his country home, Falling Waters, has been broken into.

MRS. MICHAEL FROBISHER, being treated by the famed Viennese psychiatrist, Professor HOFFMEYER, is unaware that the "professor" is actually Dr. Fu Manchu, who has abducted the real Professor Hoffmeyer and assumed his physical and professional identity.

Agents of Fu Manchu are covering every move that Craig and Smith make, and Craig has finally become aware of the overwhelming potential for evil that his machine possesses.

II

CRAIG studied his nearly finished diagram with new doubt—almost with distaste. In the blind race for domination, many governments, including, according to Nayland Smith, that of Great Britain, watched every step of his experiments. And Dr. Fu Manchu was watching. The Huston Electric Corporation was not to be left in undisputed possession of this new source of power.

Assuming that these unknown watchers failed to solve the secret, and that Washington didn't intervene, what did Michael Frobisher intend to do with it?

For that matter what did he, Morris Craig, intend to do with it?

He had to admit to himself that he had never given a thought to possible applications of the monstrous force he had harnessed.

Brushing back that obstinate forelock, he dismissed these nonproductive, disturbing ideas and sat down to read two letters which Camille Navarre had left to be signed. But other diversion intruded.

A pair of black-rimmed glasses lay on the desk. He knew they were Camille's—and he was surprised that she had not missed them.

He had often wondered what defect marred those beautiful eyes, and so he removed his own glasses and put hers on. Craig's sight was good, and his own lenses magnified only very slightly.

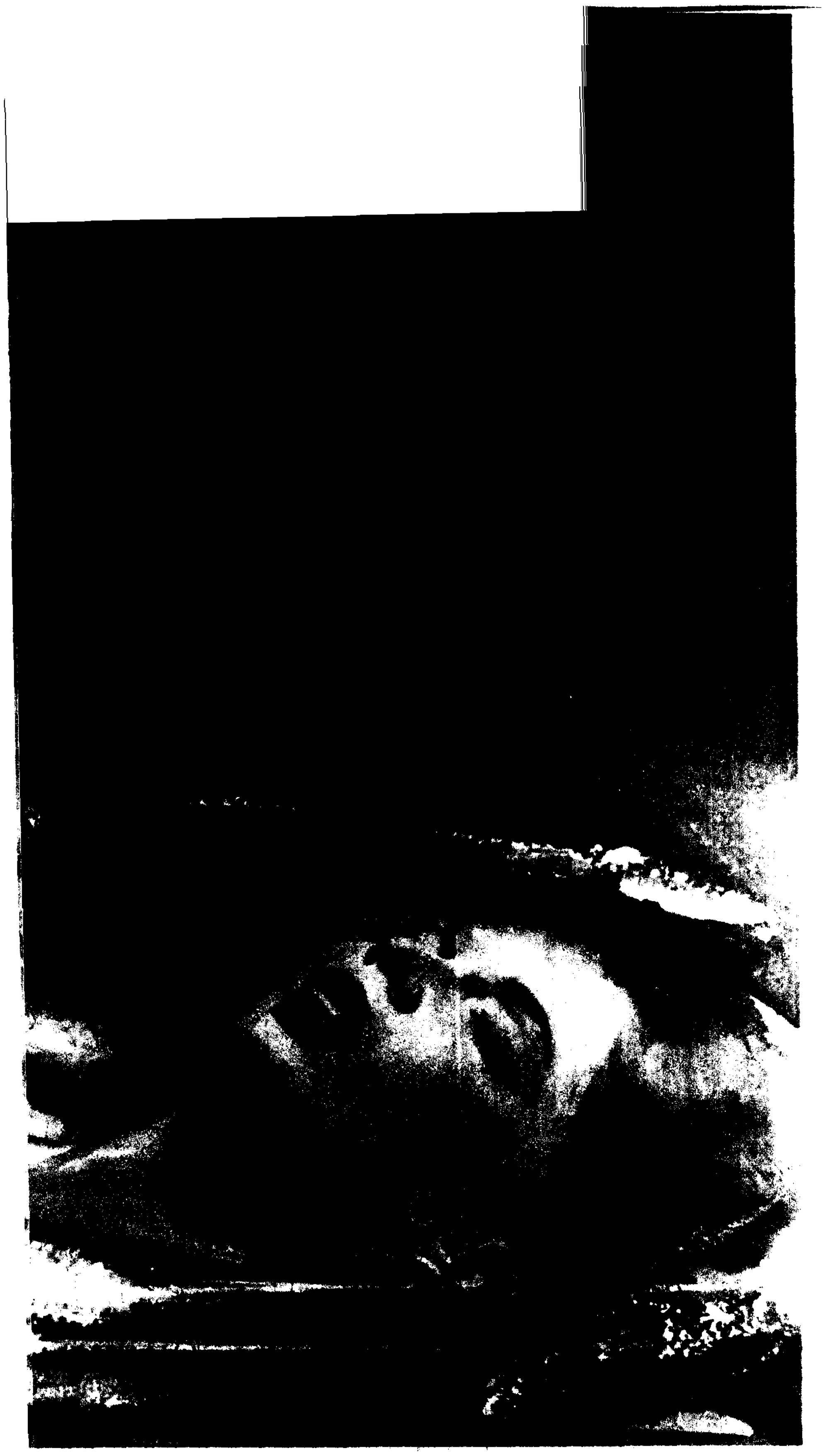
But Camille's didn't magnify at all! He satisfied himself that they were, in fact, nothing but plain glass. He signed the letters and pressed a button.

Camille entered composedly and crossed to the desk.

"It was so stupid of me, Dr. Craig," she said. "I must have left my glasses here when I brought the letters."

Craig looked up at her. Yes, she had glorious eyes. He thought they were very deep blue, but they seemed to change in sympathy with her thoughts or emotions. Their evasive

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



She was at the end of endurance. The eyes grew larger—merged—became a still sea in which she was drowning

color reminded him of the Mediterranean under scudding clouds.

She met his glance for a moment and then turned aside, taking up the typed pages, and the black-rimmed glasses.

"That last cylinder was rather scratchy, and there are one or two words I'm uncertain about."

But Craig continued to look at her. "Why wear those things at all?" he inquired. "You wouldn't miss 'em."

"What do you mean, Dr. Craig?"

"Why wear two bits of plain glass in front of such lovely optics?"

CAMILLE hesitated. She had not been prepared for this discovery, and her heart was beating very fast.

"I suppose it must seem strange. I know they don't magnify. But somehow they help me to concentrate."

"Avoid concentration," Craig advised. "I greatly prefer you when you're relaxing. I have looked over the letter—"

"I did my best with it."

"Your best is perfection. Exactly what I said, and stickily technical." He looked up at her with frank admiration. "Your scientific equipment is marvelous."

Camille veiled her eyes. She had long lashes which Craig felt sure were her own.

But all she said was, "Thank you, Dr. Craig."

Carrying the signed letters and her glasses she moved away. Craig turned and looked after the trim figure.

"Slip out now," he advised, "for a plate of wholesome fodder. You stick it too closely. So long as you can give me an hour from ten to eleven, all's well in a beautiful world."

"Perhaps I may go out—although I'm really not hungry."

She went into her room and closed the door. For a long time she sat there, the useless glasses in her hand, staring straight before her. . . . He was so kind, so delicately sympathetic. He almost apologized when he had to give orders, masking them under that affected speech which led many people to think him light-minded, but which had never deceived Camille.

Of course he was brilliantly clever. One day the people of the world would wake up to find a new genius come among them.

He was so clever that she found it hard to believe he had really accepted her explanation. It was only postponing the evil hour. Camille had never, before that day, met Sir Denis Nayland Smith, but his reputation made discovery certain.

MEANWHILE, Craig was tidying up prior to going out to join Smith. He arranged pencils, ink and like impedimenta in some sort of order. The board to which the plan was pinned he lifted from its place and carried across the office. Before a large safe he set it down, pulled out a key ring, manipulated the dial and unlocked the safe.

He placed the plan inside and relocked the steel door.

He returned to his desk and pressed a button on the switchboard.

"Laboratory," said a tired voice. "Regan speaking."

"I'm cutting out for some dinner, Regan. Anything you want to see me about before I go?"

"Nothing, Doctor."

"Right. Back around ten."

He stood up—then remained quite still for a moment, listening.

The sound of a short, harsh cough, like that of a dog who has swallowed a fragment of bone, had reached him.

Crossing, he opened the office door and looked out. The landing was empty. "Sam!" he called.

Sam appeared from somewhere, chewing industriously.

"Yes, boss?"

"Did you cough?"

"Me? No, sir. Why?"

"Thought I heard someone coughing. Stand by. I want you to come along with me in a minute."

Craig returned, took his jacket from a hook and put it on. He called Regan from the laboratory, borrowed his key, then left to join Smith. . . .

"It may be best," said Nayland Smith, "if we dine in the restaurant here. I expect calls, too."

"Must say I'll breathe more freely," Craig admitted. "I never expected to slink around New York as if crossing enemy territory. What news of Moreno?"

Smith knocked ash from his pipe with unusual care. "I went there after leaving you. His wife had been sent for. Nice kid, very young. Only married six months. This Maddison Lowe is probably the ace man in his province, but he's beaten this time."

"Have they identified the stuff used?"

"No. It's nothing on the order of curare. And there are no tetanus symptoms. He's just completely unconscious, and slowly dying. I suppose I should feel indebted to Dr. Fu Manchu. It's evidently a painless death."

"Good God, Smith! It isn't human."

"You are not the first to doubt that Dr. Fu Manchu is human, in the generally accepted sense of the word. Certainly, he has long outlived man's normal span He claims to have mastered the secret of prolonging life."

"Do you believe it?"

"I can't doubt it. He was elderly when I first set eyes on him, in a Burmese forest. He nearly did for me then—using the same method. And that was more years ago than I care to count."

"Good heavens! How old is he?"

"God knows. Come on. Let's get some dinner. We have a lot to talk about." . . .

While Morris Craig attacked a honeydew melon, Smith watched him covertly. "Highly attractive girl, that secretary of yours," he said.

Craig looked up. "Quite agree. Highly competent, too."

"Remarkable hair."

"Ah, you noticed it! Pity she hides it like that."

"Hides her eyes, too," said Smith dryly.

But Craig did not reply. For some obscure reason he found himself wondering who could have coughed in the office just before he left.

"The devil of it is, Craig," Nayland Smith was saying, "that Fu Manchu is no common criminal."

"Evidently."

"He doesn't work for personal gain. He's a sort of cranky idealist. The force which Dr. Fu Manchu can project is as dangerous, in its way, as that which you have trapped in your laboratory. Five minutes in his company would convince you that you stood in the presence of a phenomenal character."

"I believe you. But I don't understand how such a devil can wander around New York and escape the police!"

Nayland Smith leaned across the table and fixed his steady gaze on Craig.

"Dr. Fu Manchu," he said, deliberately, "will never be arrested by any ordinary policeman. In my opinion, the plant on top of the Huston Building should be smashed to smithereens." His speech became rapid. "It's scientific lunatics like you who make life perilous. Agents of three governments are watching you. I may manage the agents—but I won't make myself responsible for Fu Manchu."

Could Morris Craig have seen the face of the Chinese doctor at that moment, he might better have appreciated Nayland Smith's warning.

IN HIS silk-lined apartment in Pell Street, old Huan Tsung was contemplating the crystal as a Tibetan devotee contemplates the Grand Lama. Mirrored within it was that wonderful face, dominated by the blazing green eyes.

"I am served," came sibilantly in Chinese, "by fools and knaves. We of the Seven are pledged to save the world from destruction by imbeciles. It seems we too are children, and blind."

Huan Tsung did not speak. The cold voice continued.

"We betray our presence, our purpose and our methods, to the common man hunters. Interference now can be fatal. But the method employed was clumsy. This victim of your blundering must not die."

"Compassion, Excellency, is an attribute of the weak."

The compelling eyes remained fixed upon him.

"Rejoice, then, that I entertain it for you. Otherwise you would have joined your revered ancestors tonight. I am moved by expediency—which is

(Continued on page 91)

FOR DISTINGUISHED CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE

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ALBEN W. BARKLEY
Senator from Kentucky

FOR DISTINGUISHED

BY JAMES C. DERIEUX

SENATOR ALBEN W. BARKLEY of Kentucky, a Democratic veteran of 35 years in the Congress, and Representative Christian A. Herter of Massachusetts, a Republican junior now serving his sixth year, are the 1947 winners of Collier's Congressional Awards for distinguished services to the republic.

At a White House ceremony May 8th—V-E Day, and also President Truman's birthday—these two legislators will receive from the President's hands the handsome silver plaques to commemorate their high services; and in addition to these tokens Collier's will make two gifts of $10,000 each to public purposes designated by the winners. Announcement of the beneficiaries of the gifts will be made at the awards ceremony.

One of these men was born on a small tobacco farm in Kentucky, and knew poverty in his youth. He worked his way through college as a janitor. The other was born wealthy. He grew up in cultural settings in European and American cities. He attended the best of schools. But today these two men are nationally and internationally respected. The poor boy and the rich boy have traveled different roads toward the same goal of achievement in the public service. Both have arrived. That is America.

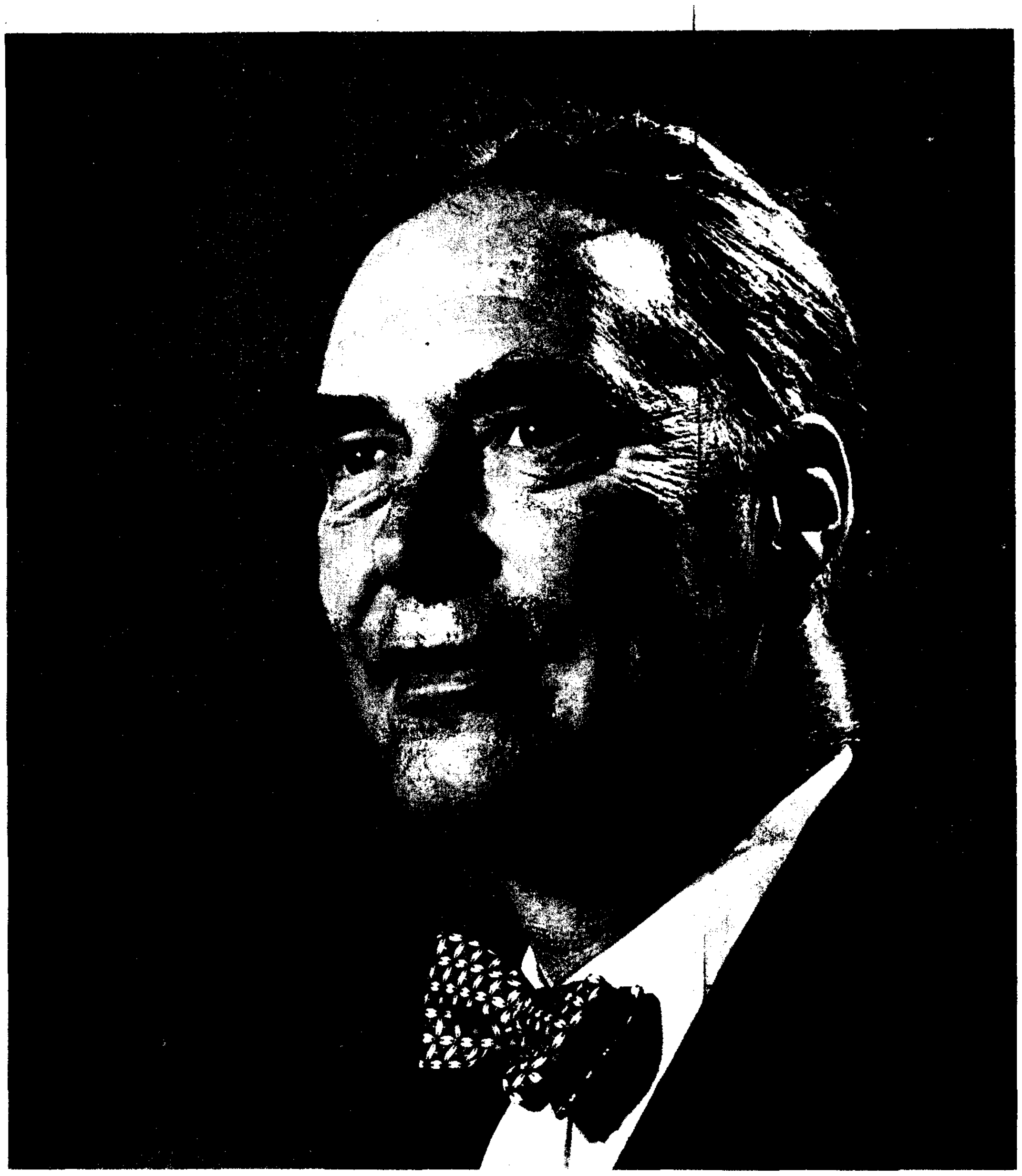
This is the third year in which the Collier's awards have been made. Previous winners have been Senators Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan and Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Wisconsin, and Representatives A. S. Mike Monroney, Oklahoma, and Jesse P. Wolcott, Michigan. Under the rules of the Congressional Awards Committee no previous winners are yet eligible to repeat.

The purpose of these unique annual awards by Collier's—one to a Senator and one to a Representative—is to stimulate thoughtful attention to the fundamental role of the Congress in our system of government, to emphasize the fact that representative lawmaking bodies are the symbol and a basic necessity for freedom, and to give due and appropriate recognition to the work of individual legislators.

The selections are made by a committee of distinguished Americans, the membership of which is changed somewhat from year to year. Eric Johnston is the present chairman. Last year, Chester C. Davis was chairman, and the year before that it was Owen D. Young.

The committee does not operate under fixed criteria or rules. Each year it is free to do as it pleases. In selecting the winners for 1947, a number of members felt that it would be wise to eliminate avowed Presidential candidates from consideration, lest the award be mistaken for a political endorsement.

Senator Barkley was chosen as Senate winner primarily because of his superb loyalty to the two-party system, which he demonstrated continuously throughout 1947 despite great intraparty difficulties. He accepted a change in status from majority to minority leader without any loss of zeal, without a trace of bad temper, and the manner in which he



Christian A. Herter

Representative from Massachusetts

CONGRESSIONAL SERVICE

carried on in the interest of party policy and responsibility won for him increased admiration of his colleagues. On domestic matters he forced party-line decisions whenever he could, and thus helped to clarify the issues on which voters must pass in November. But on international matters, he strove for bipartisan effectiveness.

Said committee advisers: "Under conditions that would have caused a less determined man to walk out and rest, he continued to work for his country through his party." . . . "His good temper was, as always, a good influence in the Senate." . . . "His ability in rough-and-ready debate, his remarkable capacity to argue powerfully on many and diverse issues, and his acceptance of demotion without a trace of venom, made him the Grand Old Man of the Senate last year. As his position came down, he seemed to grow in stature." . . . "By his wisdom, humor and moderation, plus his devotion to the system, he has strengthened the concept of party responsibility."

Representative Herter was winner in the House mainly because of his work in the field of foreign affairs. A few years ago the House had only a small part in determining this nation's foreign policy. But Mr. Herter believes foreign affairs and domestic affairs can no longer be separated, and that the House should be in on everything of importance.

So great was Mr. Herter's zeal for the House to know the full story and meet its full responsibility that he proposed the now famous Select Committee on Foreign Aid, a group of 17 assorted Representatives, organized them into subgroups, planned detailed on-the-spot studies of European needs, and brought the committee home ready to agree on a program. This was one of the most influential committee actions of recent years.

Here is what several advisory opinions say of him: "The changed attitude of many members of the House, particularly the conversion of some ardent isolationists, can be attributed to Herter." . . . "He enabled the House to prepare itself for its new role." . . . "His knowledge of foreign affairs has helped his party steer a clearer course on European relief." . . . "He showed that a Congressional committee can devote itself wholly to the business in hand, even when traveling abroad."

Alben William Barkley was born in Graves County, Kentucky, in 1877, the oldest of eight children. His father was a small tobacco farmer and Alben was his main helper.

From Alben's grandmother he heard stories about her cousin Adlai Stevenson, Vice-President of the United States under Cleveland; and about another cousin, James A. "Quinine Jim" McKenzie, a member of Congress who put through a bill to remove tariff from quinine imports.

The tobacco farm boy thought that if these two cousins could go places in public life maybe he could, too. Young Alben signed up at Marvin College, then located at Clinton, Kentucky. For five years he swept and dusted and shoveled and studied, and got his A.B. when he was twenty years old.

Steppingstones to a Political Career

Then Barkley read law in the office of Judge Bishop, of Paducah. He learned shorthand, became a court reporter, and at one time or another studied law formally at Emory in Georgia and at the University of Virginia. His first elective office was that of prosecuting attorney of McCracken County, Kentucky. Next, he was county judge, and then he came to the House of Representatives in Washington where he served 14 years before moving over to the Senate, where he has been for the past 21 years, as majority leader from 1937 through 1947, and as minority leader now.

Senator Barkley's wife, whom he married in 1903, died last year. He has three children.

The story of Christian A. Herter does not follow traditional lines. His father was a well-to-do American artist, living in Paris when Christian was born in 1895. The boy attended French schools, and acquired in those early years the beginnings of his understanding of Europe. In 1904 he returned to the United States. He attended Browning School in New York, and Harvard, where he was graduated with honors when he was twenty years old.

The next year Herter was an attaché of the American embassy in Berlin. He also served in Brussels, in the Department of State in Washington, at the Paris Peace Conference, in the European Relief Council of which he was executive secretary, and as a personal assistant to Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover.

In 1931 he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, where he continued to serve for twelve years, the final five as Speaker. Then, in 1942 he was elected a member of the national House of Representatives, where he is now in his third term.

Why has this man, wealthy from birth, worked so hard? The deep reason is that Christian Herter was rejected as physically unfit for service in World War I. That hurt. His brother, Everit Herter, was killed in action.

Christian Herter had to do something to satisfy his own desire to serve, and to carry on as best he could for his brother. And so he has driven himself to use fully his naturally fine ability, and his rich experience.

Mr. Herter married Miss Mary Caroline Pratt in 1917. They have four children.

In the course of its studies of 1947 legislation and legislators, the Collier's Congressional Awards Committee conducted advisory polls of Washington reporters, editors and commentators; and of newspaper editors in every state.

The Washington newsmen suggested 20 Senators and 21 Representatives for consideration. The five Senators receiving most support in this poll were: Barkley, Flanders, Ives, Taft and Tobey. The five top Representatives: Dirksen, Eaton, Halleck, Herter and Joe Martin. (Arrangements of names are alphabetical.)

Two hundred and forty-four newspaper editors put forward the names of 38 Senators and 51 Representatives. The top five Senators in this poll were: Barkley, Byrd, Flanders, Morse and Taft. The House favorites were: Halleck, Hartley, Herter, Knutson and Speaker Martin. ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

LILLIE'S IN THE U.S.A.

BY JAMES POLING

"Tiger Lily" is a tabloid ballet by Helen Tamiris. Left to right, the psychiatrist (Eric Victor), the murderess, Tiger Lily (Valerie Bettis), the judge (Carl Reiner) and the prosecutor (Bob Hamilton)

When Arthur Schwartz started work on his new show, about all he had was an idea and a title purchased from John Gunther—Inside U.S.A. Now he has Bea Lillie and a hit musical comedy on Broadway

THE new musical show, Inside U.S.A., came into being because of its producer's naïveté. Arthur Schwartz is a cosmopolite who probably knows whether a white tie is *de rigueur* at Les Ambassadeurs in Paris, but his knowledge of what lies between the two coastal ranges of his native country is, to say the least, vague.

In the twenty years he has been composing hit songs and producing successful pictures, he has commuted between Broadway and Hollywood. On these cross-country errands he gained his chief firsthand knowledge of the great American midlands while changing trains in Chicago. Last June, for the first time, he drove across the country. He drove slowly, in wide-eyed wonderment. By the time he arrived in New York he was popeyed, but not speechless. You'd have thought he'd just discovered the lost Atlantis.

Arthur Schwartz is one of the few men who was born twice; the first time in Brooklyn, 1900 (Who's Who in America), and the second time in Newark (Who's Who in the Theater). Any man who road-shows his own birth is obviously a born showman. And just as obviously, his reaction to his first encounter with the country at large was to do a show about it.

He decided to do a revue (a revue is a musical comedy that openly admits it has no plot) based on the native phenomena he had just witnessed. A revue may not have a plot but it must have a title with box-office appeal. A chance encounter with John Gunther's best-selling book, Inside U.S.A., offered a solution to that problem. The title was succinct and descriptive; and it may just possibly have occurred to Mr. Schwartz that it has a certain publicity value.

Schwartz's decision that Inside U.S.A. was the title for him was made without consulting Mr. Gunther. Not knowing authors so well as people of the theater, Mr. Schwartz was afraid that Mr. Gunther might not subscribe to his enthusiasm. To obtain the author's permission he made an appointment and, in some trepidation, left his own apartment, 16-G, to go to Mr. Gunther's apartment in another part of town. When he paused at the author's door he saw that it, too, was apartment 16-G. Obviously that could mean only one thing—it was a deal. Mr. Gunther saw with him, eye to eye and dollar to dollar.

Later Mr. Schwartz remembered that it was just 16 years ago that he and Howard Dietz wrote their first show together—in room 1602 of the Saint Moritz Hotel. The number 16 began to appear with eerie frequency on Mr. Schwartz' hat checks, and the only satisfactory office space he could find was room 1602 in the Paramount Building.

Mr. Schwartz will certainly lose his faith in the gods of the theater if 16,000,000 paying customers don't stampede his show.

Later, when Mr. Gunther received his agreed-upon check from Mr. Schwartz, he sent it back to the producer with the request that he be permitted to invest it in the show. Another hunch player was the president of Mr. Gunther's publishing house; he'd never invested in a show but he would consider it a kindly act if Mr. Schwartz would permit him to put some money in the venture. Mr. Schwartz is a kindly man.

Raising money for a show is traditionally an ulcer-producing problem. The money for Inside U.S.A. was raised—at a time when show-business money was tight around New York—without the producer's giving a single audition. Not that it was a question of buying blind. There were, after all, Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley heading the cast; and Mr. Schwartz himself has a reputation for considerable theatrical know-how.

Debut as a Song Writer

Arthur Schwartz plucked off a Phi Beta Kappa key on his way through Columbia University and then wasted a certain amount of time on teaching and on the practice of law. In 1926, when a friend who knew of his musical ability asked him if he would like to try composing for a musical comedy, he quickly tossed teaching and torts to the winds and wrote some songs for the first Grand Street Follies. Since then it's been a breeze.

With his lyricist, Howard Dietz, he has written shows like Three's a Crowd, The Bandwagon, Flying Colors and At Home Abroad; and songs of the caliber of Dancing in the Dark, Something To Remember You By and Louisiana Hayride. In Hollywood he produced pictures like Night and Day and wrote such songs as A Gal in Calico and A Rainy Night in Rio. Inside U.S.A. is the first Broadway show in which he has functioned as a producer as well as a composer and he is again aided and abetted by Howard Dietz, who, when he isn't lyricizing, is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bigwig.

So perhaps it isn't surprising that people with folding money began to seek out Mr. Schwartz, earnestly beseeching him to gamble with their investment. In June, Mr. Schwartz had an idea. In July he had a title and by November, he and Dietz had composed and written many of the musical numbers. The money was in; and with that yeast they could begin brewing.

To beat the December 31st deadline on new recordings, set by James Caesar Petrillo and his musicians' union, the Victor people offered to do an album of ten songs from the show, though they had not yet heard four of them. Columbia Records asked to do seven songs, Decca and Capitol wanted in on the deal. At ten minutes to midnight on December 31st the last recording was made and Mr. Petrillo had been had.

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE KARGER

In the Mardi Gras number (above), Bea Lillie (right) lets herself go with telling effect. She is supported by dancers Beverlee Bozeman and Gloria Stevens (masked), Nanon Millis (top) and Jack Cassidy (kneeling). This number opens the second act and is one of the most elaborate productions in the show. It is a deft blend of ballet and musical comedy

Rehearsals (left) involved much hard work. Here John Gunther, author of the best-selling book, sketch-writer Arnold Auerbach, Bea Lillie and director Robert Gordon (right) watch comic Jack Haley doing a routine

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Arlington stopped in to see how his old girl friend was making out as a married woman. He stayed only three days—just long enough to get murdered

AT SEVEN o'clock, Lieutenant Max Ritter, the youngest, smartest, thinnest, darkest and homeliest detective on the Northbank police force, came to work as usual. When he saw the message on his desk, he did not even wait for the morning line-up, but drove directly to 2214 Kanold Street.

He stopped his car in front of a small, two-story stucco house which, like every other two-story stucco house in the street, had a patch of lawn, an elm tree, and a hydrangea bush beside the miniature front stoop. The two plain-clothes men sitting on the front steps got up when Ritter approached.

"The coroner hasn't shown up yet," one of them said. "The body's still on the stairs. His name was Robert Arlington—house guest of the Smiths."

Ritter pushed open the front door, glanced briefly about the overstuffed, early-1939 Grand Rapids interior, then devoted himself to the late Robert Arlington.

The dead man was sprawled head down, near the bottom of the stairway. He was young, probably in his late twenties. He wore only a suit of silk underwear, the shirt of which had been ripped up the front.

"The Smiths are upstairs," said one of the plain-clothes men.

Ritter found a tall, athletically built man in woolly pajamas sitting on the edge of a bed, solemnly studying his big hands. A diminutive blonde in a blue silk negligee stood in front of a mirror, nervously applying lipstick. As the man arose, Ritter noted that he had patient, mastiff jowls, and a broad forehead that reached well up into his thinning, prematurely white hair.

"I'm Jonathan Smith," he said. "This is my wife Monica. I suppose you want to hear the story all over again."

"You'll tell it a hundred times before we're through," Ritter said. "Shoot."

Monica Smith glided into the protective circle of her husband's arm, like a frightened bird seeking cover. She came scarcely to her husband's shoulder, and seemed at least fifteen years his junior. She had big, baby-blue eyes of incredible innocence, and a rosebud mouth that seemed incapable of melting butter. Some of her other features, however—chastely suggested by the lines of the blue negligee—might well melt many things, including the granite heart of a police detective.

"There's not much to tell, really," Smith said. "I walk in my sleep. I've had a recurring dream for the past year—usually about an intruder that I must overcome and throw out of my home. I've been meaning to see a psychiatrist about it, but you know how one puts off those things. Well, when I have that dream I walk in my sleep, and last night I dreamed I was fighting with a burglar. I woke up to find myself standing at the top of the stairs. Monica was standing beside me, shaking my arm and crying. Poor Arlington was lying on the steps, just where you see him now."

Smith moistened his lips. He looked at the detective with frank, inquiring gray eyes, as though to say: *I know this sounds implausible, but you do believe it, don't you?*

"Go on," said Ritter.

"Well, I was horrified, of course. It was obvious that I must have grappled with Arlington in my sleep—that I made him part of my dream and threw him downstairs. I rushed down to help him, but he was obviously dead. He must have struck his head on a step. I immediately phoned the police."

"What time was this?" Ritter asked.

"Exactly three minutes to four," Monica Smith volunteered. "I looked at my watch while Jonathan was phoning." She did not look at the detective as she spoke. Her eyes were fixed on her husband's rugged features in frightened adoration. Smith's arm tightened reassuringly about her shoulders.

"How long was this guy Arlington staying with you folks?" asked Ritter.

"Three days." Smith's voice rumbled pleasantly.

"And how long have you known him?"

"Three days," Smith said.

"Then he was Mrs. Smith's friend?"

"No. Oh, no." Still looking at her husband, Monica Smith shook her head so violently that a silken wisp of hair slid wantonly across one eye.

THEN Jonathan Smith explained that Arlington had come to Northbank especially to consult him; that the dead man had been doing some research in ichthyology, and, having read Professor Smith's book, Mutations of Teleostean Fishes, wanted his help on a scientific problem. So, as they had room, Smith had asked him to stay at the house. . . .

"What did you say your profession was?" the detective asked.

"I'm an ichthyologist."

"Spell that," Ritter said.

Smith did, and Ritter wrote on the back of a dog-eared envelope.

"Where did Arlington sleep?" the detective asked.

"Downstairs, just off the kitchen. We can't afford a maid, so we've turned the maid's room into a guest room."

"Then what the hell was Arlington doing on the stairs at four in the morning, if he slept downstairs?" Ritter demanded.

"I don't suppose we'll ever know—now," said Jonathan Smith. He lifted his hand from his wife's shoulder and gently brushed the wanton lock of hair back from her forehead. He smiled sadly. "I don't know why all this is necessary," he said. "There's no mystery. I killed Arlington. It was completely involuntary, but I did kill him. And I suppose you'll have to arrest me on some homicide charge or other, won't you?"

"Can't say till the coroner comes," Ritter said. "Mind if I look around a little in the meantime?"

Without waiting for a reply, the detective opened a closet door, ran an appraising eye over a row of expensive-looking high-heeled shoes, poked into a rack of dresses. The dresses were not new, but they were cut with distinction and made of first-class materials. They had cost real money. Some of them bore New York and Miami labels.

Ritter found nothing of interest in the bathroom, nor in what was obviously Professor Smith's study. So he went downstairs.

The small room off the kitchen, occupied by the late Mr. Arlington, appeared to have been previously visited either by a freak windstorm or a man packing to go somewhere in a hurry. Two suitcases stood open on the floor, and there was clothing on the bed, the floor, and on all the chairs. Max Ritter noted seven more suits of silk underwear, two tweed suits and three gabardines bearing the labels of Hollywood and Miami tailors, and a dozen expensive, bright-hued sport shirts of a sort hardly associated with the academic life.

The death of Robert Arlington presented a problem that cried out for scientific police procedure. Yet the Northbank police possessed no laboratory, and Northbank was still burdened with the coroner system, which placed a premium on skill in politics rather than in forensic medicine. So Max Ritter picked up the telephone and called his friend Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, pathologist for Pasteur Hospital, who was probably just finishing his breakfast.

"Hi, Doc? Max Ritter. Say, Doc, what's a—" Ritter consulted his dog-eared envelope. "What's an ichthyologist? . . . Expert on fishes? . . . I ain't surprised. His story sounds fishy to me. . . . Yeah, I got an ichthyologist here who's mixed up in a homicide—an ichthyologist that walks in his sleep. Say, Doc, can you rush your breakfast and stop off here at 2214 Kanold Street on your way to the hospital? I'd like you to look at the dead man before the coroner gets here and puts the evil eye on him . . . Fine. I'll be waiting, Doc."

Dan Coffee was a big-boned, sandy-haired man who did not like to hurry through breakfast. In fact he disliked hurrying through any meal, unless he happened to be engrossed in a laboratory problem, in which case he'd go hungry or munch a sandwich without any idea of what was in it. Ordinarily Dan Coffee liked to eat carefully and well. But a call from Max Ritter was a little like the clang of the alarm bell to an old-time fire horse. Dr. Coffee did rush through his kipper. He spurned a second cup from the percolator, kissed his wife goodby, and climbed into his tired, wind-broken, prewar coupé.

AS DR. COFFEE pulled up in front of 2214 Kanold Street, he saw Max Ritter on the sidewalk, arguing with a stocky, red-faced man in overalls. The red-faced man had a coil of garden hose over his arm and a spade and rake on his shoulder.

"But Mrs. Smith told me to come today," he told the detective. "She told me to spade up the—"

"I don't care what she told you," Ritter said. "There's going to be no gardening around this place today."

"If you'll let me talk to Mrs. Smith—"

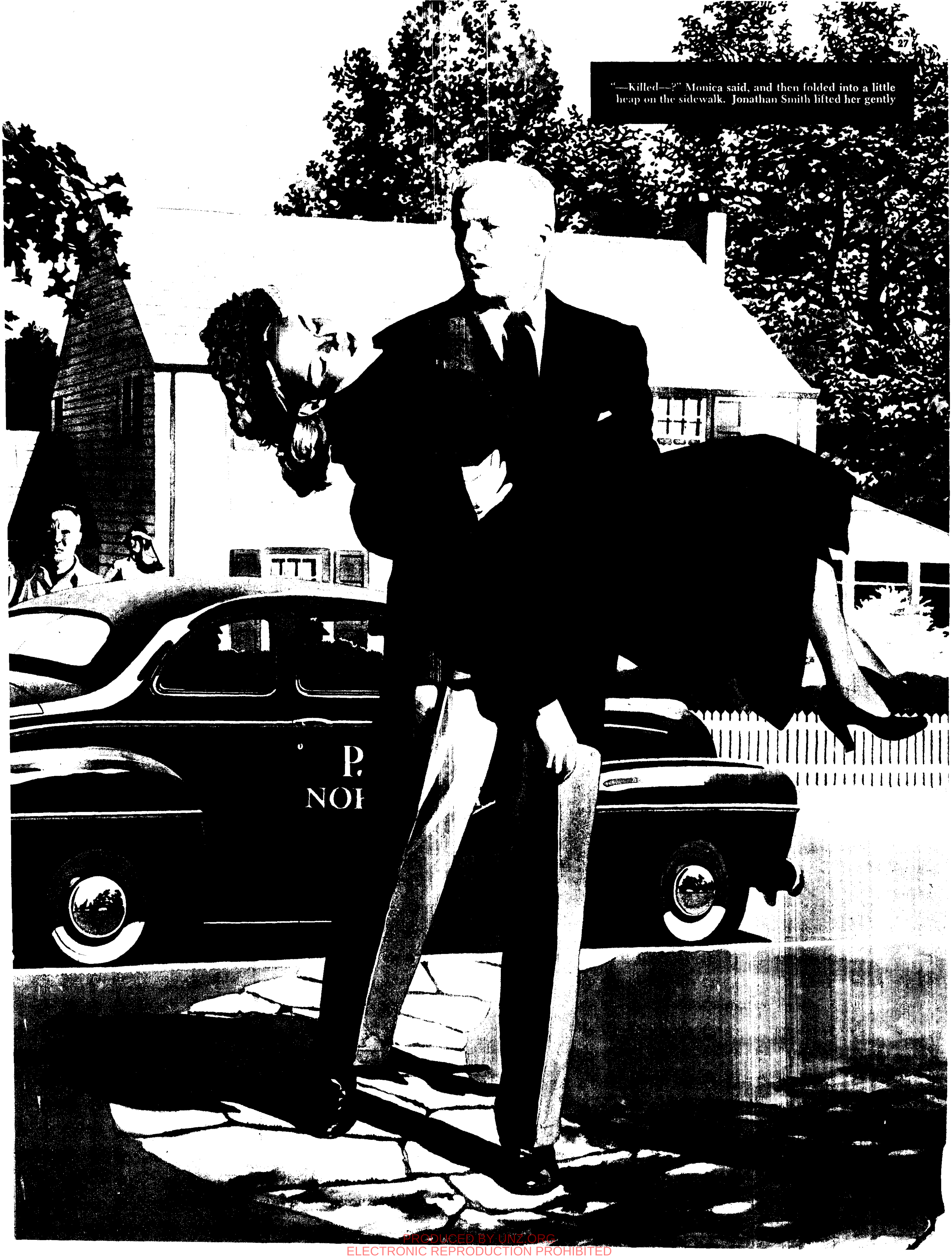
"Tomorrow," said Ritter, turning the gardener around, and starting him on his way with a firm hand on his back. "Come back tomorrow—Hi, Doc. The coroner ain't showed up yet. He had to go to Boone Point last night on a suicide, and since this is election year, he stayed overnight to straddle a few political fences. Shall we go inside to have a look at the stiff?"

"Sure," said Dr. Coffee. "Why?"

While Dr. Coffee was examining the mortal remains of Robert Arlington, Ritter told him the story of the ichthyologist who walked in his sleep, of his pretty blond wife who couldn't possibly be as innocent as she looked—nobody could be that innocent—and of his discoveries in Mrs. Smith's clothes closet that made him think that the ichthyology business must have been pretty good at one time. Dr. Coffee, as he listened, contemplated the corpse lying head down on the staircase and decided that the late Mr. Arlington was a handsome young man, even in death. The dead man seemed to be smiling at some private roguery that he had carried with him into eternity. It was a worldly, disillusioned smile, a little sad, perhaps because the universe was so full of wickedness, but tolerant withal

(Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MC LEOD



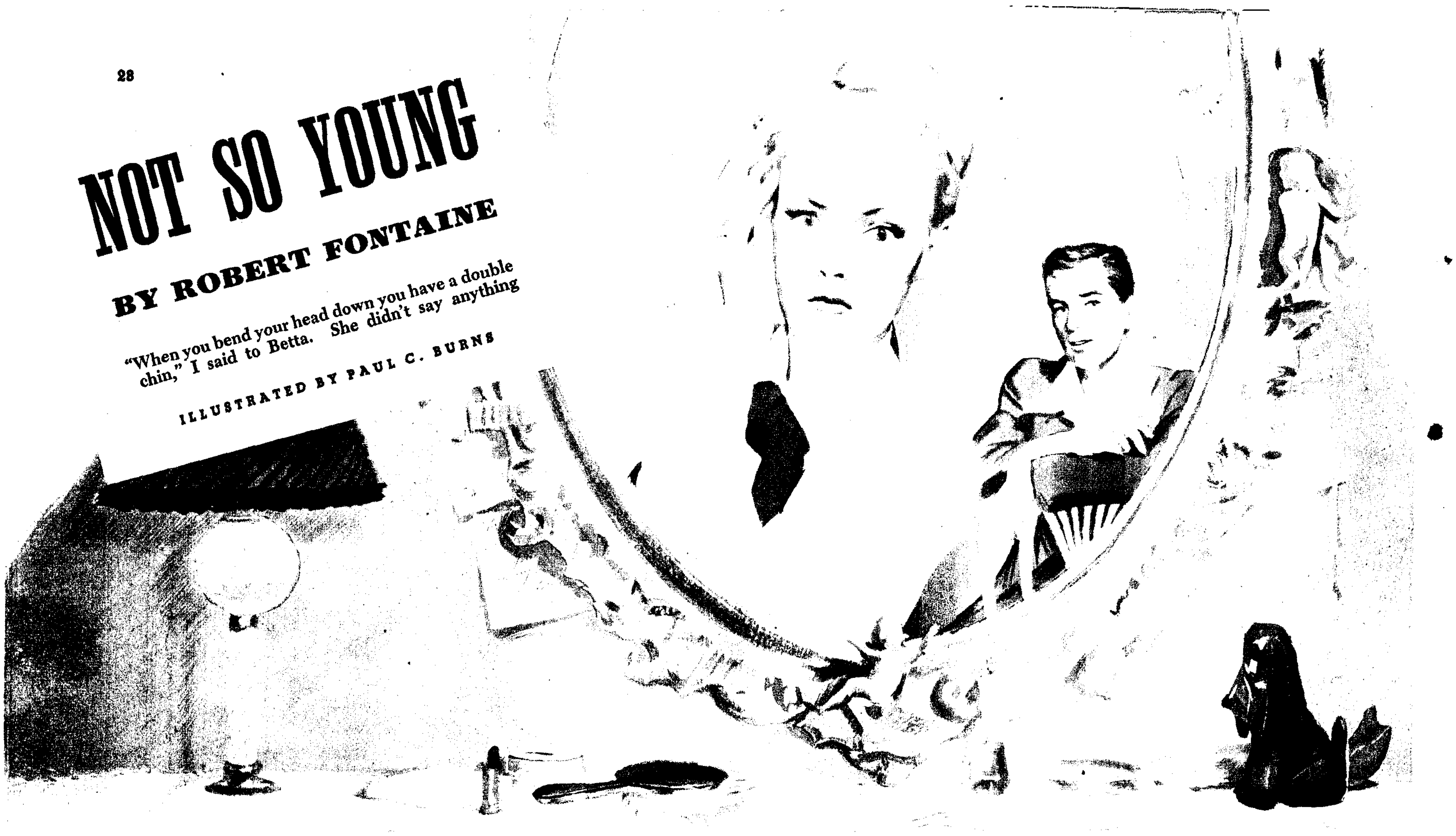
"—Killed—?" Monica said, and then folded into a little heap on the sidewalk. Jonathan Smith lifted her gently

NOT SO YOUNG

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

"When you bend your head down you have a double chin," I said to Betta. She didn't say anything

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



BETTA was going this time for sure. There was a look on her face and a finality in her voice. I sat in her room and watched her pack in silence. Always before that, when she was going away, I knew she would not go. I knew I could kiss her and talk to her and revive memories. After a while we would go downstairs to the Italian restaurant and forget all about going away.

This time I knew she was really going.

"In Greenville, Massachusetts," I said, "I know about six hundred and forty girls all about my age. Think of the chance! To be able to pick and choose from that number! All of them good-looking, intelligent girls from fine families."

"It's a nice thought," Betta said casually. "You're sitting on my best negligee."

I stood up and handed it to her. She stuffed it in the trunk. I said, "Do you remember that place I had on Charles Street? That was where I first proposed."

"Sure I remember it. You insisted on lighting a fire and the fireplace always smoked. All the time you were telling me how much you loved me I was choking with smoke."

"That's a fine way to treat a memory," I said.

"Hand me those gold slippers."

I picked up the slippers and gave them to her. "You wore those to the Roosevelt once. I saved enough money so we could dance to the music of Guy Lombardo. He even played The Very Thought of You."

"Why don't you run along?" Betta suggested.

"Because I love you. I have loved you for five years."

"That's too bad." Betta looked in the mirror and straightened her hair.

"You're not so young any more," I said. "When you bend your head down like that you have a double chin."

Betta's face flushed a little but she didn't say anything. She was very poised.

I went on. "You ought to marry me and settle down. We could have a small house and a garden and a nice-looking cow and two small children . . ."

"With what?"

"You got a job," I reminded her.

"I had a job. I haven't got it any more."

"So you'll get another one," I said lightly.

"And support you?"

"Not necessarily. You know how it is with a writer. He goes along for years unhonored and unsung. Then all of a sudden . . ."

"He's dead and famous."

"No. He's rich. He writes a play. M-G-M pays $50,000 for it. His friends say they always knew he could do it."

Betta sighed. "I'm tired of working. Women get tired of working. For a while you sit and dress well and use good perfume and wait until something wonderful and shining happens and then you stop working. Love comes."

"Here I am," I said happily.

"It doesn't work out that way. Hand me those water colors."

"What about that Marin reproduction I bought for you? Do you know what that cost?"

"Honey, don't argue with me, even indirectly. I'm going home to Olivia, Wisconsin. I like the snow."

"Marry me and I'll bring home some snow every night. In a bag tied with a violet ribbon."

"And that's all you'd bring."

"I might even have a check right here in my pocket for $50,000 from M-G-M. I might be testing you."

"It doesn't work out that way. Go downstairs and get me a salami sandwich. Tell Peter to charge it to Betta upstairs. Get a bottle of Chianti, too."

"Okay," I said. I put on my hat and went downstairs feeling like it was the end of the world. My hand actually trembled on the stair rail. "Oh, Lord," I breathed desperately, "make her change her mind."

Peter wanted to know if it were true that Betta was going away.

"That's what she says," I told him.

"We'll miss her. A lovely character. I remember when she came to New York five years ago. Eyes bright, legs that swung down the street like the legs of a dancer. From a café in the basement one comes to judge people by their legs. When I saw you approach I said, 'There is the gait of a sad one.' "

"Two salami sandwiches," I said. "And a bottle of Chianti. Charge it."

"It is on the house," he said. "We were fond of Betta. A fine artist, Betta. See?"

He pointed to an original fashion drawing on the wall.

"It's just like any fashion drawing," I said. "A woman with half a head and too much dress. Give me a beer while I'm waiting."

Peter shrugged, tossed his towel over his shoulder and drew me a beer. "She's going home, eh? Home is a good place."

"No place like it," I said wearily. "But I happen to be in love with Betta. I used to live next door to her on Charles Street. Once we only had ten cents for breakfast. We bought two doughnuts and coffee. We each had one doughnut and a half cup of coffee. It's just one of the small things you remember at a time like this. Once we had a lot of money. I borrowed a tuxedo and we went to the Stork Club. We sat next to Ronald Colman. The night was full of luminosity and affection."

"Two salamis," said Peter. "Coming right up."

WHEN I got back, Betta was packed and ready to go. I opened the wine and poured two glasses. She drank hers hurriedly. I took her in my arms and kissed her hard. It had little effect.

"It's no use," she said. "This time I'm going. I'm not so young any more, as you put it."

I felt terrible. It was all very well until this last moment. It all seemed to come at once then. My throat was dry and I felt weak and helpless.

The doorbell rang as I was in the middle of inventing a speech so beautiful, so full of faith and hope and love that she would *have* to stay. It was a wonderful speech, poetic, sincere, from my very heart. No one could have listened to it unmoved. But I never got to make it.

"That's the cab," she said. "Goodby, honey. Write to me."

"I'll cut jokes out of the papers and send them," I said.

"Don't kid," she said sadly.

"You want to see the check for $50,000 less agents' commission, of course?"

She looked at me without any apparent emotion.

"I'm going to marry a fellow in Wisconsin," she said. "He's just built a double house near where my mother lives. About five acres of ground and . . ."

"Always marry a man with a double house," I said, drinking a large tumbler of Chianti.

The cabdriver pushed the door open. "A trunk!" he said worriedly.

"I'll pay extra," Betta said. "I have to get the trunk to the station."

"Okay," the cabdriver said. He put the trunk on his back and went down the stairs. I came down after him carrying the bottle. Betta followed me. She looked very beautiful.

She got in the cab and I kissed her gently through the open window.

"You want to see the check?" I said.

"You're a nice kid," Betta said. "I didn't really mind the smoke on Charles Street. You're a nice kid. But you're a dreamer."

The cab started and Betta was gone.

I took the bottle into Peter's and sat down at a table.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" I said. "I intend to drink this bottle and two others and then I intend never to touch another drop again."

Peter smiled. "She's gone?"

"She's gone."

"Too bad."

"Peter, do you know what I am going to do? I am going to Greenville, Massachusetts, where there are hundreds of nice, intelligent girls waiting for me. I am going to take them out one at a time until I fall in love. Then I am going to get married and send Betta an invitation. I am going to have a small house, a garden, a few acres of ground, a greenhouse, a cow and two small children. Now may I have another bottle of wine? Take it out of this check."

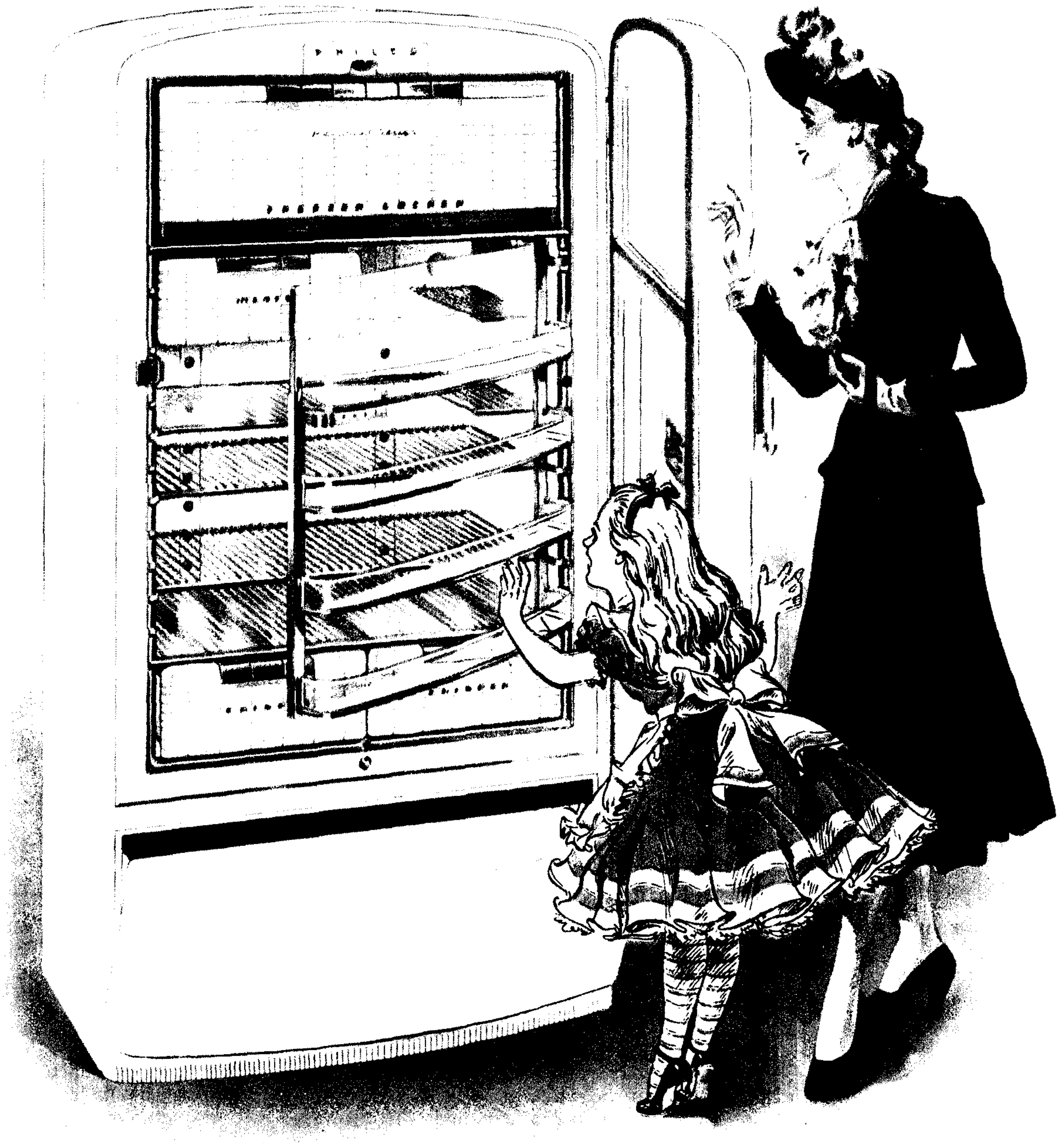
I handed Peter the check and he looked at it and smiled gently. "We do not have quite $45,000 in the cash register," he said. "But a man like you we can trust."

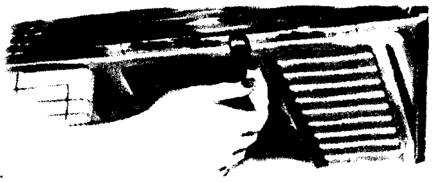
"Yes, sir," I said, putting the check back in my pocket. "I'm going to send her an invitation to my wedding engraved on a gold plate."

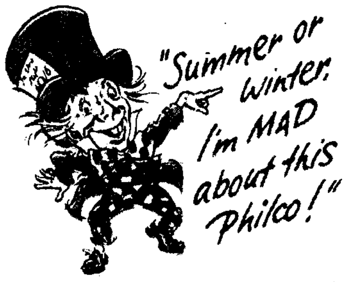
A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

Alice's Adventures in Philcoland

"Oh Mother!" cried Alice, "Here's the New PHILCO...



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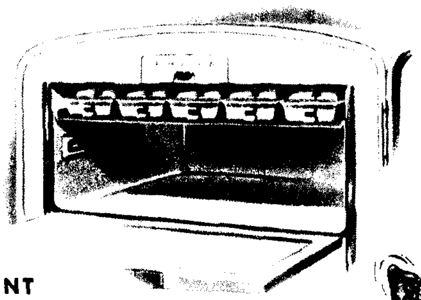

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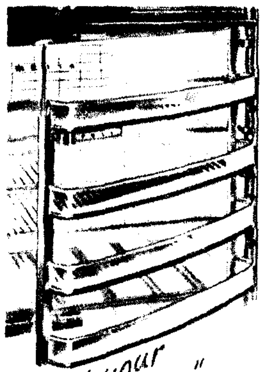

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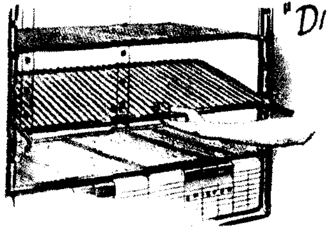
Transparent, shelf-lined inner door adds shelf space and keeps foods used most often at your finger-tips. *Only Philco has it!*

"Keeps foods at your fingertips"



"Ditto! Fix the shelves to suit yourself"

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Why Alice is so thrilled by all she saw in Philcoland.
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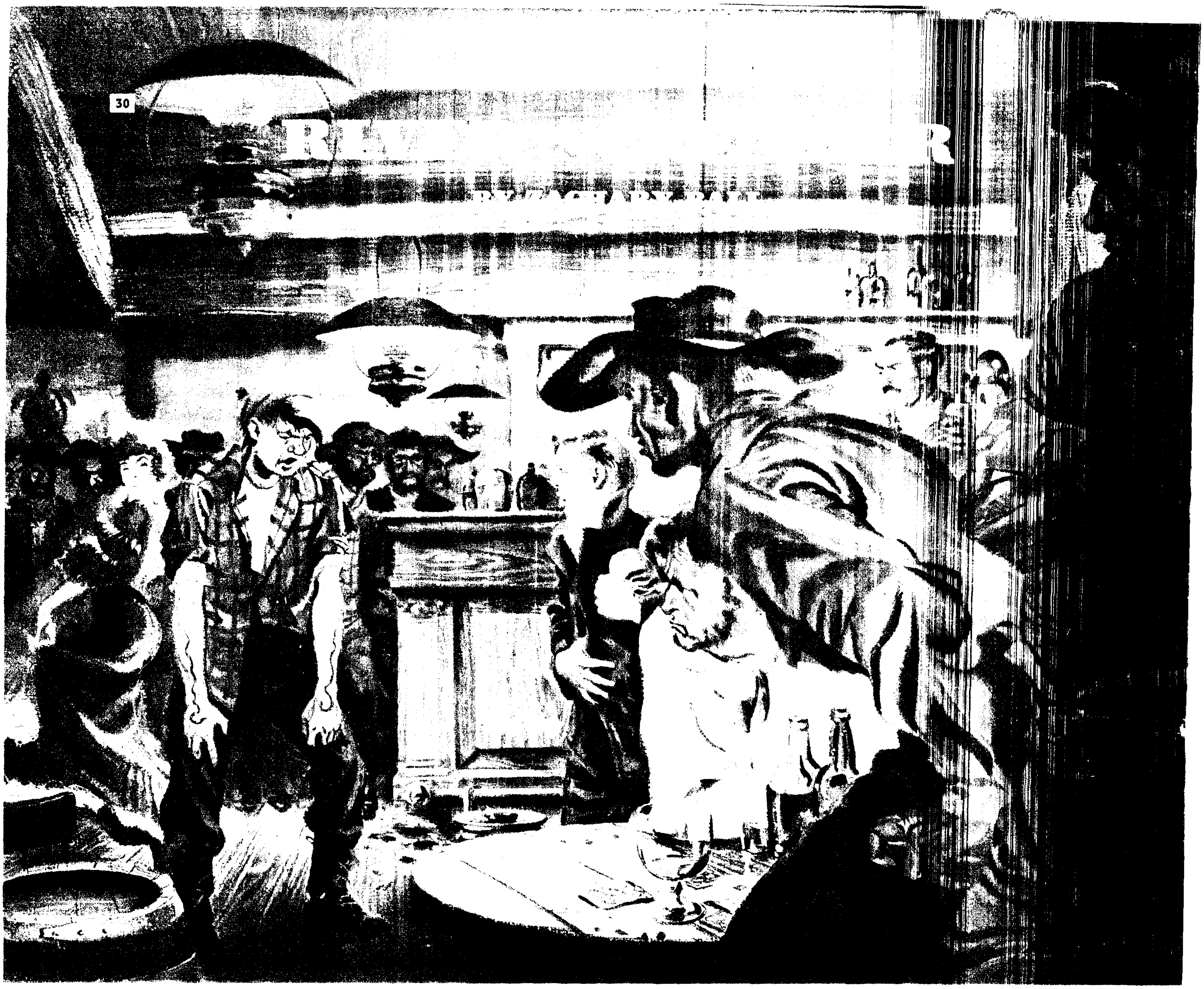
The giant *Freezer Locker* and *Controlled Humidity;*
The *Freezer Shelf* and *Crisper Drawers* and more you'll have to see.
Efficiency, utility, and value plainly seen . . .
As Alice says, the Philco line is one *fit for a queen.*
And even Humpty Dumpty says he *fell* for it . . . "and how!"
To get the best, may we suggest: Go see your dealer now!

"You can say that again"

© 1948, Philco Corporation

RIV[illegible]R

BY ZACHARY BALL



Pap was on his feet, weaving, his eyes bright and deadly. His arms hung loose at his sides, and Patroon watched the blue snakes crawling down them

The story of Big Dan Carson—seen through the worshiping eyes of his son

ATROON CARSON whistled and walked and popped little white clouds out of the grass along the path with his cow whip. He sashayed out of the path and back, first one side, then the other. The summer grass was brittle with frost. His boots crackled it, like walking on paper. He could make tracks almost as good as in snow.

Far down the Monongahela, a keelboatman's horn sent its tone sliding through the cold and hung it tuneful in the stillness. Young Patroon Carson grinned, stopped, listened. When the sound had gone into the hills, he twisted his mouth, cupped his hands around it and sent out three long tones of his own. They might have been an echo of the boat horn.

The sun came spinning up over Coal Hill, a big, red-hot buzz saw, and the daylight that had formed on earth went rushing up to meet it. Looking down on Pittsburgh, the sun took a red squint along the surface of Hogg's Pond.

Patroon began to run. He squatted in the white grass at the edge of the pond, and sure enough, there it was—a feather of ice all around the edge. Grinning, he broke off some. It crumbled in his hand easier than a dry oak leaf, but it was ice.

He stood up, looked across the pond and up the bulged chest of Grant's Hill. He knew he shouldn't let his thoughts climb the hill, but he did. He let himself see the sleds speeding down—dozens of them—himself leading. When slide-snow got here, the thing to have was those steel runners, the kind Mr. Nordley at the foundry would make you for fifty cents apiece. You polished them with a brickbat till they were as slick as skim ice, and they'd drop you down the hillside like the wind and shoot you all the way across the pond and bump you into the far bank.

He'd have his runners. He'd have them all ready for Pap to fit them under the sled box the very day Pap got home.

The ice melted and ran away through his fingers and left his hands wet and cold. His thoughts made him that same way inside. It wouldn't be like that. He wouldn't have the new runners. Pap wouldn't come back in time. He was only fooling himself to think it.

Five years ago, when Patroon was nine, his Pap, Big Dan Carson, had shipped down-river on a keelboat and never come back. For a long time Ma and Patroon kept telling each other he'd be back, and they'd go and go to the wharves to inquire of keelers and steamboatmen just up from New Orleans.

Finally one captain told them for a certainty about Big Dan being shanghaied onto an ocean ship.

Ma cried all that night. Soon she went to work at the cotton mills—and after a couple of years, she didn't talk like she ever expected to see Pap again. But Patroon never once left off believing. His Pap would come back to them, no matter how many times he got shanghaied; he'd go through anything, fight his way through any trouble, to get home to them. The day would come, Patroon's day. He'd take Pap down the path to where they now lived; he'd run on ahead, yelling for Ma; he'd stop only to throw open the door for his Pap.

Ma'd had bad years, working at the mill, Patroon going to school and earning at anything he could get to do in between. Always and always they were getting reports about Pap from rivermen. Always the men had seen Big Dan, and he'd just shipped on some upriver craft—a steamboat, a keel, a galley. Once he was reported on a flatboat, a craft which almost never made an upriver run.

Ma's and Patroon's hopes would run high; then, as time passed, they had melted and seeped into the daily struggle. Not ten days ago, a keeler had sworn to Patroon that Big Dan Carson had signed on a keel in New Orleans for the upriver trip.

"I seen him, lad—in a tavern—

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE

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BING
AND THE SAME TO THE 4,371,000 OTHER MEN WHOSE BIRTHDAY IS IN MAY—
Happy Shaving

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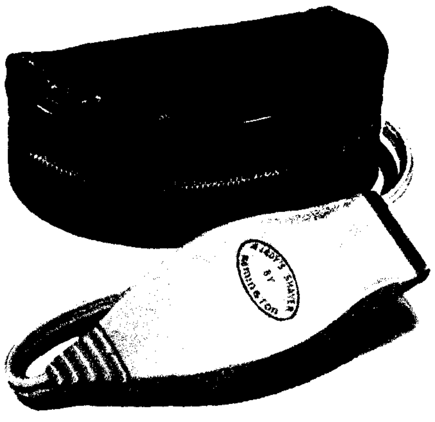

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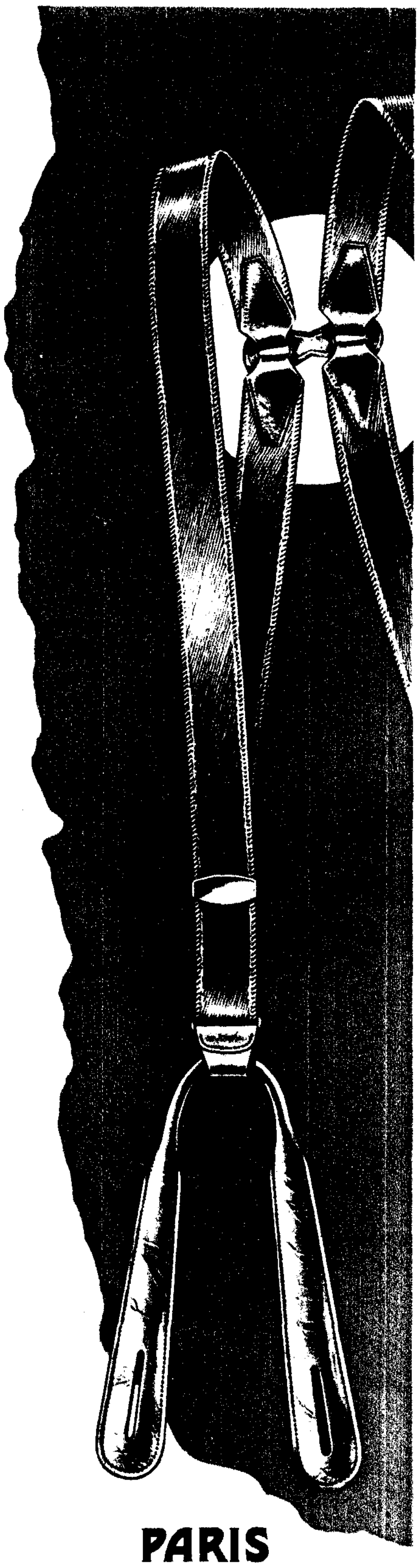

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PARIS

heered him tell this patroon he'd shove off with him. And I seed him go aboard—the Plunger."

"The Plunger?" Patroon asked.

"That's her—that's the craft. Name painted along her cargo box in big white letters. Hell, she'll likely put in here at the Monongahela wharf nine-ten days."

At first Patroon tried not to believe in this. Then he got to thinking there was a chance. Now he kept telling himself there just had to be a chance. He hadn't mentioned any of it to Ma.

There was a turnout at the cotton mill, and Ma had no money to last till the mill-owners agreed to pay the women workers the wage they needed. But a good offer had come to Ma—a position as housekeeper for some rich folks who were moving to St. Louis. It would be easy work for Ma; she certainly needed easier work than the mill.

In her fair-minded manner, Ma was waiting till next week to make the decision. Patroon would be fourteen then, and he was to have his equal man's say in their affairs.

He squatted for another leaf of ice. He knew right now he'd never stand against Ma. With his fingers breaking the ice, he knew what he was going to do.

Next week was the future. For now he was going to pretend everything was the way he wanted. He was going ahead with his winter plans. He was going to believe—as hard as a rock or a piece of iron or just the hardest thing in the world—he was going to believe that his Pap would come before he had to vote a man's sensible decision with Ma.

He walked away from the pond. The sun was turning the grass wet as he turned toward Cherry Alley. Across the Monongahela, the shady sides of the hills were still frost-bleached. He'd get out his linsey bags tonight and see if Ma'd need to mend them. A frost like this would put plenty of nuts on the ground over in those hills.

He popped his whip and tried to remember where he'd put his hulling board. It was a fine one. Nate Bosler at the boat yard had augered it for him, of a good oak board. All you had to do was lay a walnut on the hole, whop it with your mallet, and it came out underneath naked as a jay bird, ready for the nut barrel in the lean-to.

He turned onto Water Street, came to the Monongahela wharf and went along it, the cobblestones slippery under his boot heels. He ran his eye down the line of keels and other craft tied up there. No Plunger on any cargo box.

A DRAY came grumbling along, and he stepped it. The tailboards of the two-wheeled drays hung low. All the lads stepped drays, knowing the draymen who would and would not let them ride the empties.

"Howdy, Mr. Anson."

"Howdy, Patroon. Got a job this mornin'."

Patroon grinned up at the drayman and began tying the long lash of his cow whip around his waist, ready for work.

"Got a load of kegs to roll. Little 'uns, 'bout your size."

"You bet, Mr. Anson! Where at?"

"Post nine—headin' there now."

Patroon waved to Eph Myers, idling among the stacks and bales and barrels. Seeing him made Patroon think of the traps. Ten of them Eph had, and he'd sell or trade. Patroon knew where there were some good varmint runs, and he could help Ma a lot with the money he could make out of pelts.

He thought: I'll talk to Eph—maybe make a deal. . . .

When the dray was loaded and Patroon had pocketed his coins, he went back along the wharf, still looking the keels over. He found Eph and showed him the coins.

Eph was past fifteen. "What you goin' to buy with just two dimes?" he asked.

"Oh—give it to Ma."

Eph squatted and put his back against a barrel. "What about them traps of mine? You goin' to get swappin' notions or not? I can't save 'em forever, and you with nothin' better than herdin' and steppin' drays to get the money. It'll soon be trappin' time, and somebody'll come along with some loose coins, likely."

Patroon had put his back against the barrel, too. "I aim to buy them," he told Eph, troubled.

He looked down at his boots. He had tallowed them last night, but they were so old and cracked the frost dampness had come through.

Eph went to grinning. "Aw, you make money too slow. That's what I was tellin' some of the lads over at the Allegheny landing. Too slow, and not enough of it." He dug importantly into a pocket and brought out a handful of silver. He let Patroon look on it. "Riffle Ears paid me that. Three dollars."

Patroon knew all about why Riffle Ears paid that money. Thinking about it made him look away.

Eph sagged a grin at Patroon. "You're gittin' old enough to make more'n two dimes. I got a notion to tell you how. A man can make money around these wharves if he learns to use what he's got atwixt his ears."

Patroon nodded. He'd never do what Eph did for money, but he wanted to stay friendly with Eph. Might as well let him tell it.

Eph said, "Boats got to have crews—ain't that right?"

Patroon nodded. But he thought: Riffle Ears—meanest keelboat captain on any river. He'll tie a mannie to a mast and parch his hide with a "cat." Lots of them'll make the threat. Riffle Ears really does it. . . .

He reached for the chain he wore snapped to his galluses. On the end of the chain, in the special safety pocket he himself had sewed into the inside of his pantaloon leg, was his big sailor's knife. His Pap had given him the knife; it was the only thing he had of his Pap. He could sit down and feather his whetstone with the thick blade and bring back all he could remember about his Pap—the big, loud voice and the dog-friendly chuckle.

He brought out the knife. Eph clamped his eyes onto it and let go his money talk. Patroon wished he had left the knife in his pocket.

"I want it," Eph said. "I want that knife. Bad." He was still bouncing his coins in one hand. "But I won't give you no three dollars for it, Patroon Carson."

"Who ever thought you would?" Patroon paused. "I wouldn't sell it for more'n that, even."

"Let me hold it."

PATROON unsnapped it from the chain. Sun warmth was on them now. Eph yanked a sliver off the barrel and whittled.

He said, "I might get notional to deal you this three dollars for it. I don't have no trouble makin' money."

Patroon said, "No."

Eph pushed the blade lovingly along the wood. "Well—how about swappin' it—for my traps?"

"No. I'll buy the traps. Soon as I can save the money."

Eph laughed. He dropped his whittling, but kept fondly moving his thumb up and down the flat of the blade.

In front of them was the Monongahela. Out in the middle, its current was ruffled up from fall rains. Out there a keel had just settled into the fast water for the two-thousand-mile voyage to New Orleans.

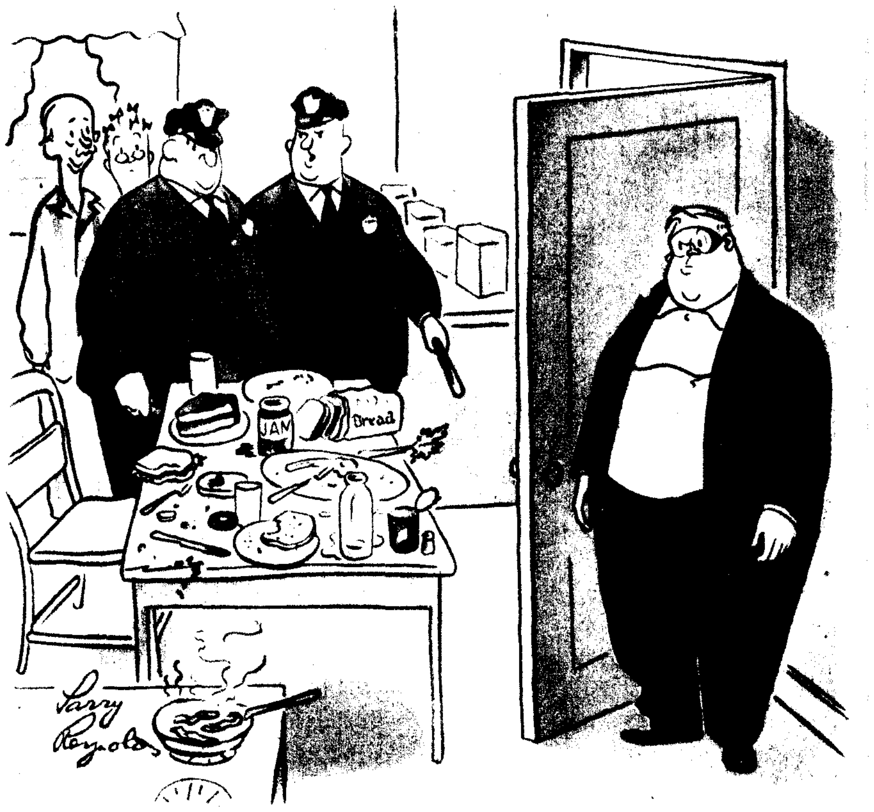
The patroon was giving the paddle rhythm to his oarsmen.

"Pull—pull—pull—mannies . . .
Pull down to Shawnee town. . . .
Pull down to little Prairie-e-e . . .
And don't drap your paddle
Till the river finds the sea-e-a-e . . .
Pull—pull—pull . . ."

Patroon grinned. "Five, six weeks with water fast as that, she'll tie onto the New Orleans wharf, where darkies sing on the levee morn till night and merchants buy their truck right off the boats. Regular river floor of keels and flats a mile long tied to the levee—regular forest of bare poles of ocean ships as far as you can see. Ferry whistles and steamboat whistles and bells—and steam a-snortin'. Makes the dangedest clatter a body ever heard—yep, all that and a long chalk more."

"A body'd think you were a regular

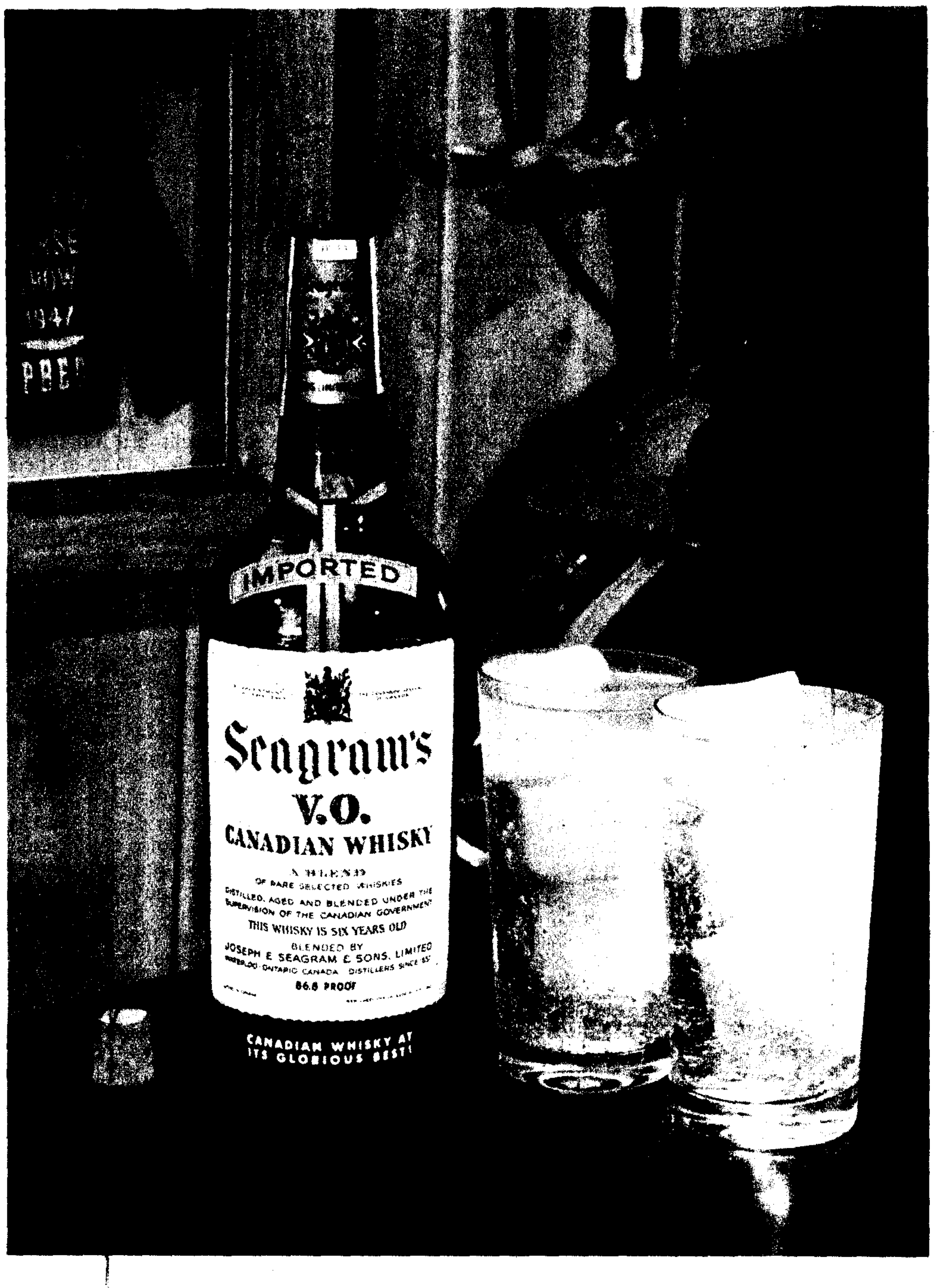
BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Evidently th' work of a gang. A lone man couldn't make such a pig of himself"

COLLIER'S

VERY OBVIOUSLY... UNIQUE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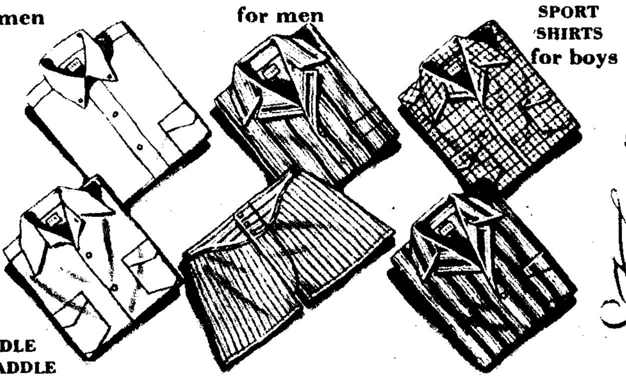
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RICE-STIX R·S RIGHT STYLE

river screamer—that you'd seen all them things."

"Someday I'm going to," Patroon said.

And he would, too. Keel or steam, he'd sure captain a river boat, like his Pap. He wasn't for certain whether his Pap was a patroon or just one of the pole hogs. But he'd always dreamed him a patroon, high atop the cargo box, the cut of him big and clean and stout as an oak hull. You bet—a-standin' his box, his horn sending out the handsomest song of any on the river.

It was the boys' talking with the men along the wharves that had got him the nickname, Patroon—which meant a boat captain. He knew the rivers below, their bends and riffles, like a sweepman. Flour Island—Devil's Elbow—Stack Island—He could talk it; he could imitate any boat horn; he could stand atop a cargo box and make the keelboatman's brag.

"I'm half horse and half panther—I can outrun, outjump, outchaw, throw down or fist-whip ary a mannie as ever set a pole. I'm a riffle jumper—I'm a river screamer—"

He could spiel it out until the rivermen who listened slapped their thighs at his mimicry. But when they came back to Pittsburgh, they remembered him. What they didn't know was that it was his own way of marking himself down in their minds as Big Dan Carson's son—just in case they ever met up with Pap.

When the time came, he'd know his Pap. He'd know him. Big Dan Carson with a tattooed snake on each arm, the head of each snake right on the back of each hand. It was always a keeler's hands Patroon looked at first.

Tomorrow, next day—might be he'd stand at this very spot and watch his Pap bring his craft in. He'd be roaring orders to his paddle pushers—big and happy and river-brown, sleeves rolled up, the blue snakes crawling out of them and down his arms. Then, when his craft was tied up, bow and stern, he'd walk over. He'd say, "Howdy, Pap. I'm your lad. I'm Danny."

EPH'S voice said crossly, "You ain't actin' as if you even want to know how to make money!"

"Wh-a-a-t?" Patroon said that, startled. Then his mind was back with Eph. "Oh. You bet I do."

"Well. Like I was sayin'—boats got to have crewmen. If a patroon is short a man or two when it's time to shove off, and you happen to know where there's a keeler in a back room of some tavern, sleepin' off his whisky—what's wrong with lettin' the patroon know about it?"

Patroon made no reply.

Eph said, "If you was a patroon, wouldn't you hand a lad a couple of dollars for helpin' you out? So's you could shove off—say you was a day late?"

"Is that what a patroon will pay—two dollars?"

Eph shrugged, shoved his hand into his pocket and clattered his coins. "One—two—three. Once I got five—Riffle Ears. He was so mad at a keeler for crawlin' off drunk, he said he'd give five dollars to get his heel in the keeler's eye. He put it there, too." Eph laughed.

Patroon squinted at the sun. He stood up. "Give me my knife. I got to drive my cows to pasture."

Eph handed him the knife. "How many cows you herd now?"

"Six. You hold the traps for me, Eph. I'll try to get the money saved."

He earned fifty cents a month each from six owners for driving their cows out beyond Boyd's hill and grazing them a while each day. It was afternoon when he got back and had returned every cow. He stopped at the north slaughterhouse, and the butcher had livers and he gave Patroon some.

On the way home, Patroon stopped to see if old Mr. Rankin had fish to clean. For two years he had helped the old fisherman, paddling the skiff, helping clean, sometimes peddling dried fish down along the water fronts. In summer, it was extra money for him three or four times a week.

He liked to listen to the old man's slow, gentle talk. Patroon had told him all about his Pap. It was a thing you couldn't do with the boys; but you could talk your bottom feelings with Mr. Rankin.

Today, as they worked at the cleaning bench outside the old man's shanty, Patroon told him again what that keeler up from New Orleans had said about the craft, Plunger.

Mr. Rankin worked and listened. He was a small, thin man with just a patch of brown face surrounded by a good stand of white, bristly whiskers and white hair. When Patroon had finished his telling, he took off his eyeglasses and polished them with a piece of linsey.

"Eyeglasses is gittin' so fogged I can't see nothin' clear," he said. "Ain't took time from my work all day to clean 'em."

WHILE he polished, he had his little smoke-blue eyes on Patroon. Patroon had always wondered how much Mr. Rankin could really see when he stood looking at you, thoughtful, without his eyeglasses. It was like the wisdom of him came out for a little rest. Then, when he put his eyeglasses on again, it was like he and the wisdom went back into their den to think together.

Now he put his eyeglasses on and said, "They's a lot o' folks like eyeglasses."

"Sir?"

"They git fogged up, too. Only in their brains. They think on one thing so long they git so's they can't see nothin' clear. They git to lookin' fer jest one thing—most of 'em'll tell you it's happiness. They'll jest stand there in the one place and look—never lift up nothin' and look underneath it—never climb a hill to see effen it's on yon side. Jest stand in their hog-lazy tracks and look. Git so fogged they couldn't see happiness or whatever it is they're lookin' fer effen it was dancin' on the end of their nose."

A grin was jigging the white chin bristles. Patroon had learned that the old man usually stood a grin up in front of his serious talk. They went on with their work for a little.

Then Mr. Rankin asked, "You and yer Ma a-goin' to St. Louie town?"

"We're going to talk it over next week."

"I lived in St. Louie town fer a spell."

"You never told me."

"No. Reckon not. Effen I was back young agin, I'd set out fer there. West is fer the young. Whole world full o' land spreads out beyond St. Louie town—nary a end to it." He was thoughtful for a long time. Then, "Must be a heap o' folks livin' there now. I reckolect when they said God would never cross the Mississippi. He has crossed it. God and the Santa Fe Trail has gone into business out that-a-way."

When the fish were all cleaned, Mr. Rankin said, "You won't want to peddle out no fish this evenin'."

"Oh, yes, sir! I want to earn all I can."

"I reckon you won't, not this evenin'. Here's two dimes. And—I was fishin' down below the Point today. I seen that keel come up."

Patroon waited, his coins held fiercely in his fingers.

"Yup—the Plunger. She's tied up right down yon-way." The old man pointed his head down-wharf. "Don't fergit yer package there on the bench, lad."

Patroon snatched it up and began to run. Not down-wharf, but for home. He didn't know why; this wasn't doing it the way he'd dreamed. But it had to be like this. He had to get to Ma.

He plunged out of the twilight into the lamp-bright warmth of the kitchen. Ma turned from her stirring at the stove.

She smiled. "You're right on time, Danny. Gracious, but you've been running hard. Get washed for supper, son."

Suddenly Patroon couldn't tell her

about the Plunger. He was noticing how tired she looked. She was so little and bird-neat and clean—and so very tired.

Once more she turned to him. "What is it, Danny?"

Patroon fumbled out words. "Forty cents—I made forty cents extra today."

Ma was glad about that. He put the money on the table. He couldn't tell her. He couldn't bring hope up into her face again—watch it die again.

Mr. Rankin might be wrong. He's so old—eyeglasses all fogged up. The keel would have been out in midstream, and him bank-fishing—

He filled the big trencher with water, washed clear up above his wrists, then took a couple of whacks at his standout hair with the comb. He tried to act natural eating, tried to go slow, but it seemed like Ma would surely hear all he was thinking.

Pap's here—right in Pittsburgh this minute, looking for us. He'll go first to where we used to live, and it burned to the ground. I got to go—I got to find Pap.

When he asked Ma if he could go to the wharf, she finally said he could. He jumped from the back stoop into his jog trot. He could jog-trot for a whole hour and never stop to rest.

When he got to the wharf, he went at a walk. He peered at the boats. Most of them were dark. On a few, keelers sat on the cargo box around a lantern. Patroon couldn't find the Plunger. It wasn't where he'd thought Mr. Rankin had meant. He kept going.

He was nearly to Ferry Street when the dim lights from some tavern doors on Water Street showed it to him. He could see the name all right. Plunger, in big white letters. There was no light aboard her.

Two boats down, he talked with two men hunkered by a fire. They said the men from the Plunger had hit off for a tavern.

Ma had said many times never to go into a tavern, not even to run an errand. But tonight Patroon ran in and out of one tavern after another. One after another —looking—looking.

Once he thought it must be getting very late. He made his way into still another large, smoky, noisy room full of men. He armed through the crowd till he got close to a man with a long apron on and both hands full of beakers.

Patroon asked him if there were any keelers in here just up from New Orleans.

The man scowled and bellowed. "All over the place—ain't ye got no eyes?"

The movement of the crowd carried Patroon to a long counter. Men behind it were pouring whisky and wine from jugs into beakers and noggins for the customers. Patroon pushed his way along here, looking at every pair of hands.

At the far end, a man with a grinning red face made him a jolly wink and said, "Hold hy-ar, lad!" He reached to a shelf and brought down an orange. "Hy-a-a-ar, lad—New Orleans peach for ye!"

Patroon looked at his hands, too, took the orange and thanked him with a nod. Never before had he had an orange. He worked it into his pocket.

The crowd suddenly split and made a cleared space in the room. There was a woman up on a drinking table. She was weaving and bending her body, making her long red dress sway and swirl. Men were banked around, whooping and stomping and clapping in time to her motions.

Patroon knew what kind of woman she was. He'd heard men around the wharves talk. Still, it was a stunning thing actually to see one. It made Patroon want to paw out of here.

RIGHT then the big, drunken man plunged into the cleared space. He wore the red shirt and red skullcap of the keelboatman, and his tan hair was uncombed and unshingled. He looked like he was awful mad and going after the woman on the table to hurt her. Then Patroon saw that it was whisky that had given his hairy face the mad look.

The keeler bellowed stupidly, his eyes tight on the woman, and began stomping in time to her movements, and cuffing his hands together. She looked down at him, laughing, made a whirl, tossed her pale hair out of her face and began flipping her skirts at him, laughing more and more.

The keeler's hands went up to grab her off the table.

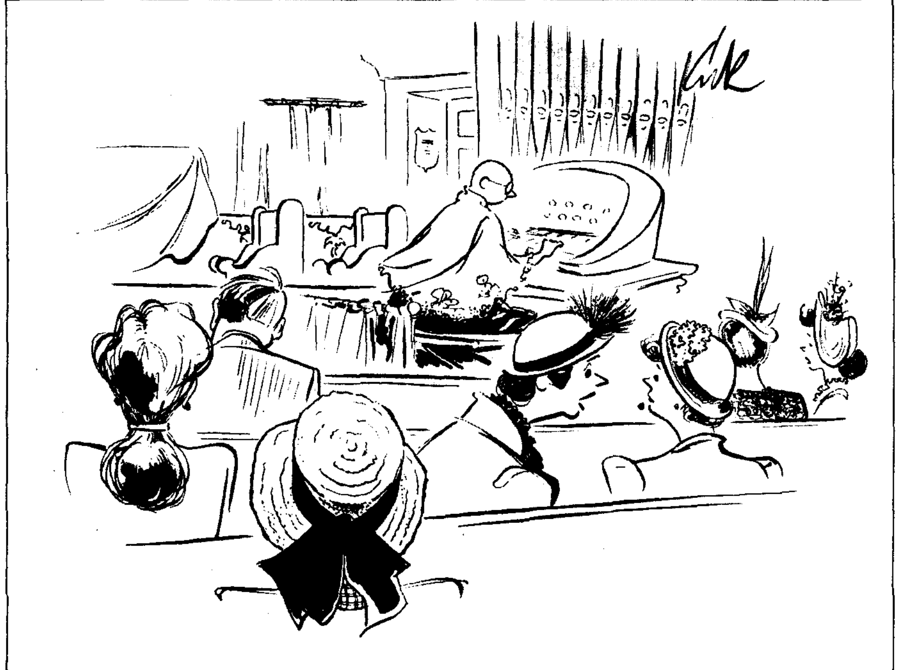
The bottom fell out of Patroon's throat and went spinning down through him.

There was a blue snake on the keeler's arm, its head on the back of his weather-dark hand.

They were whirling out there, the two of them, tight together. The woman was screeching and laughing; she kicked her feet up from the floor. She was a cheap red ornament swinging from the keeler's neck. Then they were staggering together, landing in a chair by the table.

Patroon looked at the woman on his Pap's lap. He watched his Pap kiss that painted woman. He listened to the whisky-wild crowd yelling.

A sickness came up onto the back of Patroon's tongue. He tried to swallow it



"He's also the due-to-circumstances-beyond-our-control organist for the local broadcasting company"

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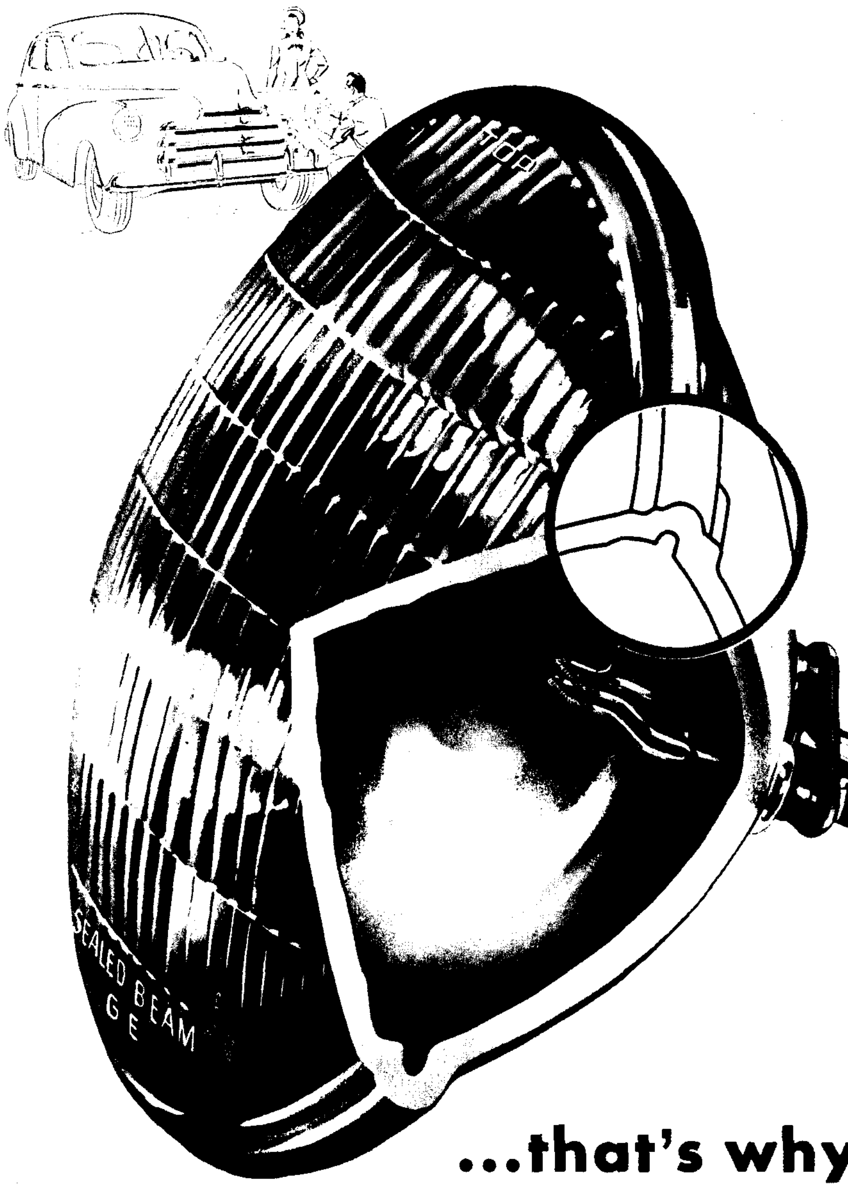

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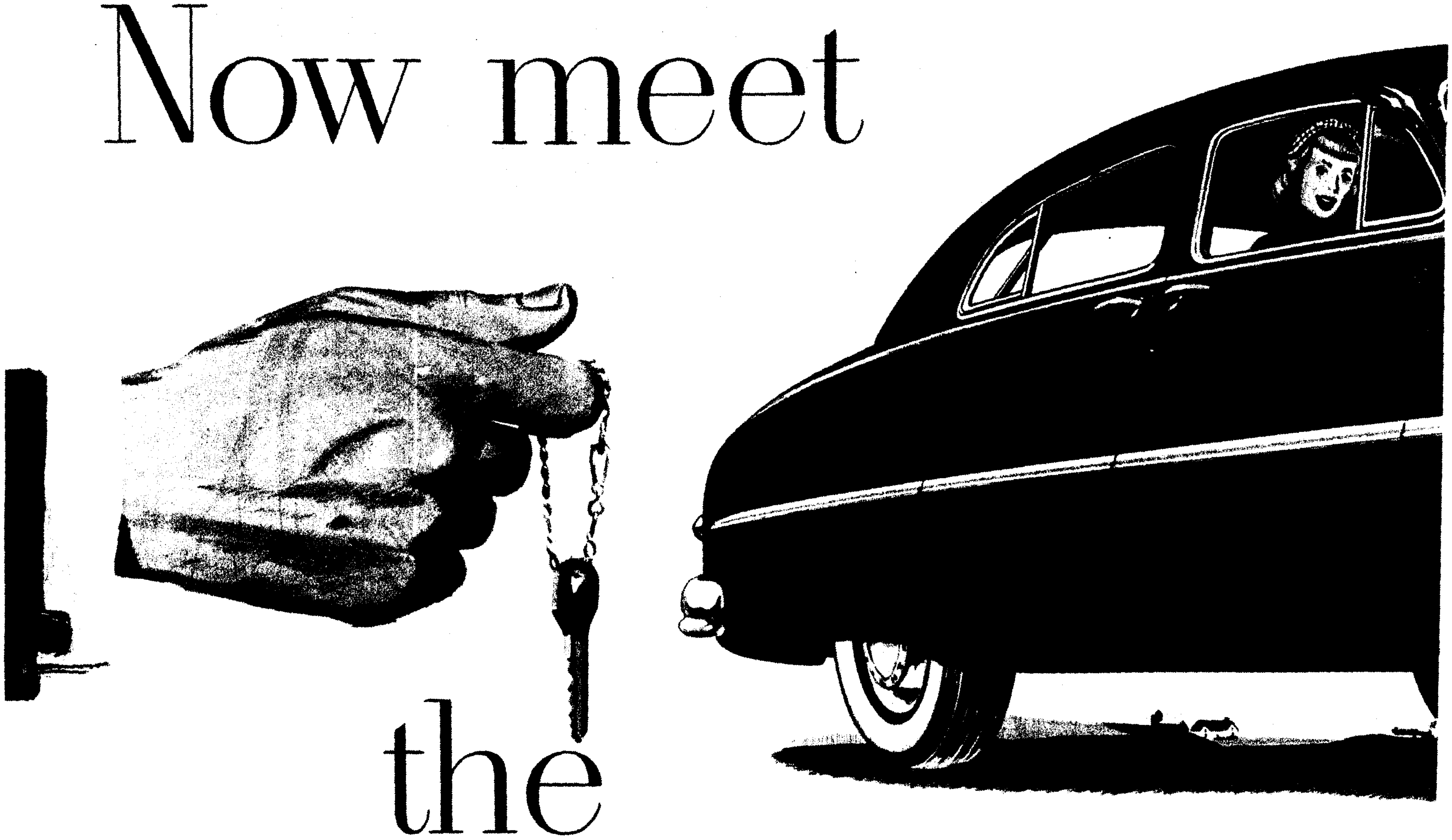

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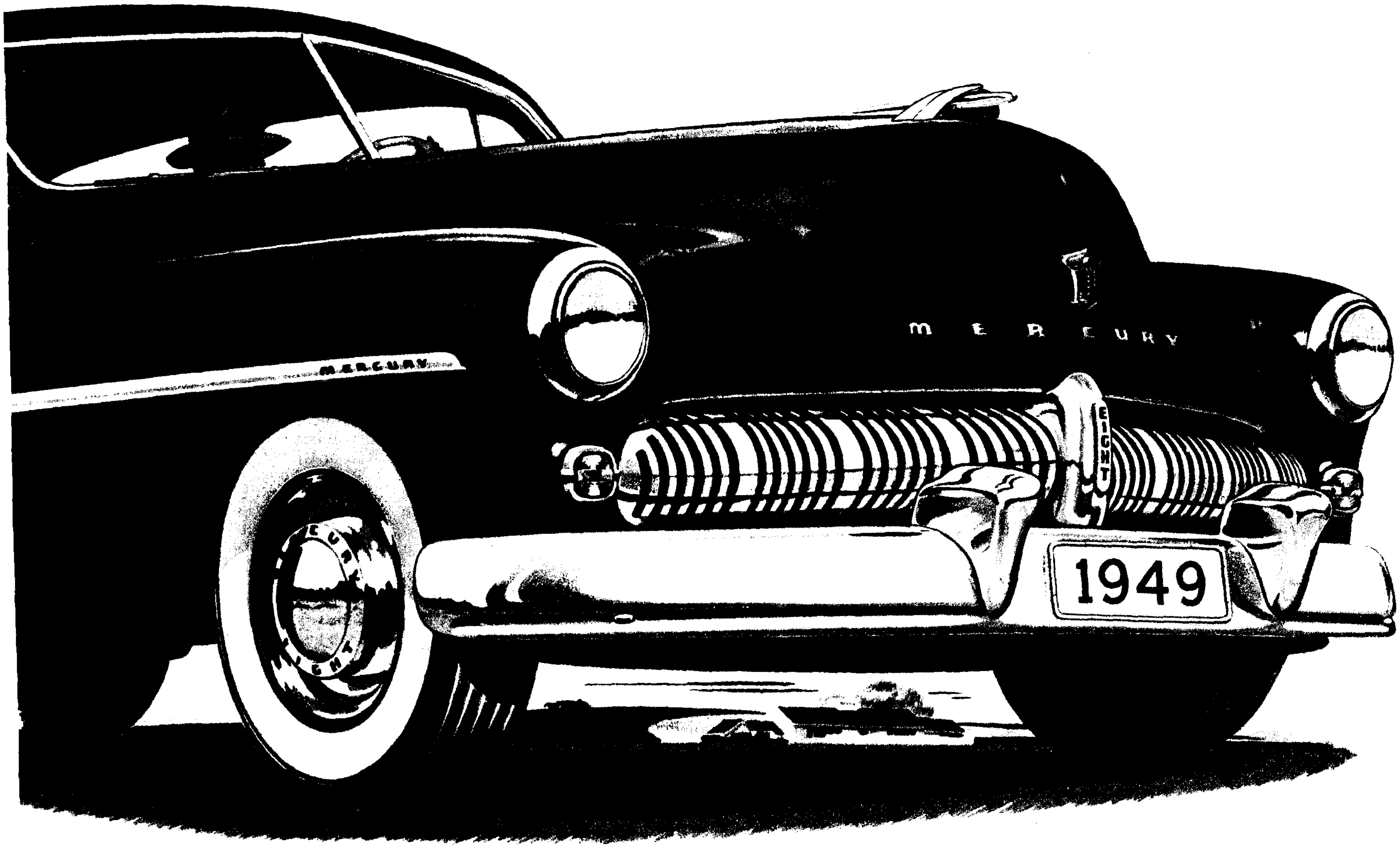

The All-New 1949 Mercury

suspension, with a lullaby ride above it. New, *safer*, *wider* rims—with new, bigger super-balloon tires—make shocks and side-sway a thing of the past. There are all-new super-brakes with velvety "STOP" in 'em, and a new 8-cylinder, V-type power plant with get-up-and-"GO" in it—a power plant designed and built *exclusively* for Mercury. There's even a new, fog-free, leakproof "Fingertip Weather Control" so you can make the air inside your car cooler, warmer, fresher—as you will!

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That's the only break this 1949 Mercury asks of you!

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Makes cars look new!

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DU PONT SPEEDY WAX

away. He tried to move, but the tobacco smell and the sour liquor stink and the sickness all conspired to hold him here. They numbed his legs and pinched his whole self up tight. His boots clutched the plank floor. He tried his mouth, and even it wouldn't move.

It may not be Pap at all—I've got to see the other hand. One hand don't prove nothin'. . . .

Now the other hand came out from under the woman's full, shiny sleeve, moved up the front of her to her shoulder.

Well—this's it, Patroon Carson. You got what you been wanting—your Pap has come back. . . .

THE crowd went so suddenly quiet that the stillness jumped into every corner like darkness does when you blow out your wick of a night. The woman was off Pap's lap, backing away.

Pap was on his feet, weaving, his chin down, his eyes whisky-bright and deadly. His arms hung loose at his sides, and Patroon watched the blue snakes crawling down them, their heads on the backs of the hands. He could even see their forked tongues.

Pap wasn't a man to go through anything; to sign onto any ship; to fight through any trouble to get back to wife and son. He was one to go from one jug to the next, from one painted woman to the next.

Another man stepped through the silence to Pap. A flatboatman by the look of his hat. He wasn't staggering. This one knew exactly what he was doing, and exactly what he was going to do. "Get your fists up, Carson," he ordered.

Pap's loose mouth began to work and make words that were worse than Patroon had heard from the foulest pole hog on the wharf. The words said that the painted woman was Pap's for as long as he was in port. They said Pap had followed this woman clear from New Orleans.

The flatboatman had two more steps to take. He took them. When he hit Pap, it was like when the men at the slaughterhouse toss hunks of meat into their wooden tubs. Patroon was bucking the crowd when he heard his Pap hit the floor back there.

Hurting in every shred of himself, Patroon fought to outdoors. He kept his fists clenched to make the strength of his fingers hold the sobs in his throat. He was jog-trotting when he realized there was someone beside him. Through the small dampness he hadn't quite been able to keep out of his eyes, he saw it was Eph.

"Sa-a-ay, did you see it, Patroon—did you see that flatter hit that keeler?"

Patroon made like the jog-trotting caused the jerkiness in his voice. "Aw—it was just—an—ordinary fight!"

"It wasn't no such! He's a scorcher, that flatter! One lick, and that drunk keeler—"

"You going home, Eph?"

"Naw, I'm makin' me some coin on that keeler! They'll throw him into the back room—he won't be there when he wakes up. Riffle Ears needs him, needs him bad. Riffle Ears is settin' out for the lower country with ten keels. Shovin' off at daylight—needs more paddle men. Three dollars for me—maybe more!"

Patroon slowed to a walk, and Eph slowed with him.

"You on your way to Riffle Ears—right now?"

Eph was kicking his heels along happily. "You bet!"

They had come to where Patroon would turn for home. He stopped. Eph kept going, calling back, "Meet me at post six if you want to do some fishin' tomorrow. I'm goin' to borry a skiff."

"Eph—wait."

Eph stopped. Patroon went through the darkness to him. "I want to go fishing, for sure. It'll—be my last time."

"Huh?"

"Is there some other patroon shoving off you could tell about that keeler? Instead of Riffle Ears?"

"Sure. But—"

"One as don't beat his men?"

"We-ell—Cap Grayson—"

"Will you, then—Cap Grayson? Will you, Eph?"

"He won't pay but a dollar."

EPH heard the faint sound of metal, the whisper of a small chain. Patroon put out his hand. "Take it, Eph."

"What?"

The sailor's knife went from Patroon to Eph. There was silence.

"What for—my traps?"

"No. So you won't tell Riffle Ears. Tell Cap Grayson."

There was more silence.

"Have we got us a deal, Eph?"

"We got a deal."

Patroon turned.

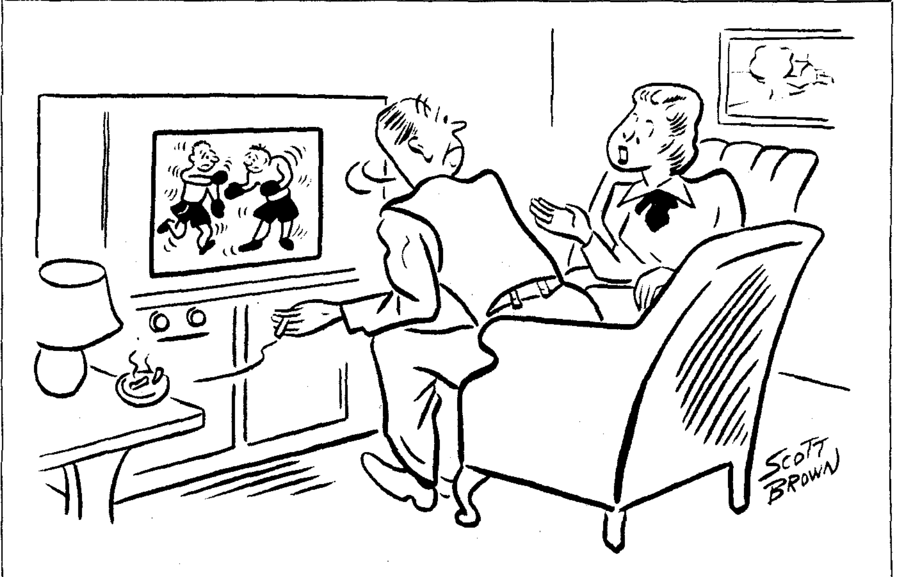
"Patroon—" Eph said. "It's a deal—for a certainty. But why?"

Patroon was drawing the empty chain through and through his fingers. "Once that keeler was—right good to me. Once. If somebody had been good to you—once—you wouldn't want him shipped down-river with Riffle Ears, would you, Eph?"

Patroon didn't wait for Eph to answer. He ran for home. Down Fourth—down Market—down Water. He passed Mr. Rankin's plank shack. Lamplight—friendly—a soft, square block of Mr. Rankin's kind of happiness was reaching to him through the tiny window. It was smiling at Patroon. It was, for a certainty. All of a sudden he started thinking of St. Louie—

He ran faster and faster.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Those boys are getting tired, George. Turn it off a while" SCOTT BROWN

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"ESSIE"

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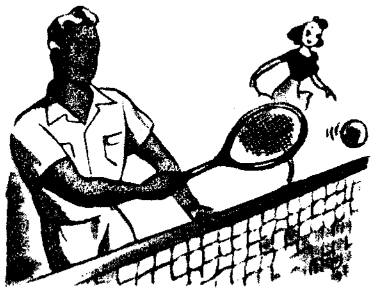
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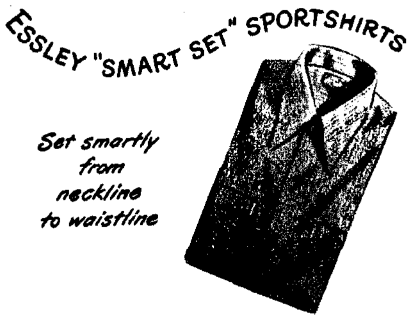
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BREAKFAST IN BED

Continued from page 13

"I'll look funny in pajamas."

"No, Tim, let's do." She turned, smiling, her face animated. "She's having—"

"I know who she's having." Tim tossed a stack of Sunday papers to the foot of the bed, punched up his pillow, and lay back again. "She's having that same strange group of pseudo people from another world who are present at all Sunday-afternoon cocktail parties. And at no other time or place. They materialize just for these parties. They never arrive; they're always there when you come. And they never leave; after a time, when the liquor's gone and the smoke gets thick enough, the hostess opens the windows, airs out the rooms, and they disappear with the smoke."

"It might be fun, Tim. We don't have to stay if—"

"I'm afraid to go. Someone might open a window and we'd disappear, too. Then we'd be caught. We'd be one of them, having no other existence but Sunday cocktail parties, doomed for eternity."

"That's better than staying in bed for eternity." She narrowed her eyes, caught her underlip in her teeth, and gazed through the wall opposite the bed. "I can wear my black suit," she said, "with my new pin and earrings—is your gray suit pressed?"

TIM pointed the cigarette at Eve. "Now, look. I can spare you from something you've often mentioned yourself. I've heard you say there always comes a time at one of these affairs when you wish you were home in bed. Well, by careful planning and foresight, I can arrange that. We'll simply stay—"

"Five minutes," she said. "Then we get up."

"Now, wait a second." He sat up. "Reserve your decision till all the evidence is in. Get your imagination to working. Picture step by step the perils of getting up. First thing that happens, the floor is cold and one of your slippers is missing."

"They're both right here."

"The hot water, as it sometimes is on a Sunday morning, is lukewarm. You bathe anyway and get a little chilled. Just enough so that going out into this treacherous weather develops a nice spring cold."

"The water's hot. I at least washed my face before breakfast."

"Then you dress, wasting an hour of a day meant for rest and leisure. I'll have been waiting, of course, for fifty-five minutes, staring at my fingernails, since it takes me only five minutes to dress."

"Since when?" Eve inquired.

"Ten at the most. Then we leave. Now, I don't know where this alleged Beardsley woman lives, but I guarantee it's at least forty blocks from here."

Eve grinned. "She lives on Eighty-sixth Street."

"I knew it; forty-four blocks. So that means—"

"Give me a cigarette."

"Okay, radar me—"

"No, none of that. Try moving that weary body. It might awaken some hidden store of energy."

"Here—" Tim handed Eve a cigarette, took one himself, and lighted them.

Eve lay back against the head of the bed again, blew out a puff of smoke, and said, "Then what?"

"We waste another half hour of this precious day just getting there. We arrive and ride up in the elevator. The elevator operator, by some secret method unknown even to stars of the stage and screen, manages to sneer at us without moving a muscle of his face. He is completely justified.

"We reach the Beardsley apartment. The door is open. From within comes a curious sound like surf breaking on a rocky beach. It is as though dozens of people have crowded themselves into a small room or two, replaced the air with smoke, and proceeded to shout at one another without stopping for breath. This, unbelievable as it sounds, is exactly what has happened. It is a Sunday-afternoon cocktail party. Now—right now, a finger tip touching the doorbell—there is still one fateful second left in which to turn around, get back in that elevator, sneer at the operator, and race for home and bed. You want to?"

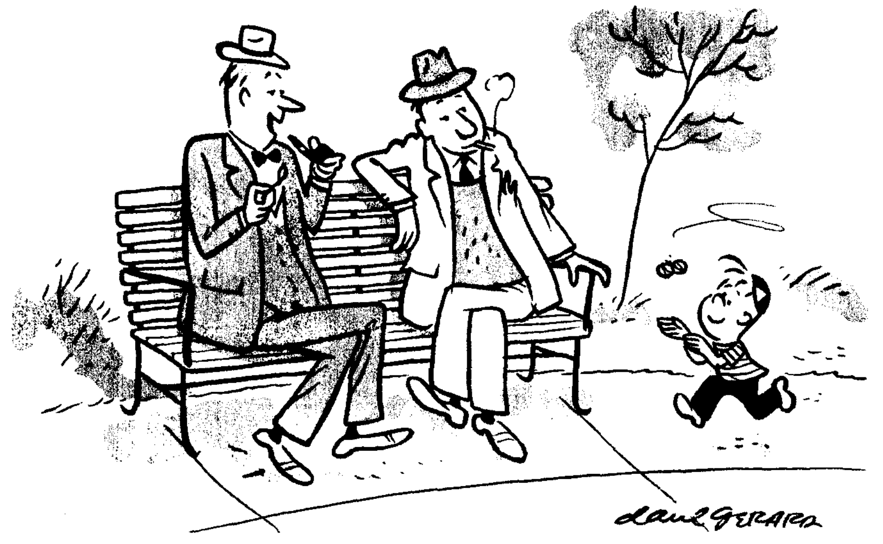
Eve smiled at him sweetly. "No, let's go in; it sounds like fun. You make it seem fascinating."

Tim shook his head sadly. "A leading mass psychiatrist recently proved that this is exactly the thought sheep have as they follow the Judas sheep onto the ramp that leads down into the stockyard. So we go in.

"Our hostess greets us with a scream signifying joy. She hides our hats and coats and leaves to get us a drink. I see a man I know slightly that I don't care for. Next to him is the only vacant seat in the room. You see an old school friend you hate. I join him. You join her, kissing her, no doubt." He sneered.

"No, I don't." Eve looked at him contemptuously. "That's a man's idea, picked up from the movies, that women are always kissing each other."

"So I talk to this guy. We have nothing in common but a mutual acquaintance whom neither of us has heard of for



COLLIER'S "He's been happy as a lark today. I promised him a pony if he'd make Phi Beta Kappa in college" DAVE GERARD

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Screen Play by Anthony Veiller and Myles Connolly
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ANOTHER HIT COMING FROM M-G-M: CLARK GABLE, LANA TURNER, ANNE BAXTER, JOHN HODIAK in "HOMECOMING" five years, whom we didn't know very well, and remember only vaguely. We discuss him thoroughly. Presently the man leaves to get another drink. He never comes back. Now, I ask you, with complete faith in your usual wisdom, why would two sensible people get up from a thoroughly delightful bed and travel long distances to go to a daytime nightmare like that?"

"Because," Eve said calmly, "you've so completely convinced me that nothing could actually be as dull as you sound."

HIS voice dropped to a low, tense pitch. "Suddenly I am aware of an electric something, a presence that somehow communicates itself across that crowded room. I look up from my drink —and there she is. A tall, willowy, incredibly beautiful woman. A complexion beyond belief; living ivory tinged with the first flush of dawn. Raven hair, so black and lustrous you almost expect to see stars in its depths. Intense, yet strangely soft, brown eyes; eyes that can be savage, reckless, and still—you know this instinctively—eyes that can fill with a world of understanding. For a long moment we gaze at each other wordlessly. Yet somehow we have spoken volumes. We tear our eyes apart and then . . . she makes her way through that crowded room, her motions effortless, graceful, fluid as quicksilver."

" 'Slinky,' is the word, eh?"

"She sits down beside me. 'I knew it,' she says, and her voice is the throb of a harp string. 'I knew that someday, somewhere . . . you and I must meet.'

" 'Yes.' That's all I say, but there are depths of meaning in that simple word. 'Yes,' I continue, and strangely, now, there is a note almost of sadness in my voice, 'I suppose . . . it had to happen.'

" 'What is your name, who are you?' she asks, but before I can answer she continues breathlessly, 'Ah, but that doesn't matter. Names, labels, what are they to people like us? You may call me,' she says, 'Clothilde.'

" 'Hello . . . Clothilde,' I say. There is a grave smile in my eyes, yet I am like a drowning swimmer. And—like a swimmer who comes to the surface momentarily, only to sink again—I glance up, tearing myself loose from those hot brown eyes. Guiltily, I look to see if you are watching."

"I am." Eve reached down at the side of the bed and took her cup and a tall silver coffeepot from the tray on the floor.

Tim turned on his side, facing her, and blew a puff of smoke at her face. "Here," he said, "close your eyes and pretend you're at a cocktail party."

Eve frowned and drew back, trying to blow the smoke from her face, holding the coffeepot in one hand and balancing her half-filled cup in the other. A little coffee spilled into the saucer. "Now, cut it out, Tim! You're making me spill."

Tim sat up and took his cup from the floor. "Any left?"

"Yes, hold out your cup." She began to pour and as the stream of coffee hit the bottom of Tim's cup, he raised and lowered it rhythmically, the thick rope of coffee alternately contracting and lengthening as he did so. Some of it splashed on the bedclothes, and Eve stopped pouring. "You want some more?" she said.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then you know how to get it."

"Yes, ma'am." He held his cup steady and Eve filled it. They both sat back against their pillows, propped against the head of the bed.

"Well," Eve said, "do you realize that I'm watching everything?"

"Sure," he said, "because a dotted line suddenly appears in the air of that smoke-filled room, connecting your eyes and mine. At regular intervals along the dotted line, are little daggers pointing at me. Just then, a miniature cloud forms above my head and inside the cloud a light bulb turns on; I have just had a brilliant idea. I turn to the gorgeous witch beside me and compose a smile which to her, seeing it full face, looks interested, fascinated. But to you, watching me in profile, my smile looks politely bored. This sounds difficult and it is, but I manage. Your suspicions lulled, you turn away, the dotted line disappears, the light bulb goes out, and the cloud drifts away to a corner of the room where it breaks up in a slight thundershower which no one notices.

" 'Look,' she says, 'conventions aren't made for people like you and I.' I wince. 'We have no need for futile preliminaries. Would you like to have an affair with me?'

"Helplessly, hopelessly, I feel the words form on my lips, hear them spoken as though by another. 'Yes,' I say. 'Oh, boy!'

" 'When?' she murmurs. 'When can we meet—alone?'

" 'Well,' I answer, running a finger around my collar band, 'how 'bout lunch sometime?'

" 'When?' Her insistent voice is a heady throb like the repeated note of a—"

"—harp." Eve sipped her coffee, grinning.

"Nope; a violin. She's versatile."

"Sounds like a one-man band."

" 'Well,' I answer, 'I'm tied up tomorrow—lunch date with this guy from the office. Tuesday there's this meeting. Wednesday okay?'

" 'Wednesday,' she says, and her voice is a murmur.

"I make one last despairing effort." Tim stared into space, a look of resigned suffering on his face. " 'Look,' I say, 'I don't think my wife will like this.' "

EVE finished her coffee and set the cup in the saucer on her lap. "Oh, don't mind me."

" 'Your wife,' " Tim continued. " 'Your wife,' she says with a weary smile. 'A man like you has no wife; not really. She doesn't exist. No one exists . . . but you and I.'

"I can't stand it any longer. 'Me,' I say.

" 'What?' she asks.

" *'Me,'* I say, 'first person pronoun in the objective case; *me,* not *I.*'

" 'Oh,' she says, and I meet her for lunch on Wednesday. I draw out our savings and take her to a real swank place. I know I'm not really happy; just infatuated. I try to break loose from her spell, to salvage something of our happiness—yours and mine—and our savings. But she orders dessert, our savings are gone, and suddenly it seems hopeless. With one last despairing thought, a brief moment of yearning for my wife and children, I surrender."

"What children?"

"The children," Tim said sadly, "that might have been. And so this thing that could so easily have been prevented, happens. Because you yielded to the sadistic impulse to drag me from the bed and rest I so richly deserve, our lives are blasted, all hope of happiness gone."

"Speak for yourself," said Eve. She folded her arms complacently. "You were so busy with that harpy—" she laughed. "That's good. A harpy; in more ways than one. You were so busy with this civilized eel, you didn't notice who *I* was talking to."

"Your old school chum." Tim began scratching Eve's leg with his toes, under the covers.

"I got rid of her. And I got to talking with this man." Eve put a hand under the blankets and pinched Tim suddenly.

"Ow!"

"Serves you right. I got to talking with this man; very tall, moves with the grace of an athlete, a suggestion of tremendous strength under the faultless lines of his beautifully tailored clothes. Crisp blond hair. Laughing blue eyes. A thin scar

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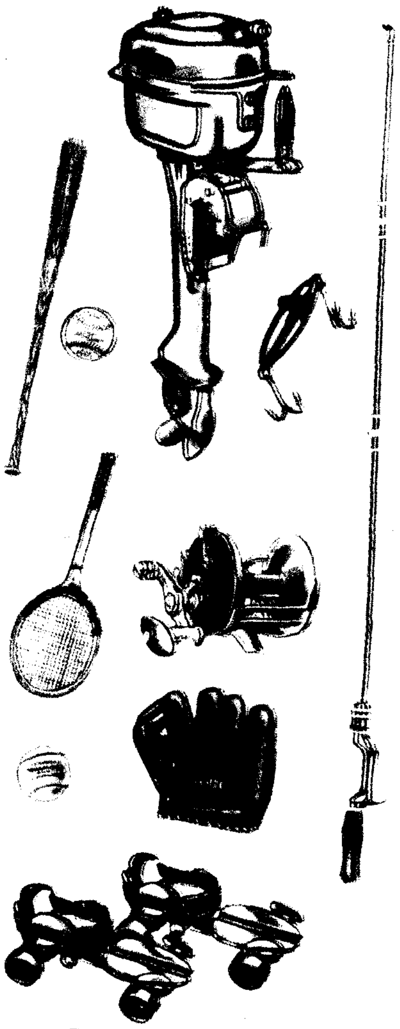

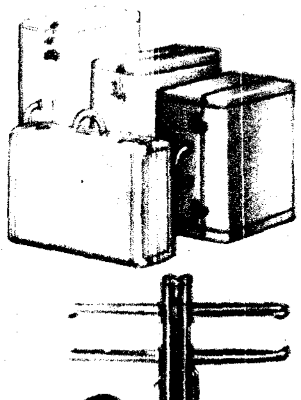

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FOUNTAIN PEN

along the strong line of jaw; he'd been a flier in the R.A.F., and—"

"I *thought* I recognized him." Tim pinched Eve suddenly and moved quickly out of her way to the edge of the bed. "Tall fellow? Thin? Weak blue eyes and bleached hair? I know him. A cad. Record of arrest for bigamy; wanted in the East for barratry."

"But charming, so charming. Witty, gay, his voice like the deep notes of a flute—"

"Or a kazoo. Listen, if you think I'm dragging myself to some forlorn cocktail party so my wife can take up with a known dope fiend—"

"That's exactly what I do think." Eve threw back the covers and sat up. "I've had enough of this and we're getting up right now. And while I'm getting dressed, you can wash the dishes, since it only takes you five minutes to dress. Then we're going—"

"I've got it!" Tim snapped his fingers. "I've been puzzling it out, trying to imagine what could possibly account for this urge to torture yourself. And suddenly I realized: It's that buried streak of Puritanism I've so often noticed in you."

"Puritanism," Eve sniffed.

"Oh, yes; it's there, all right. Why, I noticed it the first time we met, in fact. You were *very* proper and prim."

"I was not!"

TIM grinned at her mockingly, pulled the covers up and tucked them round Eve's waist. "Oh, yes, you were! You tried to hide it, but my lovely Miss Curry was actually a very demure and proper young lady. But how you have fallen! Look at you now—in bed with a coarse, unshaven man."

"Well, I can remedy that—" Eve started to throw back the covers again.

"Now, wait a second!" Tim grabbed her arm. "I didn't say there was anything wrong with it! In fact, I think it's an excellent idea. C'mere and I'll show you what I'm—"

"We're both getting up *right now.* I'll do the dishes, but we're *both* getting up."

"All right, all right," Tim spoke resignedly. "But let's discuss those dishes first. It's hardly fair that you should do them."

"Okay, then you do them."

"That, too, has a tinge of unjustness."

"Now, you're not going to stall any longer."

"You wrong me," said Tim. "That's not my purpose. I merely propose leaving this matter of the dishes to impartial chance. In fact, we'll settle this whole dispute on an all-or-nothing basis. If I lose, I not only get up, with a burst of song on my lips, but I do the dishes besides and then we go to this miserable cocktail party. Could anything be fairer?"

"And if I lose?" said Eve sardonically.

"Why, then, of course, in simple justice"—Tim shrugged his shoulders—"the opposite will prevail in each case. After you've finished these paltry few dishes, the work of a moment, we'll get some books, the backgammon board, turn on the symphony, and spend a pleasant Sunday in bed as Nature intended, recuperating from the toil of the week. But I expect to lose." He shook his head sadly. "I have a feeling, a grim foreboding."

"So have I," said Eve dryly. "Just what method of chance did you have in mind?"

"Well"—Tim smiled, a look of frank honesty—"I'll think of a number—"

"Oh, no! You can get me on that once, but not twice. The last time I—"

"Okay, okay!" he said hastily. "Your implication wounds me, but I'll suggest another method—of skill, not chance. I'll count to three—now, get this—and the moment I say three, we both leap out of bed, which is just what you're trying to accomplish. And the first one to reach an erect standing position, both feet on the floor—loses."

"First one to—really, Tim, do you honestly think I'm so stupid that—"

"No. But what can I lose by trying?"

"Just for that we'll—"

"No, wait a second, just a *second,* Eve!" Tim grabbed her arm again, frowning and giving her a look of having too much to endure. "You know, it's *really* you who's keeping me in bed; you're exhausting me. I'm paying for each precious moment with these desperate maneuvers. I need sustenance. Is there any more coffee?"

"Not much, and it's not hot anyway. Now, Tim, you know you're—"

"That's all right, hand it over."

"Tim, you know you're just stalling." Eve took the coffeepot from the floor and passed it to Tim. "I've had enough—"

"No, I need this to recover the energy it's costing to stay in bed. Now, while I sip this pleasantly lukewarm coffee, let's talk this out—like civilized people. We can even be friends afterward. See each other now and then, have dates—" He took a sip of coffee, his eyes laughing at her over the rim of his cup.

"Here—" he leaned across Eve and, reaching to the floor, picked up her cup.

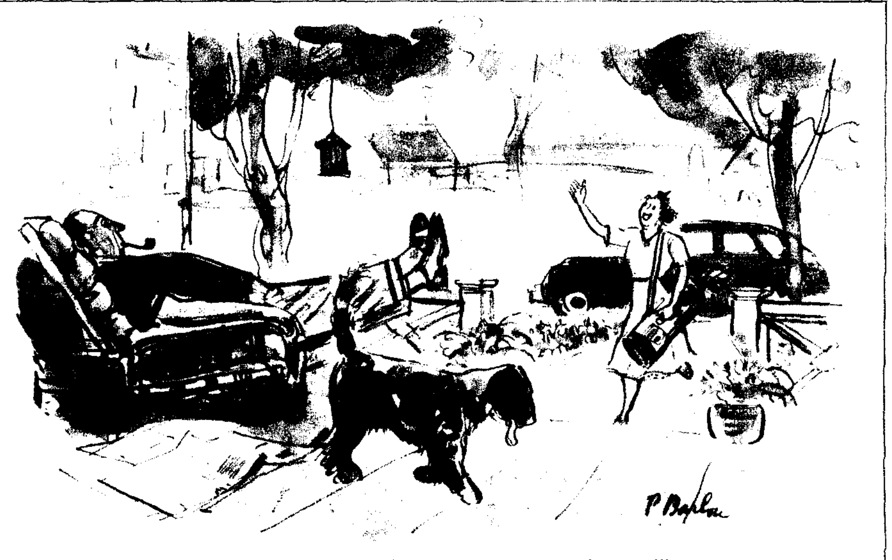
"I don't want any more," she said. "I've got coffee nerves now."

"Just a little." He poured the remainder of the coffee into her cup, half filling it, and handed it to her. "It's not bad; it's still pretty warm."

Eve accepted the cup and took a tiny tentative sip. "It is not," she said, "it's cold." But she leaned back, making a face, took another sip, then several more. For a time she sat staring absently ahead, holding the cup and saucer in her lap. Then she spoke. "I suppose it would be nice," she said casually, "for a man to meet someone like that. Someone exotic, beautiful." She laughed indulgently. "I suppose all men have little daydreams."

Tim looked at her. "I really don't know."

"I mean," she said hastily, "even men



COLLIER'S "Tom! The caddy said, 'Nice shot' once!" PERRY BARLOW

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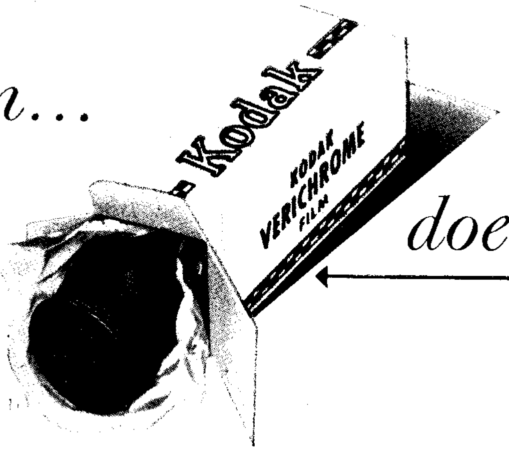

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who are happily married. Men who wouldn't even think of—well, I just mean it would be fun, I imagine, for most men to meet someone like that if only to talk to her. Just to look at someone really beautiful—even if they never saw her again." Tim didn't answer and after a moment Eve turned to look at him.

He had put his cup on the table and was lying on his side, facing Eve, head propped in his hand, regarding her with mocking amusement. "You know, of course, that this beats the former world's record for utter silliness—exhibiting obvious jealousy of an imaginary woman."

Eve shrugged her shoulders, refusing to smile. "I don't know," she said. "After all, I didn't imagine her; you did. That's what came into your mind when I spoke of a cocktail party. And it's not jealousy; don't be absurd." She looked at him coldly. "It's just that—well, there's always an unconscious reason for our daydreams. They're very revealing; they show how we're dissatisfied, how we wish things were different."

"My little psychiatrist," he said. "Analyzing while you wait." He grinned. "Look, I forgot to tell you that when she sat down and brought that raven hair into range, I could see she had dandruff. The gasp I gave when she edged closer was because I couldn't breathe for the reek of garish perfume. When she spoke, one of those harplike notes ended in a belch, and I suspect she wore falsies."

"You probably peeked."

"I did. What a disappointment!" He leaned forward and kissed Eve's shoulder. "Oh, I'll admit she was beautiful, though unbathed. Yet what have I been trying to do all along? To stay right here. Quite obviously I'd rather be with you, reading the Sunday paper, than with her—not reading the paper. Now, what does that prove?"

"That you're getting old and decrepit."

Tim grinned and sat up. "Is that so? Well, I guess you also need proof that—"

"No, I don't! We're getting up right now!"

"Okay, okay. Just so you know you're my own true love." He kissed Eve's shoulder again, then spoke seriously. "Look, do you really want to go to this cocktail party?"

EVE looked at him speculatively. "Well, we don't absolutely have to." She smiled, now, fondly, tolerantly. "I just thought—"

"There's some bottled Martinis in the refrigerator. We could have cocktails right here in bed. I'll blow smoke in your face and it'll be just like—"

"If you can think of something you'd rather do, we'll do that. Just go to a movie or something, if you want."

"You didn't read the front section of the paper." Tim reached out to the stack of Sunday papers at the foot of the bed and began pawing through them. "O'Dwyer has closed all movies down."

"Why?"

"Epidemic of plague. Citizens are warned to keep off the streets. To stay home—in bed. I was afraid to frighten you, so I didn't mention it. But that's why I've been trying to—"

"I didn't see the front section at that." Eve sat up and stretched her arm toward the stack of newspapers. "Where is it? Is there anything—"

"Just the usual crop of news; much the same as always." Tim continued to hunt through the pile of papers. "It looks, as on every other day, like a very depressing world. A good one to stay out of, if only for a day." He pulled the magazine section from the stack and opened it, leaning forward and looking at it, frowning and glancing at the headings as though hunting for something.

"Oh, the puzzle!" Eve said, pointing to the page he had turned to. "I haven't seen that, either. Give me the puzzle; I just want to glance at it."

Tim folded the page back to the crossword puzzle and handed the paper to Eve his face carefully expressionless.

Eve took the paper and lay back again. "Crepuscular," she said.

"What?"

Eve opened the drawer of the table beside her with one hand, rummaged through it, and produced a yellow wooden pencil. "'Quality of evening light,'" she said, "eleven letters. It's 'crepuscular'; they always use that." She began writing the word on the puzzle.

WITHOUT moving the rest of his body Tim moved one arm toward the stack of papers. He took a corner of the news section between thumb and forefinger and drew it slowly from the stack, sliding it quietly over the smooth silk surface of the comforter toward him.

"'Traduce, defame,'" said Eve.

Tim quietly released the newspaper, and his hand lay motionless on the blanket. "Slander?"

"No, I thought of that," she said. "It doesn't fit. Six letters."

"Malign."

"Malign? Well, it fits." She wrote the word on her puzzle.

Very quietly, Tim raised his knees, picked up his paper and propped it in his lap. He leaned forward, adjusted the pillow at his back, then lay back again, glanced at the front page, then turned a page with hardly a sound from the paper.

Eve began to erase a word. "Dross, particularly in steelmaking," she said.

"Slag."

"Of course." She finished erasing, then wrote the word down.

Tim turned a page, then raising the paper to eye level, began to read. He read to the bottom of a column, raised his eyes to the top of the next, and became aware of a silence. He turned to Eve.

She was waiting, her eyes on his face, brows lifted in sardonic patience. "Quite a wise guy, aren't you?" she said.

Tim grinned. "Why, no," he said. "What do you mean?" He laid down his paper and put an arm round her shoulder. "Come here," he said, "you haven't given me a kiss."

"I kissed you good morning," said Eve, "which is all you've got coming to you. Go kiss that harpy of yours." But she allowed him to draw her closer.

"That's right, you did," he said, "but a glance at the clock will show you that we're approaching the afternoon. You seem to have lounged the morning away."

"Yes," said Eve, "it was all my fault." She gave him a wifely peck on the cheek, and smiled wryly. "Do you suppose there's a three-year-old anywhere who's quite as spoiled as you are?"

"Nope," said Tim cheerfully, "but that's a part of your wifely duty—to spoil me, heap flattering endearments on my head, satisfy my slightest wishes."

"Of course; anything you say."

Tim squeezed her shoulders gently. "You didn't want to go to that wingding, did you? Because if you do, there's still—"

"No." Eve smiled at him. "I didn't. And I'd have realized it myself two seconds after I mentioned it, if you'd given me a chance to get a word in edgewise."

"I didn't think you did." He leaned down to kiss Eve's ear. "What you really want to do is to relax, rest, take things easy."

"Maybe. But we *are* getting up."

"I don't have to get dressed, though?"

"No, you can put on your robe."

"And we'll finish the paper first?"

"Yes, but that doesn't include reading every line in the news, book, sports and want-ad sections."

"Here." Tim picked up the crossword puzzle and handed it to Eve. "What's a three-letter word meaning the greatest contribution to civilized enjoyment since the invention of the wheel?"

"Don't tell me it begins with B?"

"That's right," said Timberlake Ryan, "b-e-d, bed. Hand me the sports page."

THE END

I'm no "worry-bird," NOW!

Sure, I used to be . . . in fact my family started to kid me about it. My wife Janet even bought me this "worry-bird" gadget as a joke. It gave us all a good laugh, but it didn't really help me.

You see, I was worried about Janet and the children. After all, it's my job to take care of them—and I couldn't help wondering how they would get along if anything happened to me.

I've made good money in the last few years . . . but somehow I've never been able to put enough aside to make me feel that my family had real security.

But last week I met a Mutual Life representative, and he explained how "Insured Income" Service could end my worries. He helped me team up my Social Security with life insurance, to provide a regular income for my family . . . if it's ever necessary. And best of all, the same plan will guarantee a comfortable retirement income for Janet and me!

I'm keeping this bird around, but only to remind me that my worrying days are gone forever.

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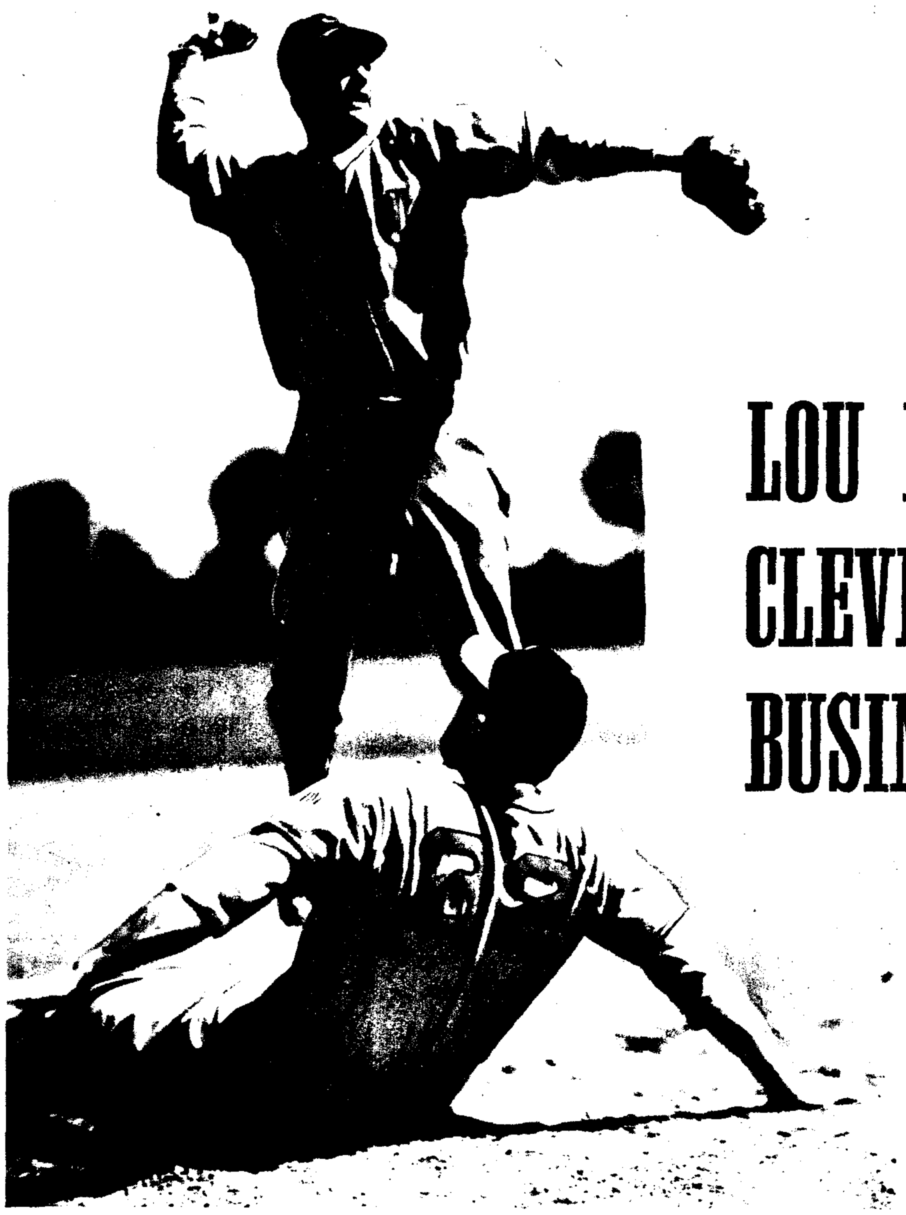


BY KYLE CRICHTON

LOU IS CLEVELAND'S BUSINESS

In spring training, Lou Boudreau makes the throw to first to complete the twin killing after putting the runner out at second

"If you're a ballplayer, you play ball," said Lou Boudreau. Even if you play for the St. Louis Browns. Luckily his admiring fans in Cleveland didn't go for such nonsense

ABOUT Lou Boudreau there must either be a touch of divinity, or the city of Cleveland is mad. The gentleman is admittedly a magical entity on the playing field, but how is one to understand the reverence with which a community regards him? And how, further, is one to justify a man who, by his very presence, is a blow to private enterprise?

On the other hand there is Bill Veeck. On the records it is plainly stated that he is the boss of the Cleveland baseball club of the American League. He has the name, he has the title, he shares in the profits and yearly is crowned with ivy as one of Ohio's outstanding young men. The only thing Mr. Veeck can't do is run his own business.

In the so-called province of sport which is baseball Mr. Veeck has absolute power over Mr. Boudreau's official existence. He has the legal right to cut Mr. Boudreau's salary twenty-five per cent and tell him to take it or leave it. If he leaves it Mr. Boudreau can spend the summer rocking on his front porch but he can't play anywhere else in organized baseball. Mr. Veeck has the power to exile Mr. Boudreau to portions of Outer Mongolia or even to that purgatory of sport known as the St. Louis Browns. Or, at least, Mr. Veeck *thought* he had that power. That constitutes the story.

When Mr. Veeck bought the Cleveland Indians in June, 1946, no form of crystal gazing was required to see that he wished Mr. Boudreau would stick to his shortstopping and leave the business of managing to his betters. It was not put quite so bluntly but this was the essence of the matter. Mr. Boudreau promptly went to the head office to learn his status.

"It's not that I'm for you or against you, Lou," said Mr. Veeck. "It's just that I don't know what kind of a manager you are."

By this time the usual Boudreau typhoon was beginning to form on the banks of the Cuyahoga. Junior Marching Clubs found new flints for their blunderbusses and prepared to march on the Municipal Stadium. Old Subscribers took their pens in hand and poured communications into the newspaper offices. Mr. Boudreau allowed it to be understood that if Veeck didn't want him as manager, he couldn't have him as shortstop. Since the Cleveland infield without Boudreau would look as empty as the Grand Canyon, Mr. Veeck quailed and recoiled.

Mr. James Dykes, former Chicago White Sox manager who had been hovering expectantly in the outer ether, decided morosely to take a position with Hollywood in the Pacific Coast League. Mr. Boudreau continued as manager and shortstop and there were public expressions of amity, adoration and friendly-arms-about-the-shoulder.

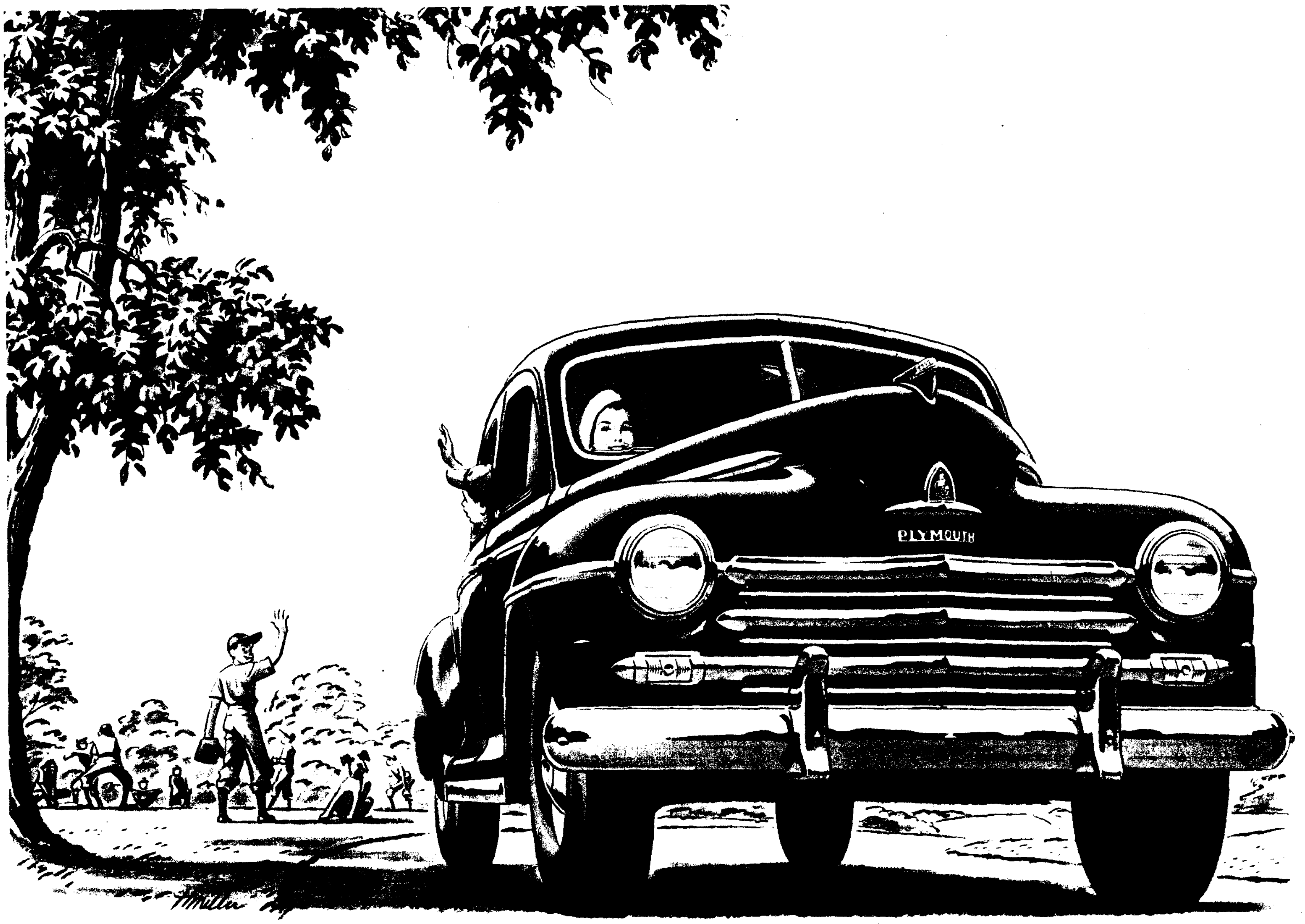
Last fall at the time of the World Series the matter advanced from skirmishes to a full-scale action. It became known that Mr. Veeck had proposed a trade with the St. Louis Browns by which Boudreau, George Metkovich, Bryan Stephens and Red Embree would be exchanged for Vern Stephens, Jack Kramer, Walter Judnich and Paul Lehner. It was hinted that Mr. Veeck would in addition insist on the Browns taking a token payment of a few million dinars to make the transaction palatable.

There is hardly a possibility that anybody in Cleveland knows to this day who won the World Series. The newspapers immediately broke into a spate of eight-column headlines, the correspondence columns teemed with denunciations of M. Veeck, and editorial writers solemnly warned him that theft of the Tom Johnson statue would have been far less indecent than his decision on Mr. Boudreau. With the astuteness of desperation, dozens of steady patrons managed to ferret out Mr. Veeck's abode in New York and got him out of bed to warn him of the danger to his life. It was not so much a matter of hanging Mr. Veeck in effigy as of lynching him publicly in Terminal Square.

Thoroughly alarmed, Mr. Veeck flew back from New York, constituted himself a one-man Gallup poll and proceeded to course about Cleveland in his car sampling public opinion. The most prominent thing learned was that in any trade with St. Louis the populace preferred that Mr. Veeck go and Mr. Boudreau stay. There was one communication that did more than anything else to make up Mr. Veeck's mind. It came from a young

(Continued on page 102)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HY AND DAVID PESKIN



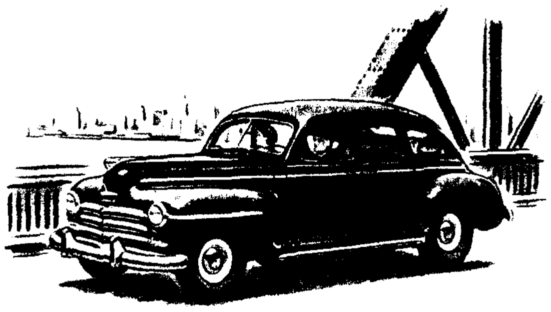
There's always ONE best buy!

Isn't your *one* best buy among lowest-priced cars the *one* that's most like high-priced cars?

You're the judge of that and you're the one to judge the cars. As a help in making this comparison, we suggest that you examine the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's.

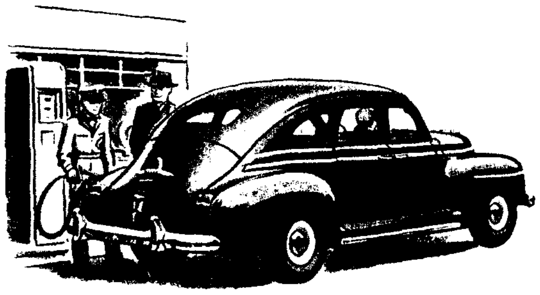
With this chart you can see that Plymouth has 20 of 21 features found in most high-priced cars—more than the two other leading low-priced cars *combined!* And what's more Plymouth gives you the *extra* value of Super-Cushion Tires on Safety-Rim Wheels, trouble-free gas filter, Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes a third more efficient and many other great engineering advances. Judge for yourself the one best buy!

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Mich.



All cars have TIRES but in the lowest-priced field only PLYMOUTH has SUPER-CUSHION TIRES on SAFETY-RIM WHEELS

Bigger, smoother-running Super-Cushion Tires soak up road shocks from the side as well as below. They greatly reduce chances of tire failure but if trouble occurs you have the proved protection of Plymouth's new, wider Safety-Rim Wheels.



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Here's a feature that stops trouble for you before it can start. Located in the gas tank, Plymouth's filter keeps dirt and water from passing into the fuel system. You never have to worry about a blocked or frozen gas line.

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PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS... GOOD SERVICE KEEPS THEM GREAT

Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

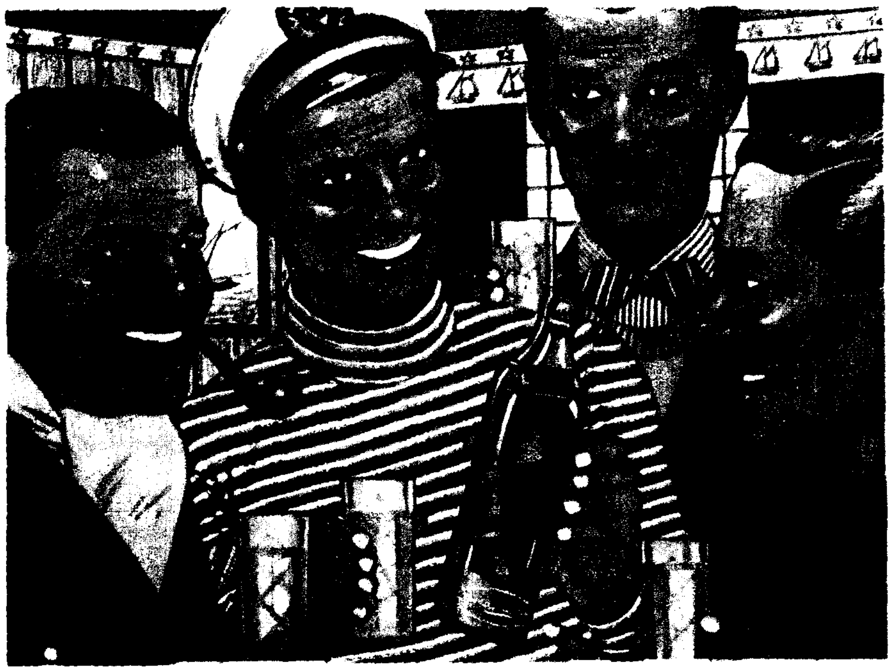
FORECASTING...

A perfect welcome ashore

FROM HUNTER'S QUAY TO OYSTER BAY

It's Hunter's Quay for yachting in Scotland—and it's *Johnnie Walker* for superb Scotch, around the globe. Born of Scotland's misty atmosphere, crystal clear spring waters and distilling craftsmanship — this *smoothest* Scotch could (and does) come only from Scotland.

Yes, it's just *perfect*... to be greeted ashore, or anywhere at all, by that genial host—Johnnie Walker. Velvety smooth... pleasantly mellow... the flavour and bouquet of this matchless Scotch make it the unhesitating choice of the choosy everywhere.



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CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, N. Y. *Sole Importer*

LILLIE'S IN THE U.S.A.

Continued from page 25

Before he could start casting the rest of the show, Mr. Schwartz needed sketches and directors. He got writers like Moss Hart, Arnold Auerbach (who wrote the sketches for Call Me Mister) and Arnold B. Horwitt (ditto for Make Mine Manhattan) to work on the sketches. Robert H. Gordon, who staged Call Me Mister, was called in to direct, and Jay Blackton, with Annie Get Your Gun, and Oklahoma! to his credit, took charge of music. Helen Tamiris, famous for the dances in Annie Get Your Gun and Up in Central Park, was set to work evolving the choregraphy.

Lemuel Ayers (Oklahoma!) and Eleanor Goldsmith (Finian's Rainbow) were assigned, respectively, to settings and costumes.

Stage managers and front-office men were hired. Then auditions began. Auditions are a wearisome thing. As an example, Schwartz auditioned over fifty singers for one role. Blackton heard another thirty.

Only then did they discover that a popular light-opera singer on the West Coast, John Tyers, was available and they wired him to come on. That, for only one role.

What Chorus Girls Are Made Of

Tamiris weeded out the boys and girls for the dancing company. All thirty-odd members of the chorus take their singing and dancing with stark seriousness. They are a group of youngsters as eager to blow a larynx or break a leg for their art as any fullback ever was to die for dear old Rutgers. Among the chorus girls is an Amazonian exhibition diver, a chemistry major, a young lady whose secret passion is radio-repair work and two girls who have milked a cow within the past year.

In hiring technicians Schwartz loaded his lists with strongly established talent; in hiring performers he was less cautious. Many of his players are making their Broadway bow. Herb Shriner, a monologist reminiscent of the late Will Rogers, comes from radio as does Lewis Nye, another comedian. The producer lured a ballerina, Valerie Bettis, from the concert stage. Teamed with her is, of all things, a bearded dancer, Eric Victor. Estelle Loring, a charming young singer, teams with Jack Haley in a show-stopper entitled Rhode Island is Famous for You.

For some years Jack Haley, one of the show's two star comics, had been neglecting the musical-comedy stage for the lotus land of Hollywood; there he had appeared in some fifty pictures and on a long-lived radio show. He had saved his money and invested in chunks of Beverly Hills real estate and in income-producing citrus ranches. Life was very, very comfortable.

Even so he willingly broke that happy pattern to come East during the winter of the big snow and enter again into the precarious world of musical shows. Why? "Because," he says, "all the time I'm working in front of the camera I keep thinking it's a rehearsal and I'm wondering how this or that piece of business is going to go over with the people when we try out in Philly. But I never get to Philly."

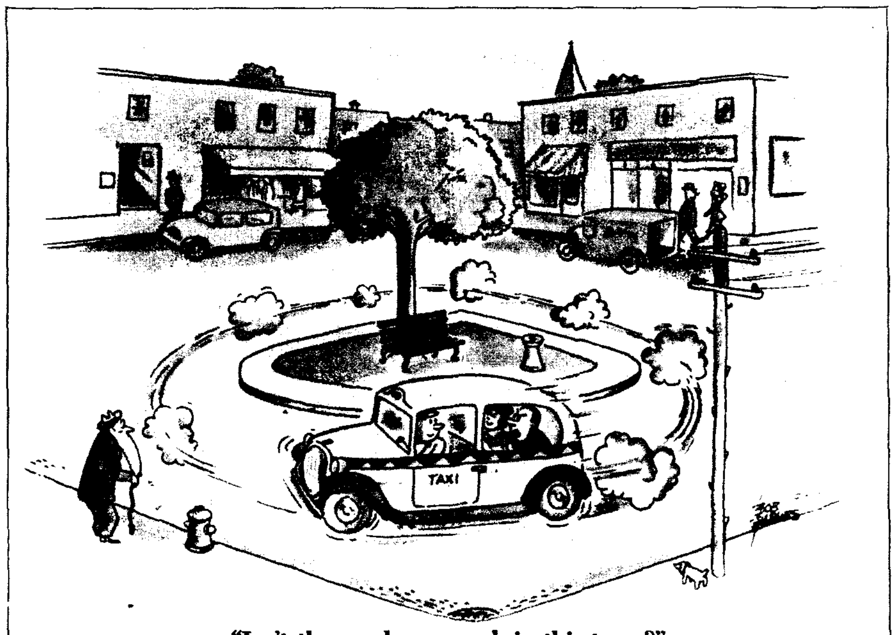
Jack is now playing for the people again and, like any old vaudevillian, he's completely happy.

As the top star of his show Mr. Schwartz decided upon one Beatrice Lillie—a titled comedienne, also known as Lady Peel, with a certain vogue in America, Great Britain, Italy, France, Africa and the 3d Electoral District of Zanzibar. He came to his decision in July, just after Bea had returned to London, gay of heart because her newly acquired house had been inundated by the spring floods.

The Thames had thoughtfully overflowed its banks at a time when things looked blackest for Lady Peel. Her American friends had resolutely called a halt on her continued redecorating of their homes. Now, with Nature's co-operation, she was faced with the blissful prospect of a whole defenseless house on which to vent her ingenuity—within the £10 allowed her for that purpose by the British government. It is a testimony to Mr. Schwartz' persuasiveness that by September he had her promise to appear in Inside U.S.A. To do it he had to serenade her with songs from the show via the transatlantic telephone, at nine bucks a minute. And she demanded encores.

Mr. Schwartz now regards his telephone bills with equanimity. There are those base fellows who quibble about his hiring a Canadian-born, English-trained star to appear in a show entitled Inside U.S.A. He placidly points out that Miss Lillie has spent a good part of her professional life in this country, that his show is designed primarily for entertainment, and that he should have had his head examined if he had passed up the opportunity to get the most entertaining woman on the English-speaking stage for his star.

By mid-February the various components of the show had been assembled and it was time to begin putting the



COLLIER'S "Isn't there a larger park in this town?" BOB BARNES

TOASTIMONIAL

"I received my 'Toastmaster' toaster as a wedding gift in 1928—so it's 'going on twenty' and has been in constant use all these years without a single repair. Anything as good as *that* is worth bragging about!"

Mrs. Chester E. Swanson
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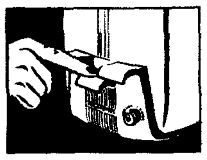
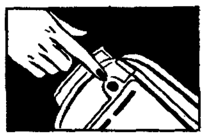
First in the toaster polls

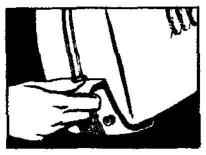
No wonder so *many* people want the "Toastmaster" toaster. They know what it will *do*! They know that, for over a quarter of a century, the "Toastmaster"* toaster has been first and foremost among automatic toasters. And how they want this *new* one . . . more beautiful than ever, more ingeniously efficient in popping up perfect toast every time! It is America's most *sought-after* toaster . . . and steady full production is *still* battling to appease the incessant demand.



PRESS THE KEY —and the Superflex toast timer will deliver perfect toast every time.



TOUCH THE BUTTON —and watch the crumb tray spring open for quick cleaning.



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51 prizes each month in each state
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Come on... come on... get in. Look at that pay-off some family's going to win—$25,000.00 Cash! And that's only one of 40 swell cash prizes in the big Family Sweepstakes. Could be yours? You bet—your chances are just as good as *anybody's*. Sure you can win . . . and we hope you do. Enter Pepsi's sensational Contest *now*. It's lots of fun—and there's cash to be won. Good luck to you!

CONTEST CLOSES JUNE 30, 1948

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framework together. Chorus rehearsals began on the 19th and the principals appeared for their first rehearsal on the 26th. There was some doubt whether Miss Lillie would make it.

During the fall and winter months she had progressed from the painting of wooden doorknobs to landscape and still-life painting. Her handiwork had been on exhibition and her canvases had even found their way into the hands of art dealers. She had taken to spending lost week ends huddled over a canvas on the floor (she disdains easels) with a camel's-hair brush clutched in her hand. When her turpentine and ocher mood was upon her she was oblivious to the outer world.

It was considered a good omen for the future of Inside U.S.A. when she appeared promptly for her first rehearsal without so much as a trace of cobalt blue under her nails.

The woman who had made more appearances at the London Stage Door Canteen than any other entertainer, who had unstintingly toured the bomb-and-shrapnel circuit in France, Germany, the Middle East and North Africa, was pleased at the prospect of appearing again before an audience that wouldn't mangle her heart.

Rehearsals were held in New York's Central Opera House—a huge, fifty-five-year-old rococo structure that rears its ornate façade next to an elevated station on the upper East Side. Tamiris, her blond hair tied back with a scarf approximately the size of a bedspread, led the dancers through their gyrations on a barren balcony overlooking a grand ballroom of the Diamond Jim Brady era.

Blackton assembled his singers in a cavernous hall containing a preprohibition bar of staggering proportions. The principals, under the guidance of Robert Gordon, gathered around a battered table in the anteroom of the ladies' cloakroom and doggedly read their lines with experimental gestures and inflections. People in weird and tattered rehearsal costumes wandered through the smoke-filled rooms and up and down the sweeping curved staircases, muttering and gesticulating. Anything resembling order was purely accidental.

After about three weeks of chaos, order began to emerge, and Schwartz began amalgamating the many individual items of the revue into a fluid, coherent whole. During the week before the Philadelphia opening the show assumed program order and began to look like something that paying customers might conceivably part with their money to see.

This is popularly known as the alchemy of the theater; what it really means is hard work, intelligent planning, and theatrical know-how.

Members of the first-night audience who had read Mr. Gunther's book and taken the revue's title seriously were probably bewildered. There wasn't a statistic in the show. Furthermore, none of it made a great deal of sense, but it did make for a great deal of merriment.

A Compliment from Ed Wynn

The opening chorus informed the audience that the U.S.A. was doing okay. On that reassuring note they could sit back and relax while the antic Miss Lillie showed them why Ed Wynn had called her "the best comedian—and I don't mean comedienne—in the world." Bea threw the book at them.

As a choir leader of a somewhat distinctive nature she introduces her audience to the mysteries of Pittsburgh.

"Where the chimney sparks inspire
Love to set your heart on fire
And of course,
Smoke gets in your eyes." *

As Madame Lapis de Luzuli she inspires Liszt, Chopin and Tchaikovsky to new and burning heights in a slapdash satire on Hollywood biographies of great composers.

Aided and abetted by Mr. Haley, Bea brings a message of cheer and hope to despairing maiden ladies in a number entitled First Prize at the Fair. Even if your strawberry preserves win only fourth prize in the chili sauce contest, you can still win your man, she advises. Home economics may not recover from this blow but it is a strong plug for romance. The New Orleans Mardi Gras is a place where almost anything can happen if a girl wants to let herself go—and Miss Lillie wants to.

"No blossom was ever blossomer,
"No gossam was ever gossamer . . ." *

than Lady Peel as a somewhat vinous lady on the loose.

In the meantime Mr. Haley has his troubles. As a man whose family life has been disrupted by a determined onslaught of poll takers he is driven to express a fervent desire to "gallop all over that Gallup" *; and the American craze for gimmicks and gadgets proves anything but a boon to him as he tries to get a night's sleep. However as dean of a college of waiters studying to be despicable, Jack eventually gets his revenge on humanity.

In conclusion Jack and Bea, as an Indian brave and his squaw, comment upon some of the present-day foibles of American civilization and stoutly affirm that the Indians wouldn't take the country back under any conditions; even if the white man begged them to accept it.

It all adds up to a slightly dizzy evening of fun—just what the doctor ordered for that foreign-policy feeling. Philadelphia loved it but, of course, the producer wasn't satisfied and immediately began planning further rehearsals and improvements. Producers are a notably jaundiced lot who take a dim view of life and cherish absurd dreams of perfection.

Eleven months ago Arthur Schwartz had a vague idea, now he has a show. His production headache is over—his income-tax headache is probably just beginning.

THE END

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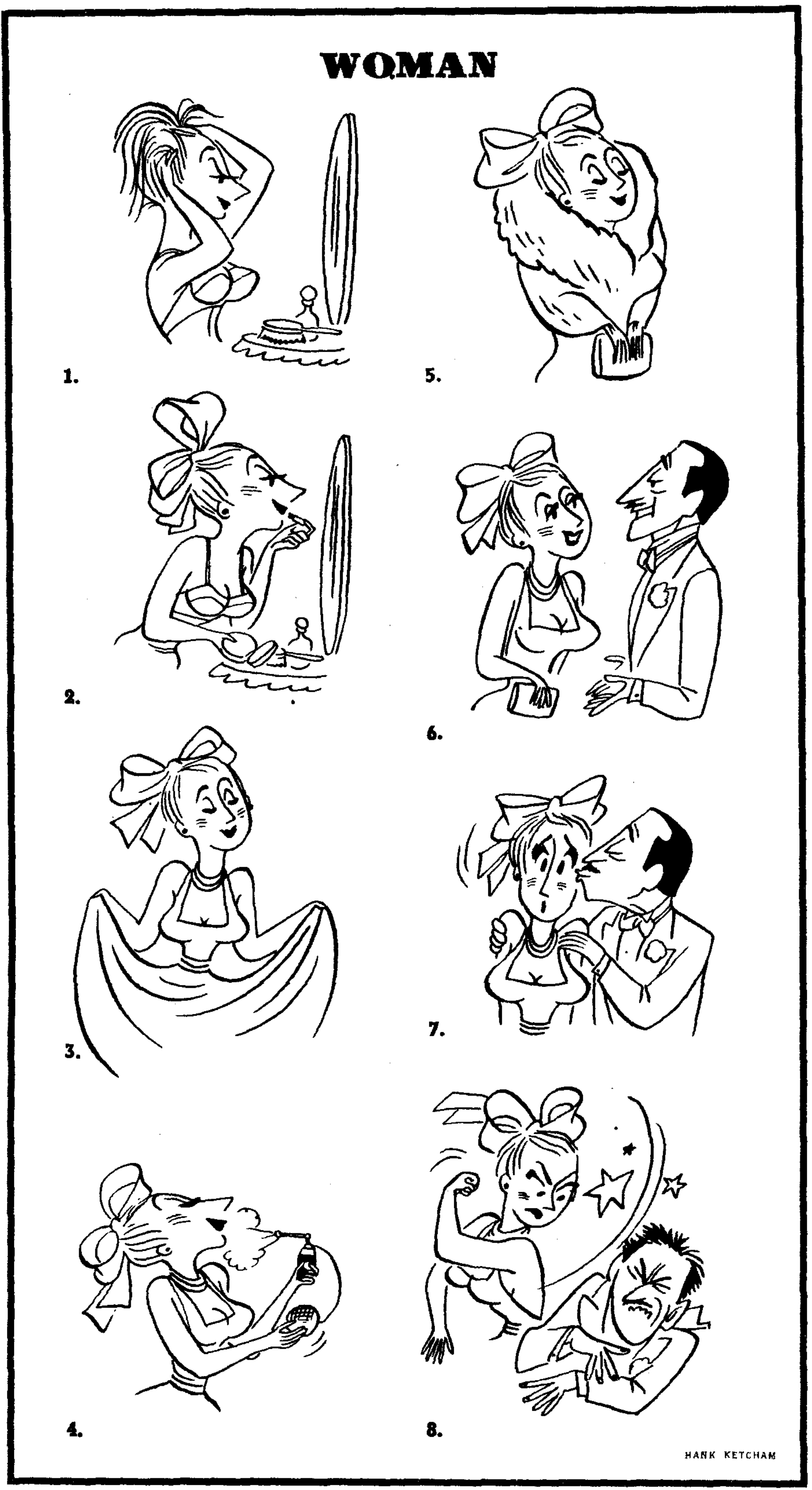

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Take soothing Pepto-Bismol and feel good again!

When your stomach is upset, *don't add to the upset* by taking overdoses of harsh laxatives or antacids. Take *soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL. Its action is *different.* PEPTO-BISMOL spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls—*gives fast 3-way relief:*

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Whenever you suffer from acid indigestion, heartburn, diarrhea or other common digestive distress, take pleasant, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. At all drug stores.

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The industry's scientists are mobilized. New resources are being pioneered. New and better products are being perfected.

And throughout the oil industry you will find International Harvester equipment busily at work.

International Crawler Tractors, Engines and **Motor Trucks** help find and bring in new wells . . . help weld and lay pipe lines that carry crude oil and natural gas throughout the nation.

International Engines pump oil from the earth and through pipe lines . . . provide power for many oil field machines.

International Trucks haul pipe, derricks, machines and supplies into and out of the oil fields . . . transport the crude, and bring to you the amazing bounty of products derived from oil.

Yes, America needs more oil. And the great resources of International Harvester are dedicated to the task—to supplying all equipment possible to help produce the oil America requires.

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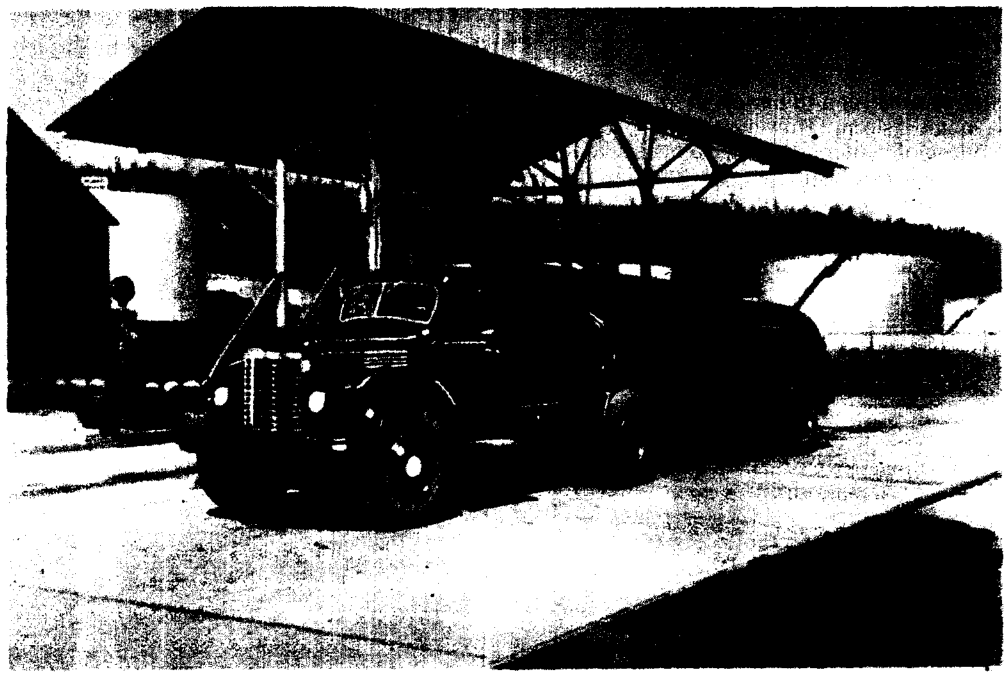
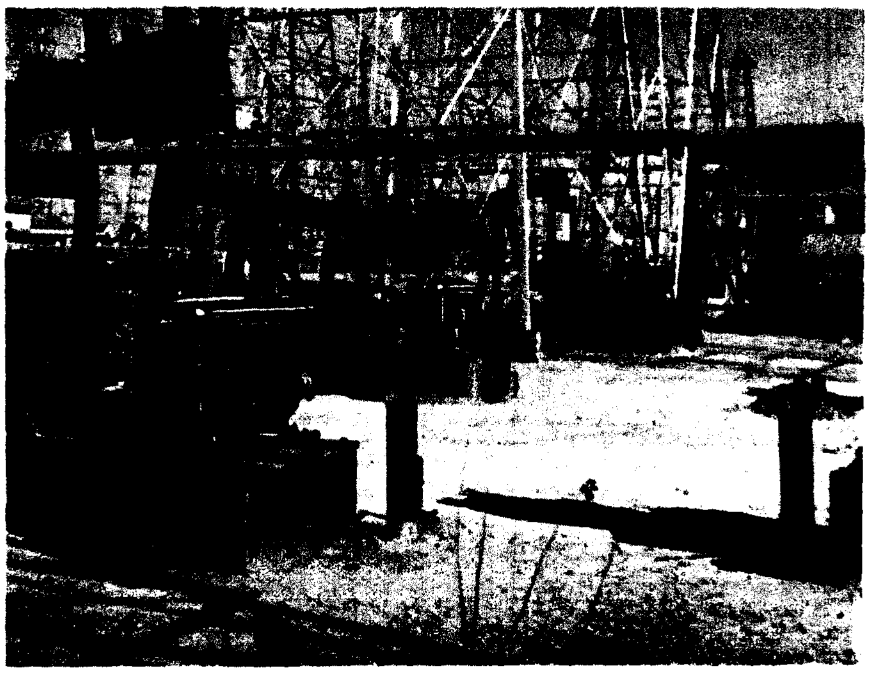
Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars," CBS Wednesday.



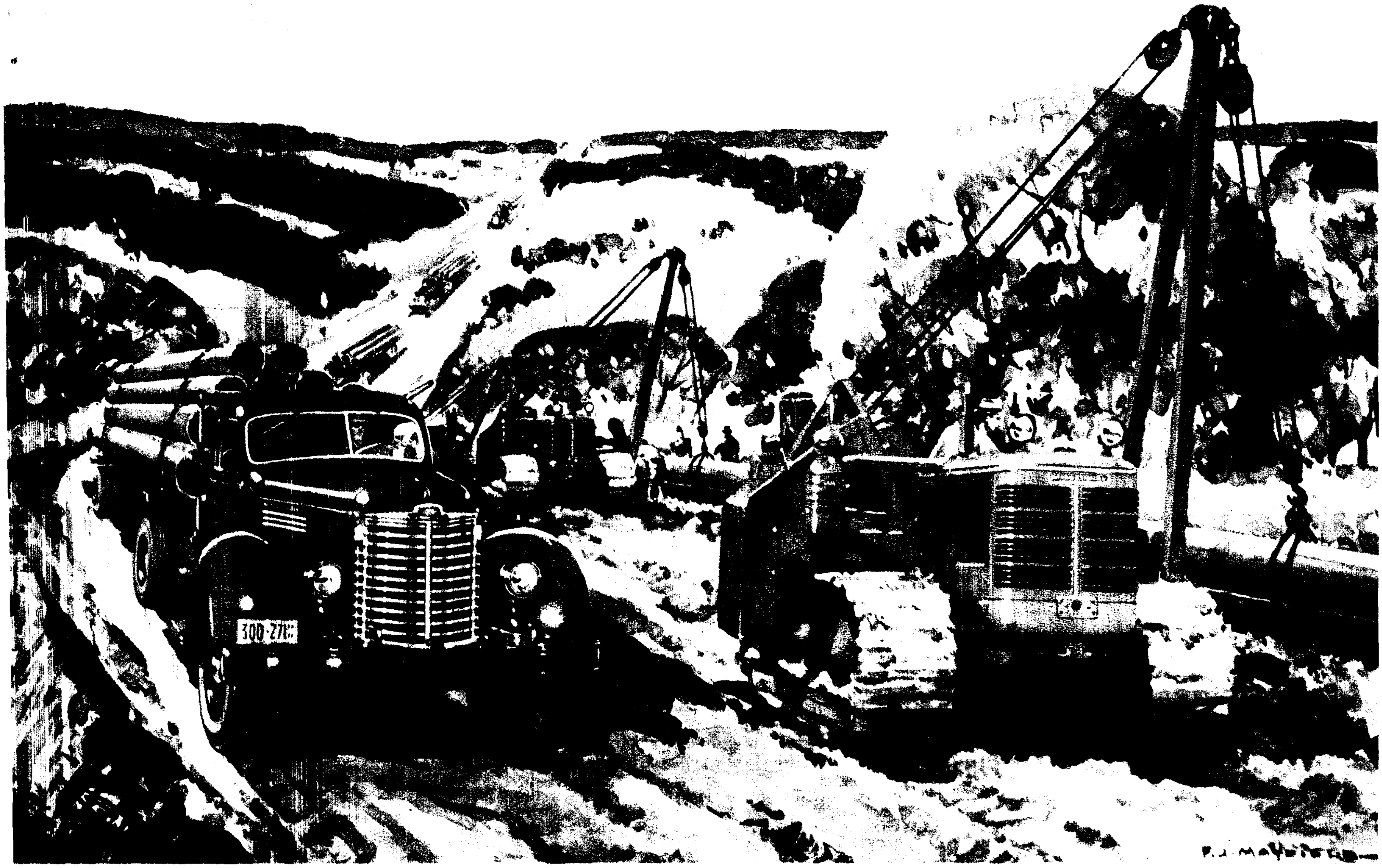
International Truck-Tractor with tank trailer loading at gasoline bulk plant prior to delivering gasoline to filling stations. International Trucks are extensively used in all branches of the oil industry.



Battery of International Natural Gas Engines pumping crude oil from wells in the center of a Texas city. Photograph shows only a few of the many International Engines used at this location.

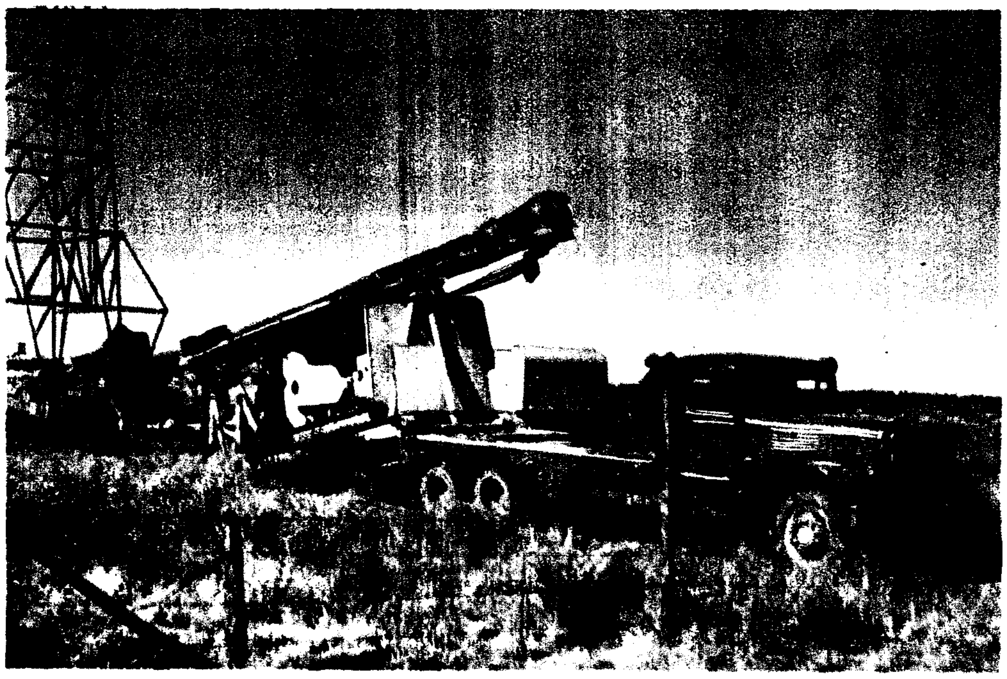
INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL
MOTOR TRUCKS



International Trucks and Diesel Crawler Tractors team up to lay thousands of miles of crude oil, natural gas, and refined-product pipe lines. The trucks transport the pipe. The Diesel Crawlers hold the pipe for welding and they lay it in the trenches.

Two International Diesel Crawlers with bulldozers digging a slush pit and settling basin at a drilling site. Liquid mud from the pit is used as a drilling lubricant and cementing agent.



Drill rig being loaded on an International "Western" Truck after well has been drilled. International "Westerns" are the largest trucks in the *complete* International line. Gross weight ratings to 90,000 pounds.

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BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

A Masterpiece
of Canada's Largest
Independent Distillery

GENERAL MAC ARTHUR

Continued from page 19

stated explicitly that he was to assume no obligation to retain or have retained any particular standard of living. What faced him was a rapid increase in want and misery, with the country deprived of raw materials by the loss of overseas possessions, and industry and agriculture in a state of collapse. Some measure of recovery was imperative.

For years some 35,000,000 farmers had worked 15,000,000 acres, an arable area equal to that of California, and under conditions of oppressive tenancy. Sixteen families of the Homma clan, for example, owned 4,000 acres, tilled by 5,142 renters. Compelled to build their own homes, furnish their own tools and fertilizers and made to pay in kind rather than cash, the average tenant was lucky to end up the year with 40 per cent of his crop yield. A land-reform bill is now enabling 2,000,000 tenants to buy 5,000,000 acres under the supervision of land commissions. The acreage is purchased by the government at legally established prices and paid for with 24-year annuity bonds bearing interest at 3.65 per cent.

What follows is resale to the tenant on easy payments stretched over a long term. To date more than 4,000,000 acres have been bought up and the distribution ranges from one-acre parcels to 2½ acres.

With the help of SCAP's natural resources section, large-scale restoration and reclamation projects are also under way. Some 700,000 acres used for military and industrial purposes during the war have been returned to agriculture, and the drainage of bays, marshes and swamplands is expected to add another million acres by 1950. Out of the Garioa dollar (government and relief in occupied areas) 43.3 cents have been going for food to relieve this drain on the American taxpayer and at the same time provide the Japanese with some approach to an adequate diet.

Experts have shown the way to better mining methods so that coal production, down to 20,000 tons a day in 1945, has leaped to 100,000 tons a day. Furthermore, they have discovered new oil fields and developed processes for the manufacture of fertilizers.

Clean Sweeping by a Busy Broom

Japan's whole life, in fact, has felt the sweep of SCAP's busy broom. The public health and welfare action has carried out a campaign of immunization. The educational system has been given a complete overhauling.

Under SCAP's system of tutelage, nothing begun is ever left to take care of itself. Forty-five government teams, made up of soldiers and civilians with special qualifications, roam Japan from island to island, checking up on progress and aiding local communities with expert counsel.

This then in brief (and very sketchily) is the record on which Douglas MacArthur is willing to be judged by the American people.

His critics, and there are many, freely grant that SCAP has done a "magnificent job on the whole" and even where the element of personal dislike enters in there is praise of his "pre-eminent ability and administrative genius." When these admissions are made, however, there is scarcely a private American citizen in Japan who does not let loose a burst of complaint.

These complaints run about as follows:

MacArthur has gone too far and too fast. His vaunted reforms are not even skin-deep, because emperor-worship still continues. As soon as controls are removed all of the new laws will be abrogated and overlordism and monopolies restored to former power. Letting the workers get the bit in their teeth has resulted in wave after wave of strikes. Due to the harshness of his purge of industry, the brains of Japan's entire economic structure have been removed. He has done nothing to reform a tax system that is the last word in muddle and unfairness and has taken no effective steps to stop the growth of a bureaucracy that has loaded the government pay roll to the breaking point. Inflation still mounts in a dizzy spiral and Japan's rationing regulations along with wage and price controls are a failure.

The American correspondents, while echoing some of these outcries, have bitternesses peculiarly their own. MacArthur has been aloof, looking down on ordinary mortals from an inaccessible height.

He has been abnormally sensitive to critical comment and in his insistence on a favorable press has not hesitated to impose a rigid censorship and cast into the outer darkness anyone either accused or suspected of lese majesty.

Some of these complaints stand up under investigation and others fall flat. The fact of inflation stands plain, as does the existence of a black market and the sloppy operation of wage and price controls, and it is all too true that the right of workers to organize has resulted in a steady succession of demoralizing strikes.

There can be no question as to the evils of multiple taxation, and the overloading of the government's pay roll may not be denied. Inflation, however, with its inevitable black market cannot be cured by executive fiat but waits on an increased production and this in turn waits on a peace treaty that will permit Japan to revise foreign trade and obtain the loans necessary for pump priming.

With wages failing to keep pace with price leaps, and thus reducing the average worker to a starvation level, the wonder is that there are not more strikes. Although firm in his belief that labor is entitled to freedom of action in the attainment of legitimate objectives, MacArthur has drawn a line across which the unions may not go. In January, 1947, when the workers massed for a general strike it was stopped by his statement that he could not permit the use of so deadly a weapon in the present emaciated and impoverished condition of Japan.

Similar action was taken in March of this year when a strike threatened to tie up the country's entire communications system.

Less Zeal for Emperor-Worship

In view of the centuries during which emperor-worship has been taught, it is highly probable that many Japanese still hold Hirohito in the old reverence. Nevertheless, signs of a change are not lacking. Pictures of MacArthur and Lincoln are almost as numerous as those of the emperor and no longer do streetcars come to a dead stop as they pass the Imperial Palace, allowing conductors to alight and bow low. Only recently a fuel-rationing board cut Hirohito's charcoal request in half, and lese majesty has ceased to be a law of the land.

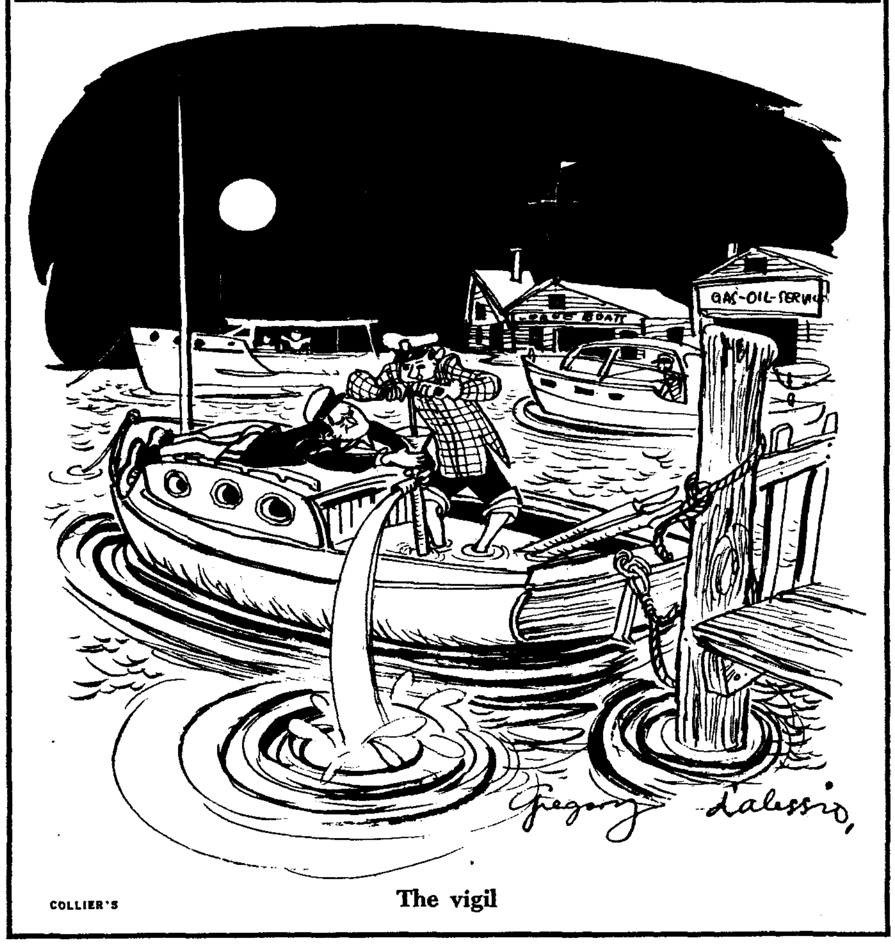
Moreover an American teacher rides herd on the emperor's young son, pounding primer lessons of democracy into his round, hard little head.

The charge that SCAP's purge has removed the brains of Japan's entire industrial structure would seem to be rather farfetched in view of the fact that the number of purgees totals 865 of which 450 were resignations. It is also the case that at no point were executives and technicians involved, but only policy makers.

As far as can be judged public opinion in Japan approves the purge and support even comes from some of the purgees.

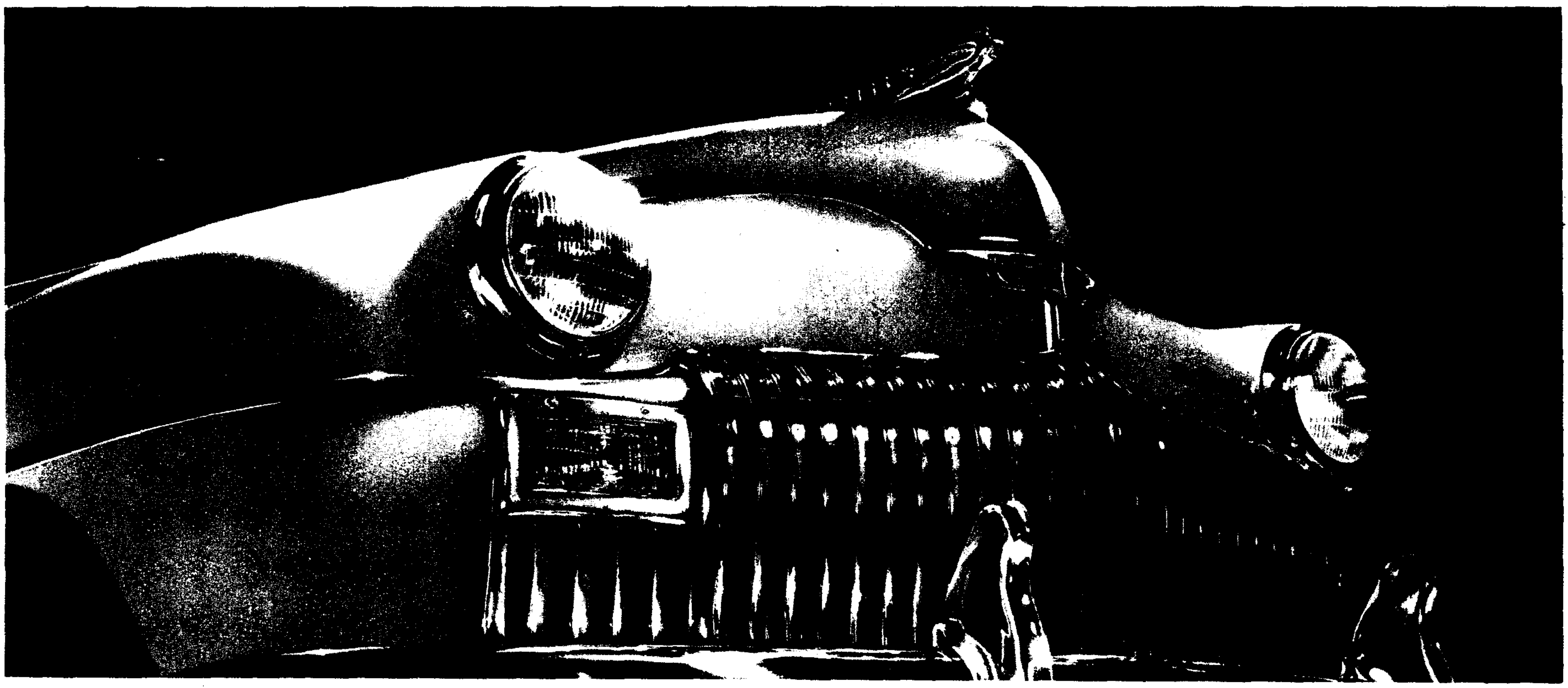
For example, Ichoroh Sawada, a famous Olympic runner in his youth, got the boot from his high place in the House of Mitsui and is now the head of a flourishing concern that cans tuna and tanger-

THE SHORE FLEET by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



The vigil

In a new DeSoto you're sitting pretty! Your Super-Cushion tires are the newest comfort feature of 1948. Your Safety-Rim wheels are the top safety advance since hydraulic brakes. And your DeSoto's gýrol Fluid Drive and hydraulic shift let you *drive without shifting!*



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EXTRA
SAYS TRUMAN

To men who'd offer the seat, if it weren't for their feet!

WHY NOT STAND UP in day-long comfort next time? Give your feet a break with a pair of Ward Hill Shoes. Their great good looks have styled-in fit . . . the real McCoy for comfort.

Styled by WILLIAM LEON KNIPE

Here are 3 practical suggestions for getting a better fit . . . more comfort!

1. Wear the same weight sock you wear regularly when you try on shoes.
2. Let your salesman help you decide your size . . . don't rush.
3. Insist on an honestly-made shoe, like Ward Hill, where there's as much care put inside the shoe as in the finish.

WARD HILL
Shoes for Men

Feel the difference on your foot!

For over 60 years makers of fine shoes for men

No. 6355
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Moderately priced
at better dealers from
coast to coast

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ines. According to Mr. Sawada, the purge has given Japan the first chance to develop a real capitalist system under free enterprise and the replacement of old and reactionary leaders has made for progress.

With respect to the tax muddle a revision of the system is now under way and the Diet is under instructions to report a bill by July. Social Security legislation is also being planned.

The quarrel of the American correspondents with SCAP is a confused business. That some measure of repression has been exercised is admitted for under Washington's directives MacArthur is authorized to establish such minimum control and censorship of civil communications as may be necessary in the interests of military security. It cannot be discovered that outgoing press dispatches have been censored but adverse comment on MacArthur has been barred from Japanese papers, and there are cases where critical correspondents, unwise enough to leave the country, have not been permitted to return.

Subordinates Did the Muzzling

Where the responsibility would seem to lie however is with subordinates rather than the Supreme Commander himself. Out of a personal devotion that borders on fanaticism, they view any disparagement of their idol as not only an attack on military security but also a kick at the ark of the covenant. MacArthur, on learning that the Japanese press was not allowed to print American attacks on his Presidential candidacy, ended the prohibition at once.

With respect to SCAP's aloofness, the explanation offered has to do with a working schedule that calls for ten hours a day and seven days a week.

From 11:00 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. he sits in his office in the Dai Ichi Building, conferring with section heads passing on every act and policy. The postluncheon period is again devoted to reports and from five to eight o'clock there is a resumption of conferences in his office. This is a reasonable explanation but regrettable for his aloofness, for few men in public life today have a more engaging and persuasive personality than MacArthur.

I first met him in 1917 when he was a young major. He oozed energy, ability and ambition at every pore. Meeting him here in Tokyo 31 years later, it amazed me to see how few changes had been worked by time. Still arrow-straight and with the same flash of eye and aquilinity of features, he justified what had been told by Lieutenant Colonel Douglas P. Kendrick, his personal physician.

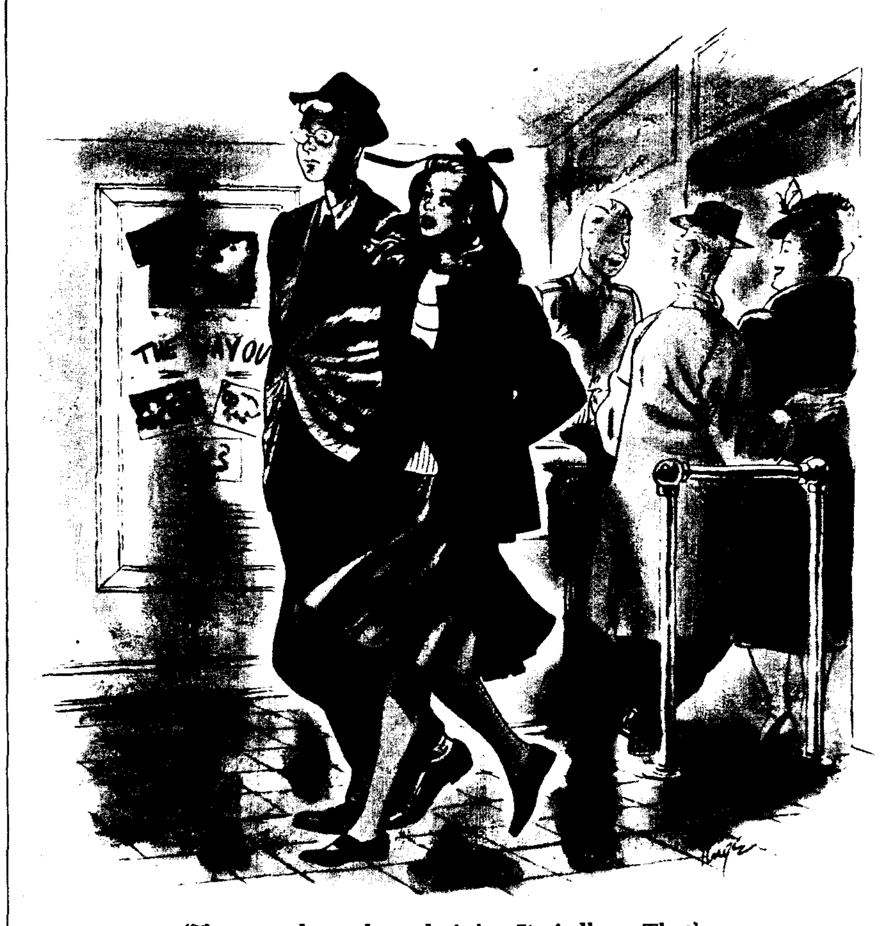
His reflexes and appearance, declared the Army doctor, are those of a man of fifty. Few members of his staff, even though many years his junior, can match his physical endurance. Years of command and high responsibility with the mastery of life and death over thousands have given him gravity and dignity but there are still evidences of the warmth and enthusiasm that made him one of the most popular men in Washington.

In talk with him, it is plain that he draws his vocabulary from Gibbon and Macaulay, with a strong dash of Samuel Johnson. But a distinct fondness for rounded phrases does not lessen the force and cogency of what he says.

What stands clear as he explains his administration of Japan is his certainties and the directness and realism of his approach to the problems that confronted him.

With the world in flux, and battle lines being drawn between democracy and totalitarianism, what is more hardheaded than winning the support of 80,000,000 people by fair treatment? And with the Japanese our prisoners of war, entitled to our care under international conventions that we have never failed to respect, what more intelligent than the relief of the American taxpayer by the earliest possible revival of Japan's industry and agriculture? From complete paralysis at the war's end, the country's output has risen to 40 per cent of prewar levels.

Why democracy? Because (MacArthur believes) it and Christianity are the world's greatest ideas and ideals. Of course, ancient traditions are not uprooted and it is inevitable that old habits of thought should persist, but where is there fairness in the outcry that our pro-



"I'm not ashamed to admit it—I cried! . . . That's the first time I ever saw Gregory Peck die"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

THE TRUMPETER LABEL . . . A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

how to buy a suit . . .

If we were to suggest a simple formula we would say: Go to a reliable store and ask for a brand you can trust. Get a suit that feels right . . . looks right . . . gives you the sense of confidence that goes with being well-dressed. Quality clothing means good old-fashioned workmanship . . . fine tailoring . . . care with needle and shears . . . quality fabrics. And if you want a bonus of fit and comfort at no extra price—then it's Hart Schaffner & Marx.

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U.S. ROYAL MASTER

of them all!

It rides smoother– stops quicker–gives up to 60% more safe miles! It's the first tire with all of today's finest features!

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At no time in motoring history has a tire brought so much to driving as today's new U. S. Royal Master.

This great tire—long looked up to as the finest any man can own—has always shown the way in safety and mileage.

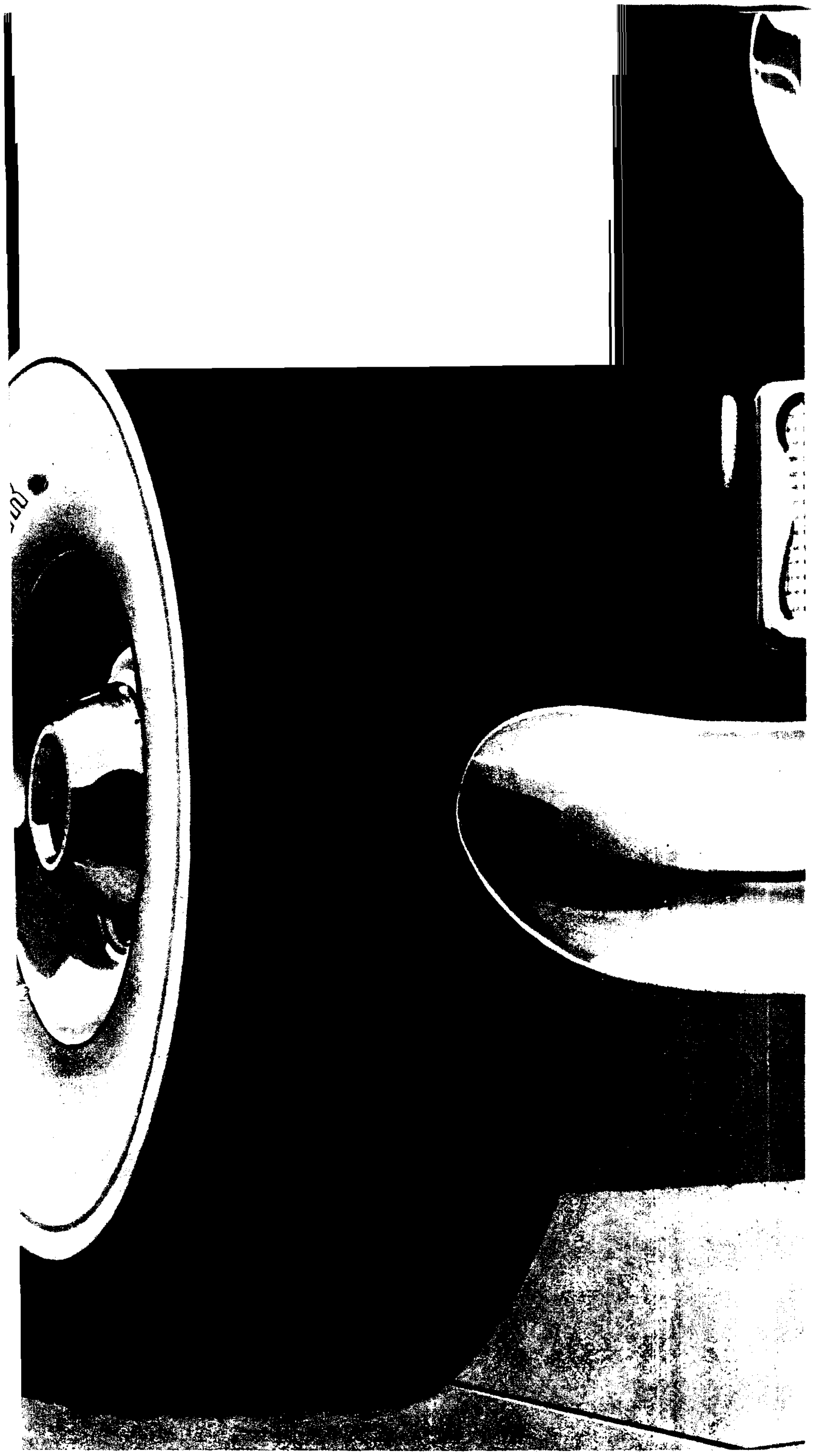
And now, as you would naturally expect, it is the first tire to combine today's remarkable advances in riding comfort with stopping and lasting power that have never met their match.

The new Master brings you safer, smoother driving than you've ever known!

1 NEW LOW PRESSURE COMFORT...

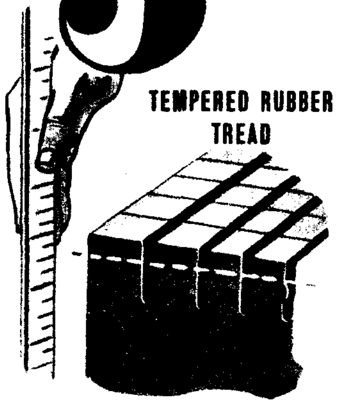
The new Royal Master is built on a dramatic new principle introduced by "U. S." It provides far more air volume at new, low pressure. It carries your car on soft, yielding cushions of air that soak up bumps and road-shocks *before* they can joggle your wheels. It brings new riding comfort to *any* car!

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



2 UNMATCHED DE-SKIDDED SAFETY

No other tire principle gives the quick-stopping action of *De-skidded* tread. Touch the brakes—and it drives sharp edges right through water, mud, or oil to dry pavement—stops you quicker in *any* going. And, after long wear, its De-skidded edges can be re-cut and completely renewed! You get a new life of full skid protection.



3 TREMENDOUS MILEAGE

The Royal Master's specially compounded *tempered* rubber is so much tougher that many owners are still riding on the tires they used regularly all through the war! Now—this tougher tread is built *25% deeper*—adding still more to the Master's amazing mileage. You actually can count on getting *up to 60% more* miles of safety on the new Master of them all!

There's sure to be a big demand for the new U. S. Royal Master. Don't risk delay. See your U. S. Tire Dealer now.

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Your finished print..

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It's no trick with argus 21 *Markfinder*sight*

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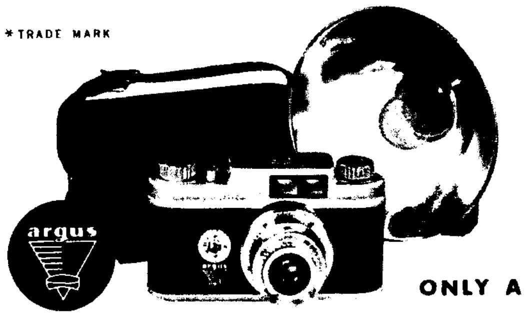


Features you want:

F3.5 coated, color-corrected, Anastigmat lens. Accurate, behind-the-lens shutter • Speeds 1/10 to 1/200. Double exposure guard. Built-in synchronized flash. Leather carrying case. See the "21" now!

ONLY ARGUS HAS *Markfinder*

gram of fundamental reform is a failure because the planting of the seed has not been followed by an immediate harvest? Democracy is not an automatic device but the struggle everlasting. After centuries of enslavement it is not easy to make people realize that the power to govern is in their hands and that success depends on development of ability to think and act for themselves. But two free elections bringing out a 72 per cent vote prove that the idea is being grasped.

Why an economy embodying the principle of private capitalism based on free competitive enterprise? Because experience has demonstrated that is the only economy that provides the maximum incentive for the development of individual initiative and individual energy—the two basic requirements for human progress.

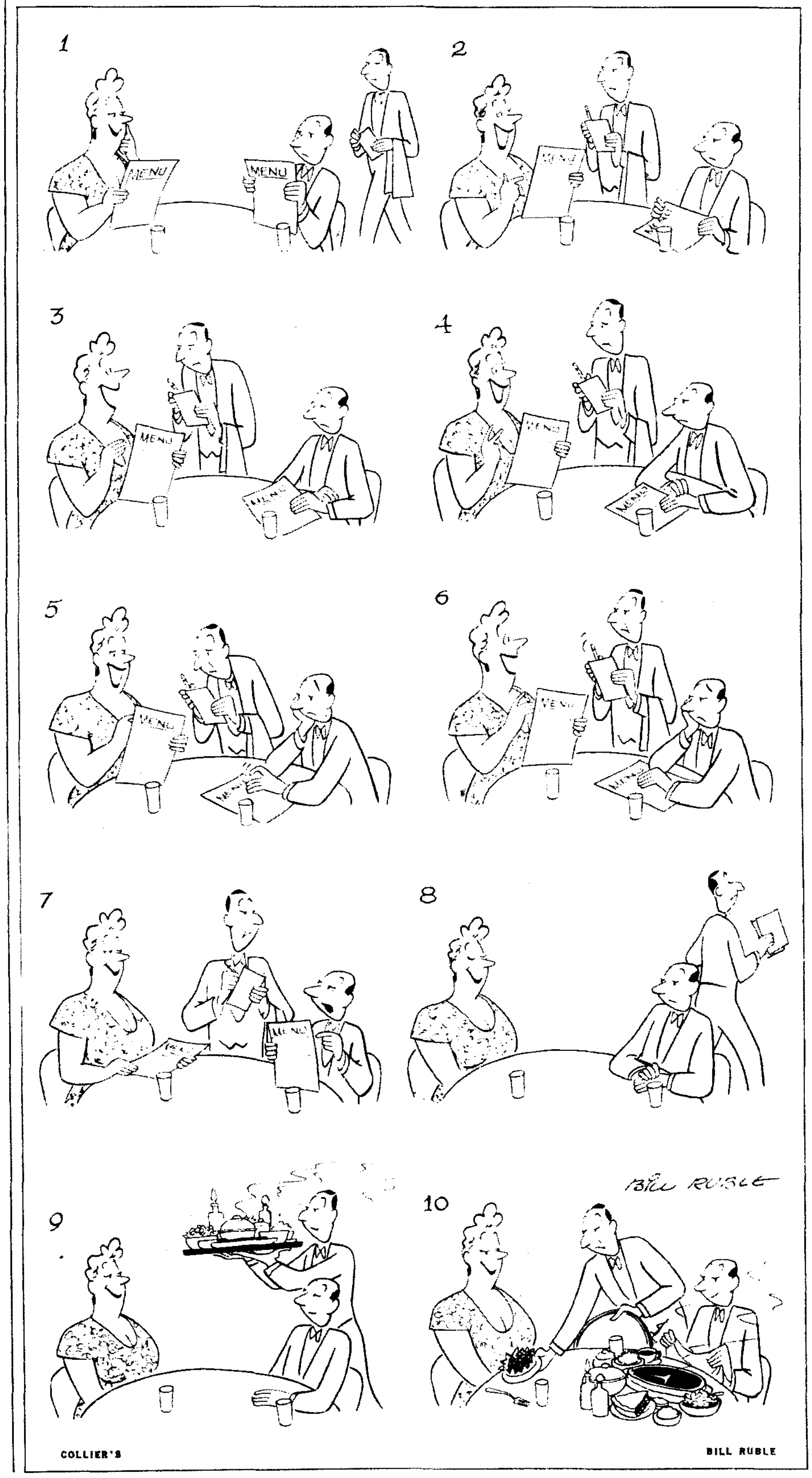
Why in the various crises that have beset the Japanese government has MacArthur not intervened more often and directly by virtue of his supreme authority? Because you do not teach an infant to walk by walking for it. The feet of 80,000,000 have been put on the highway to democracy and, short of that which might imperil military security, it is best to let the people learn by their stumbles.

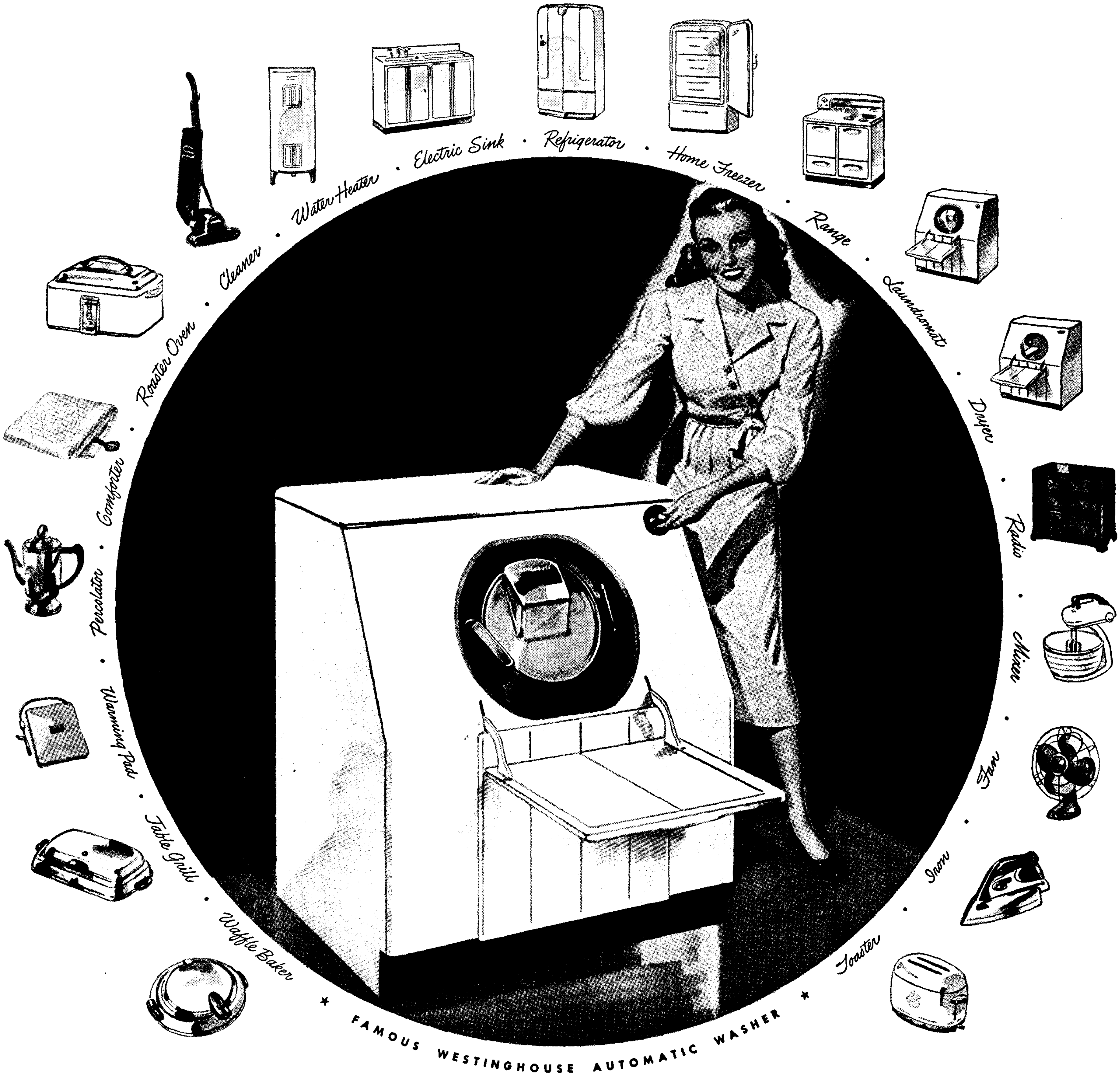
What puzzles Douglas MacArthur is the insistence that he has gone too far and too fast. What reforms could have been deferred? The destruction of the police state and its spy system? The divorce of church and state and the elimination of Shinto from the schools? The right of labor to organize and bargain collectively? The breaking up of an infamous system of private monopolies under which with government protection a dozen great clans controlled over 80 per cent of Japan's commerce, industry and finance? Doing away with the feudal ownership of land and creating a new class of small landowners?

Looking to the future, MacArthur's views are equally definite and forthright. He believes that military occupations serve their purpose only for a limited time, at best, after which deterioration is rapid both in the population and the occupying force.

A peace treaty is long past due and if the stubborn hostility of other nations continues to compel postponement, the United States should take unilateral action, if necessary, to restore Japan to a peacetime basis.

THE END





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SET THE DIAL OF YOUR *Laundromat* AND TUNE OUT WASHDAY WORK!

"Put 'em in ... set the dial ... take 'em out"... that's all *you* do to wash clothes. The Laundromat automatically washes, rinses and damp-dries. Not only your weekly wash, but curtains, chenille bedspreads, foundation garments, yes, even pillows! The Laundromat needs no bolting to the floor. Its slanting front makes it easier to load. Its Sealed-in-Steel Transmission is guaranteed 5 years. Its exclusive, patented washing action gets clothes *clean*, gently. But, *before you buy*, prove these advantages with *your own* soiled clothes. Your Westinghouse retailer will wash a load while you watch. So, see what the Laundromat will do for you. It and other members of this famous appliance family are at your Westinghouse retailer's now.

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ABC NETWORK

CANCER, THE CHILD KILLER

Each year thousands of American youngsters are dying tragic and often needless deaths from this dread disease. A knowledge of its early signs and quick action in getting treatment is essential in the fight against it

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

IT STARTED in a small Middle Western town when a young mother whom we'll call Mrs. A noticed the swelling on little nine-months-old Arthur's groin. It was still there a week later. Looking worried, the family doctor took a tiny section of tissue and sent it off to the state capital for microscopic examination. When it came back the report was as bad as it could be: Cancer!

In Frankfurt, Germany, a cabled message galvanized the Army into action, and young Lieutenant A., who had never even seen his son, was promptly flown over the Atlantic. But, landing in New York, he didn't have to go on. Without wasting a moment, Mrs. A had taken her doctor's advice and little Arthur was in Manhattan's famed cancer institution, Memorial Hospital. Indeed, by the time Lieutenant A arrived, the swelling had been removed and ten weeks later, chunky, brown-eyed Arthur was on his way home with Mother and Dad.

Arthur will be more than five years old before the doctors, always cautious, will call him cured. But when he left for home all tests made on him for cancer were negative and he was a happy, healthy-looking boy. He had won the first round and the prognosis was good. Lieutenant A could utter only one sentence when newsmen interviewed him: "Thank God my wife acted so quickly!"

Can children really have cancer? Even at this late date, the idea that they can and do still amazes millions. It is no less incredible that the fact that cancer in children need *not* invariably be fatal is still generally unknown.

Each year thousands of American youngsters are dying tragic deaths from this ruthless killer.

Cancer, according to the American Cancer Society, holds death warrants for 189,400 Americans this year.

"Contrary to general belief that it is a disease of middle age," says Dr. Frank E. Adair, former president of the Society, "many of these victims will be children."

No exact estimate on the frequency of cancer in children is possible.

"In contrast to most serious conditions in childhood," observes Dr. Harold W. Dargeon, head of the children's department at Memorial Hospital, "cancer in children is not reportable to local health departments and we have only a very approximate idea of its incidence."

Dr. Frank L. Rector, secretary of the Cancer Control Committee of the Michigan State Medical Society, says that cancer yearly kills about one half as many children as tuberculosis, two thirds as many as whooping cough, and several times as many as infantile paralysis.

Hardly a day goes by that newspapers somewhere aren't carrying an item as tragic as this:

> Decatur, Ill., (A.P.)—Funeral services instead of a big Christmas party will be held Saturday for little C. R. The four-year-old suffering from a brain cancer for the last two years died yesterday. In her home there was a brightly trimmed Christmas tree and a pile of presents. . . . The neighborhood children invited to the party will attend services at . . ."

But worse than the heartbreak of such items—worse than the statistics themselves—is the fact that many of these children need not have died.

Dr. Adair had the words for it: "Cancer is not to be dreaded; it must be faced and fought with intelligence and courage."

Recently I spent some time in Memorial Hospital. There, on the third floor, is a remarkable ward. The beds are small; some are even cribs. It's a cheerful place, full of toys and books. Classes are held so youngsters won't fall behind in their lessons. You're likely to hear young laughter here, and sometimes tears. The only ward in the country for children with cancer, its seventeen beds have been occupied by small patients from all over the nation and from South America and Europe.

X Ray in Infancy Cured Her

You come away sick at heart, knowing that many of the children will never leave the hospital alive. But you come away with hope, too, because you know some of them will be cured. Among the graduates of Memorial is the girl who, at just 9½ months, had come in with cancer of the eye. But she had been treated early enough with X ray. That was fourteen years ago and she's quite a young lady today. Does she have cancer now? The answer is no.

There's the girl, now twenty-three, who eleven years ago had a malignant bone cancer. There's the boy who, seven years ago, was treated promptly for lymphosarcoma in the nodes of the neck. There's a fifteen-year-old Puerto Rican girl who was born with a tumor of the leg who was treated with radiation. They are all alive and healthy and cancer-free today.

These are the rewarding cases in which early diagnosis combined with expert treatment served to save lives. Unfortunately, there are too few such instances. In the others, while cancer is the culprit, ignorance is the ally that makes it so vicious.

Current theories hold that cancer develops when nature's routine process of cell replacement is upset. In the human body cells are constantly aging or being injured. It's normal for new cells, created at a regular pace by the splitting up of the old, to take their place. Mysteriously, new cells sometimes begin to grow wildly and there is cancer. Multiplying with abnormal speed, these wild cells pile up huge masses of tissue. This robs normal cells of nourishment. After a while the tissue begins to project into organs where it has no business. Or it breaks off into small pieces that wander through the body, setting up new cancer growths in organs a long way off. Cancerous cells from the bladder, for example, have been known to creep into the lungs.

One great difference between cancer in children and in adults is that, because the former are growing rapidly, the cancer grows rapidly, too. Another is that cancer in children and adults does not occur in the same body sites. In adults, cancers of the breast, of the prostate gland, and of the digestive and female genital tracts far outnumber all other malignant tumors. These types of cancer are almost unheard of in children.

A study of more than two thousand cases of child cancer some years ago showed that in childhood malignant tumors are most frequently found in the bones, the central nervous system, the eyes, the kidney, the soft parts of the body and the lymphoid structures. These findings were encouraging because they showed that the localities in which most children's tumors occur are usually accessible for reasonably early diagnosis by a physician.

No doctor can make a diagnosis, of course, until the patient is brought to him. The big problem in child cancer is still the discovery of malignancy in its early stages. It is a problem difficult enough even in adults. Not long ago a Gallup poll indicated that more than 50 per cent of the public still has no idea of what the early signs of cancer are in grown persons. This despite the years of effort that have gone into education on symptoms.

Records of the American Cancer Society show that if treated early enough 95 per cent of skin and lip cancer and 75 per cent of breast and uterus cancer can be cured. If they are allowed to progress very far before diagnosis is made and treatment given, the percentage of recoveries will drop as low as 15 per cent. An estimated 55,000 of the 165,000 adults who died in 1944 from cancer could have been saved hád they known the signs and acted promptly when cancer first struck.

Bumps and bruises are considered the inevitable accompaniments of childhood. Any ache is almost invariably classified as "growing pains." When a child has a growth that doesn't go right away parents too frequently shrug and recall that "Uncle Charlie had a bump just like that when he was a boy and he lived to be eighty." Some may recognize that the bump is a tumor. But it's probably benign and will go away, they decide.

"Please," an outstanding pediatrician begged me, "make this point emphatic. Most tumors *must* be considered guilty until proved innocent."

For the fact is that in many cases there is no way to tell whether a tumor is benign or malignant unless a microscopic examination is made. And a benign tumor *can* kill, depending upon its size and position.

Ignorance Thwarts Doctors

Even when a doctor is consulted, his diagnosis may not be taken seriously. A distinguished specialist told me: "Ignorance is a tough enemy. Even now, appendicitis kills a distressing number of children in America every year. It's amazing how many parents will not believe the doctor when he diagnoses it in a youngster but think the physician is merely eager to perform an operation. It's even worse with cancer. Doctor after doctor has his hands tied when parents refuse to let him take a tiny section of tissue from the suspected area and analyze it to make certain."

Bone tumors, among the most insidious, can be recognized early. They rarely appear before a child is five years old. A frequent site is in the thigh although they may occur at or near the joints of several of the long bones. Pain, tenderness or swelling are warning signs. And if a child, after any injury, has a fever, loses his appetite and cries at night, he should be examined promptly. Parents almost invariably notice such symptoms. If they would leave it up to a doctor to decide whether their boy or girl has just "growing pains," or is really ill, many lives could be saved.

For children who are stricken with brain tumors the outlook has been greatly improved because of great advances made in the work of neurosurgeons. Usually appearing after the fifth year, not all cases are malignant and at least one third can be cured if treatment begins before the brain tissue is permanently damaged. Brain tumors are to be suspected if there are headaches, vomiting, irritability, lassitude and failing or double vision. Sometimes children with brain tumors change personality sharply, becoming the opposite of their usually well-mannered selves. Distortion of the skull is another sign.

Cancers of the lymphoid structures

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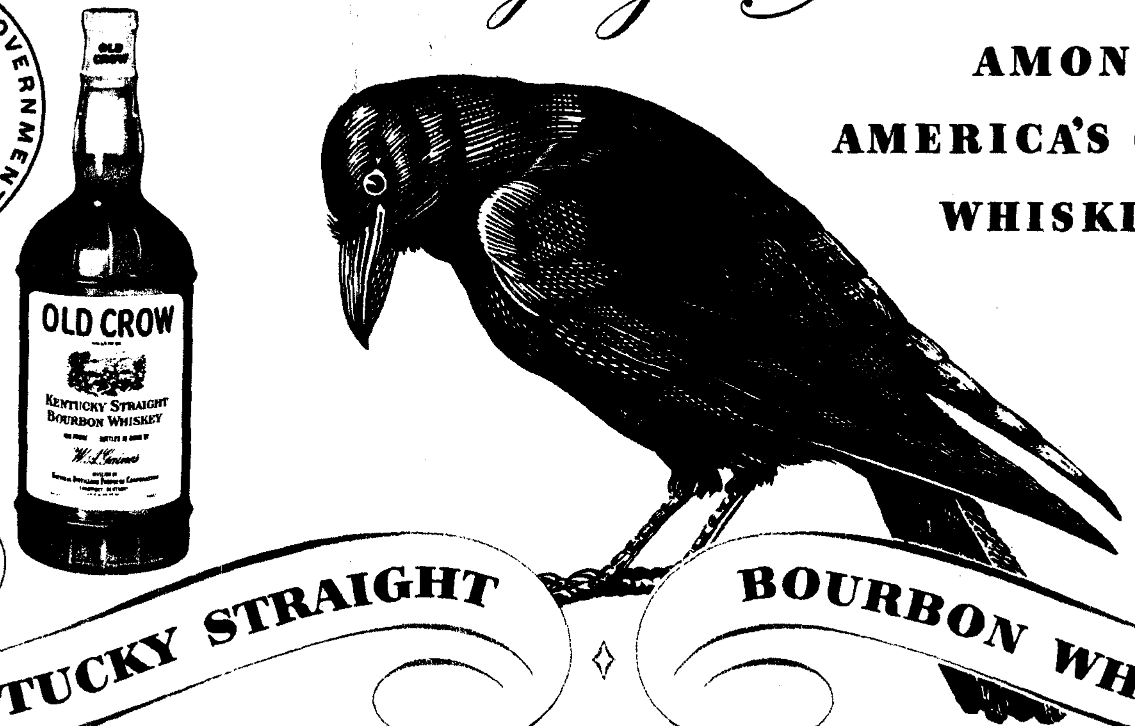

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include Hodgkin's disease and the leukemias. The former, a malignant swelling of the lymph glands, rarely appears before five; leukemia, cancer of the blood, may occur even in infancy. Symptoms of the latter include hemorrhages in different parts of the body, swollen glands, a lump beneath the skin, and an increase in the size of the abdomen. Both Hodgkin's disease and leukemia have been invariably fatal. But one doctor recently reported a treatment which, while it does not cure, converts acute leukemia into the chronic form and gives the patient perhaps two added years of life.

Glioma, the eye cancer, begins with a growth inside the eyeball. The child's mother is usually the first to observe the usually black pupil turning to a gray, white or greenish shade. Authentic cures of many years' standing have been made in eye cancer, and improved X-ray techniques and skillful surgery can work wonders today in many cases if early action is taken.

Wilm's tumor of the kidney usually occurs before a child is five. Prospects for cure by surgery or irradiation are good if the mother notices and acts on the symptoms early There may be some enlargement in the flank.

Later the child may look ill, become anemic and run a temperature. The best early sign is any unusual enlargement of the abdomen.

Cases That Respond to Treatment

The cancers in children that hold out the most hope for cure are those of the soft parts—the muscles, fat layers, nerves, nerve sheaths, blood vessels and supporting tissue. More common after the fifth year, they can be recognized by persistent or increasing swelling. There are more cures in this group than any other. Some cancers in the soft parts have even regressed and apparently been cured without treatment of any kind.

Skin cancer in children is rare. Specialists warn that warts or moles which change in color, size or shape should be removed. But birthmarks, even though they enlarge and become disfiguring, are rarely malignant.

Such are the signs of the disease which today is killing thousands of American children, many of them needlessly. There are increasing indications that the death rate can and will be reduced reasonably soon. For one thing, slowly but surely the need for vigilance is being recognized by the public. Sometimes it is only after the horror strikes close to home.

Among doctors, too, there is growing awareness. Hardly a month goes by now that an article on child cancer does not appear in pediatric literature. The combination of doctors' concern and a growing public consciousness may explain the increasing number of child cancer cases many hospitals now report admitting.

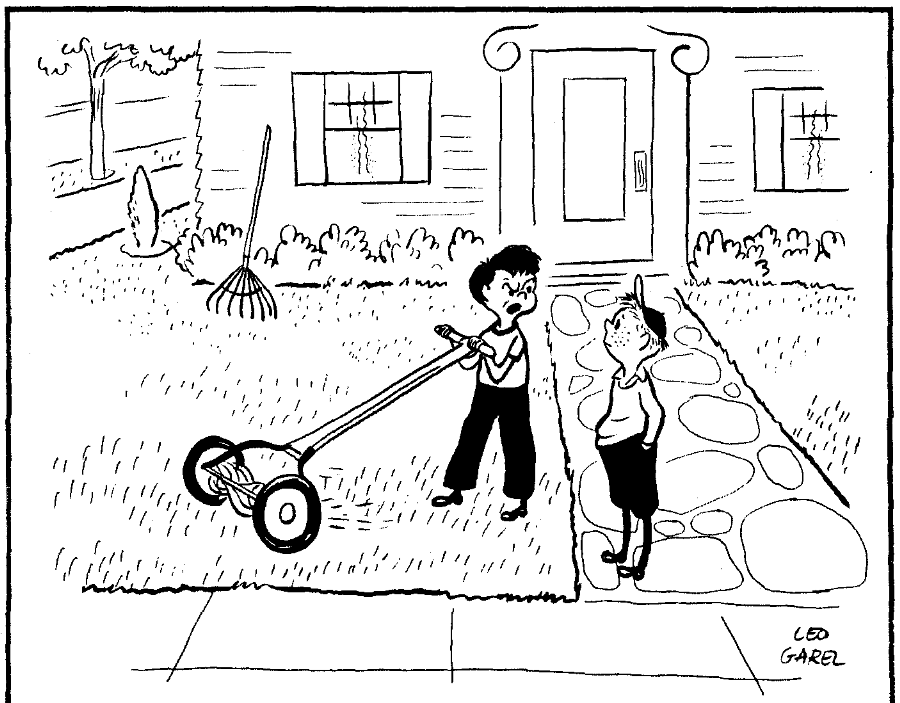
The Children's Tumor Registry, established before the war by Memorial Hospital, is hard at work, too. The registry gathers cases of interest or unusual nature from all over the country so that the resultant pooling of information can further our knowledge of cancer in children. It provides photographs, pamphlets and charts for educational exhibits in medical schools, hospitals and before public groups like parent-teacher associations.

The registry furnishes diagnostic help on a nation-wide basis. It has an eight-man board of outstanding pathologists who examine tissue submitted for diagnosis by any doctor anywhere in the country. Clinical records, X rays, laboratory and other pertinent data submitted for opinions are also reviewed by specialists. And if cancer is definitely indicated, the doctor receives the diagnosis plus a reference to procedures to be followed. If necessary, the child victim can be sent by his doctor to the children's ward at Memorial where, in cases of poverty, treatment is free.

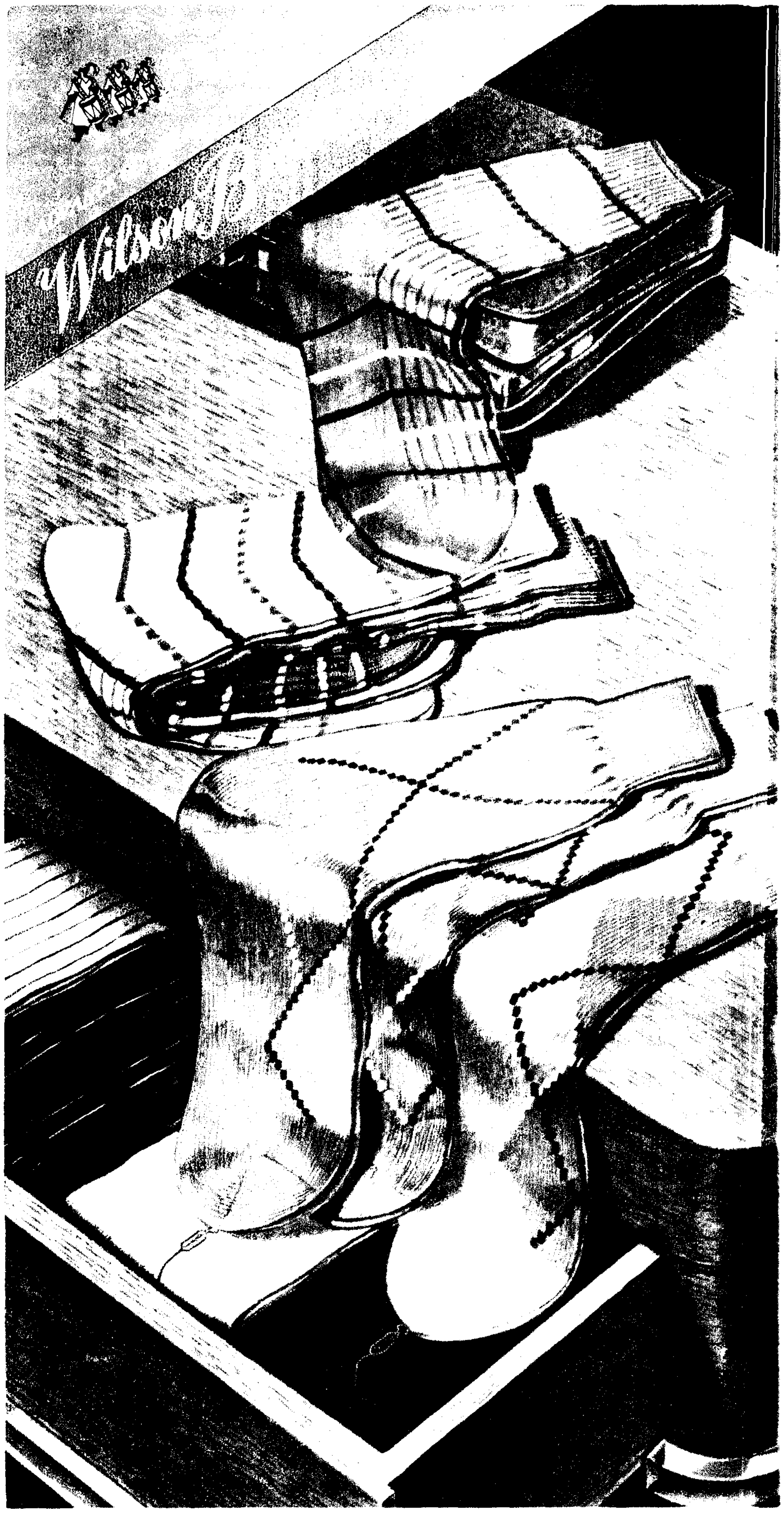
Still another hopeful sign is the beginning of the development of a full-fledged cancer prevention program for children. Last January a prevention clinic was opened at Memorial Hospital. Here, healthy children come with their mothers to receive the same complete prevention examinations given in adult prevention clinics. The program insures sound control of cancer and serves as an early educational system for cancer control in coming generations. Two weeks after its opening, appointments were booked for a year ahead. It is not unlikely that this clinic will be duplicated soon in other cities.

Meantime, the best hope for preventing needless deaths lies with mothers everywhere who must recognize that there is such a thing as cancer in children and that it isn't something to be frightened of or fatalistic about. It's an enemy to be fought and licked. The signs of cancer in children are so often those which any observant mother cannot help but notice. Thereafter it is a matter for prompt consultation with a doctor. There's no better example than that of the forthright and courageous mother of little Arthur who, even with her husband overseas, wasted no time and therefore wasted no life.

THE END



COLLIER'S "They even fertilize this stuff to make it grow!" LEO GAREL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SLEEPWALKER

Continued from page 26

because of a thorough understanding of all aspects of that wickedness.

Suddenly Dr. Coffee realized that the late Mr. Arlington's waxen features were clear and unmottled. He took three quick steps upstairs to examine the bare feet and legs with intent interest. Then, backing downward, he re-examined the entire body. He noted the torn silk undershirt. He was also interested in Mr. Arlington's hands—soft, white, graceful hands which had apparently never known manual labor, but which had conspicuous black crescents under the well-manicured fingernails. Then, gently if illegally, he lifted the head to examine the damage to the skull, partly concealed by the wavy brown hair. His lower jaw protruded pugnaciously as he made a short, rude noise with his lips.

"They've been lying to you, Max," Dr. Coffee said. "The man didn't die in this position."

"How do you figure that one, Doc?" the detective asked.

"Look at the purple patches on the feet and legs. If the man had been lying head downward for as long as you say, the post-mortem lividity would have appeared on the face and shoulders instead of on the feet. The fact that we have lividity in the lower extremities indicates that the man was sitting up—or was propped up—for some time after death. The body wasn't moved to this head-down position for several hours after the blood stopped circulating."

The detective snorted. "Ichthyologist!" he said. "Sleepwalker! My eye!"

"Furthermore," Dr. Coffee continued, "the skull fracture which caused the man's death seems to be parallel to the spine. If he had struck his head on the edge of a step the wound should be roughly at right angles."

"Let's go up and talk to the Smiths," Max Ritter said.

Professor Smith patiently told his story all over again. This time Monica did not warm her nervousness against her husband's shoulder. Although Dr. Coffee's eyes never left Smith's placid face as he spoke, the doctor could not help seeing Monica's reflection in the mirror. She sat behind Dr. Coffee, her hands tightly clasped in her lap, the blue silk of her negligee taut across the provocative rhythm of her breathing.

"Now tell it again," Ritter said, when Smith had finished. "Only this time don't leave out anything."

"But I've told you everything."

"You didn't tell us who moved the body," the detective said.

MONICA SMITH'S hands came unclasped like a spring catch opening. There was a moment of silence. Then Smith's rumbling voice declared calmly: "The body wasn't moved, Lieutenant. The poor fellow has been right on the stairs where I first saw him. And the police came five minutes later."

"Dr. Coffee here says the body was moved," Ritter said. "Doc, tell these folks how you know it."

Dr. Coffee explained the mechanics of post-mortem lividity.

"Convincing, indeed," said Smith. "I wish I could explain the apparent contradiction. But when I woke up—"

"Okay, skip it," Ritter said. "Just tell us exactly what you're doing in Northbank, Professor—if you can."

Professor Smith certainly could—and in learned detail. He had been brought to Northbank, he said, to make a survey for the Barzac Cannery. After the fall tomato pack was in, the cannery had several idle months and was seeking a suitable fresh-water fish that might be put up during the slack season, if it could be planted in the streams and lakes of the region. The cannery people were much interested in the possibility of canning catfish, if the *Ameiurus Negricans* of the Great Lakes, or the *Ameiurus Ponderosus* of the Mississippi, which grew to a hundred pounds, could be transplanted to the region. Or even a smaller but sweeter catfish such as the *Ictalurus Punctatus*. . . .

"Okay, that's fine," Max Ritter interrupted. "Now about your gardener that I just tossed out of your yard: Is this his regular day to work?"

"Gardener?" Smith asked.

"Oh, yes, the gardener," Monica said. "I told him to come today."

"Well, I told him to come tomorrow," said Ritter. "I don't want him tramping around the place till we've finished our investigation. Now, if Mrs. Smith could come down and brew a little caffeine for the doc and me—"

"I usually make the coffee in the morning," Smith said. "I'll be glad to—"

"You stay here and shave," Ritter said. "I want to talk to Mrs. Smith alone."

MAX RITTER seemed in no hurry to talk. He sat on the kitchen table, pushed his soft gray hat to the back of his head, fished two cigarettes from his pocket, offered one to Dr. Coffee, and lighted them both. He let Monica Smith bustle about the stove for a full minute before he asked suddenly:

"Mrs. Smith, when did you and this guy Arlington go to Florida together?"

Monica Smith dropped a coffee cup. Her baby-blue eyes stared at the detective with dismay, then with defiance. Dr. Coffee noted the quick metamorphosis from kitten to tigress and wondered which was the basic personality.

"I don't know what you mean," Monica said.

"Sure you do," Ritter said. "And so do I. Who was Arlington?"

"I thought you knew everything." The tigress was still speaking.

"We want to hear you tell it," Ritter said.

Monica got a dustpan and swept up the pieces of cup. It was a fairly complicated operation because one hand was periodically busy correcting the tendency of her negligee to yawn open. When she spoke, it was the kitten purring again. "I'll tell you everything," she said, "if you promise not to tell my husband. I want him to hear it from me first. Please let me tell him first. Please."

"Cross my heart," Ritter said. "What about Miami?"

"I was there with Bob Arlington two years ago last winter—before I married Jonathan."

"Nice gal," said Ritter, "bringing the boy friend home to hubby disguised as an—as a fish expert."

"I didn't bring him here. I didn't even know he was in Northbank until Jonathan brought him home. Bob Arlington was a fast talker."

"Don't tell me this guy Arlington just came here to talk about catfish."

"Of course not. He said he'd been hunting me for months. He wanted me to come back to him."

"Begin at the beginning," Max Ritter said.

Monica Smith resumed her interrupted coffee making as she told her story. It was a commonplace, tawdry, rather pitiful story—the pretty girl who didn't quite make the grade in Hollywood; the flashy young man with the smooth patter and the generous bank roll; the quick infatuation—she had loved him wildly, even after she found out he was a professional gambler. She didn't care. When he was in the chips, they lived high; they traveled and drank champagne and she wore jewelry. When he was down in his luck,

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they lived in furnished rooms, drank water, and pawned her jewelry to give him working capital. She was very happy—until Arlington left her for another woman. Even then she forgave him and took him back when he returned two weeks later, because she loved him. She took him back the second time, too, but she didn't forgive him, because he was drunk and abusive for days after he came back.

After a year of this, a year in which she lost twenty pounds, most of her sanity, and all of her self-respect, she packed up and left. She left while he was off on a binge, because she was afraid she would take him back if he returned; she still loved him. She went to some friends who had a cabin in the Sierras, to try to regain her health, her sanity, and her self-respect.

It was in the Sierras that she met Jonathan Smith. He was working on a California State Fisheries project; stocking trout, she thought. Two weeks after they met, he asked her to marry him.

"I TOLD Jonathan the truth," Monica said. She poured the coffee. "I told him I'd been through an unhappy love affair, and that I didn't feel as though any decent man should even look at me—not for a long time. I didn't tell him Bob Arlington's name, and he's never asked it. I just told him that he couldn't possibly want me, particularly as I didn't love him. He said that didn't matter; that he loved me and that he would take a chance. He was so kind and patient, and I was so completely demoralized, that—well, I married him. I needed him, to bring me back to life. It was selfish of me, I guess, but I've tried to make it up to him. I've tried hard to make him a good wife. I didn't want him to regret anything. And now this—this. . . ."

"Weren't you afraid Arlington might run to your husband with the truth unless you went away with him?"

"I was frantic."

"Did you threaten to kill Arlington unless he left you alone?"

"Why? Bob wasn't afraid of me."

And with reason, Dan Coffee decided. The tigress wasn't real. Monica was all kitten, even when she showed her claws. Even after her degrading recital there was something warm and human and helpless about this girl that appealed to him.

"I've got one question, Mrs. Smith," Dr. Coffee said. "How could a professional gambler pose as an ichthyologist and fool an expert like your husband?"

"Bob Arlington had a photographic memory," Monica replied. "He could read the Racing Form through just once and tell you how Mogul performed against Pickled Beets and Galorette at Aqueduct last year. He could recite the record of every horse that ever ran six furlongs and up, at Bowie or Hialeah or Churchill Downs. Remembering the names of fishes would be just the same to Bob as remembering race horses. He probably read Jonathan's book on the train coming here."

"Did you write to Arlington since you got married?" Ritter asked.

"No."

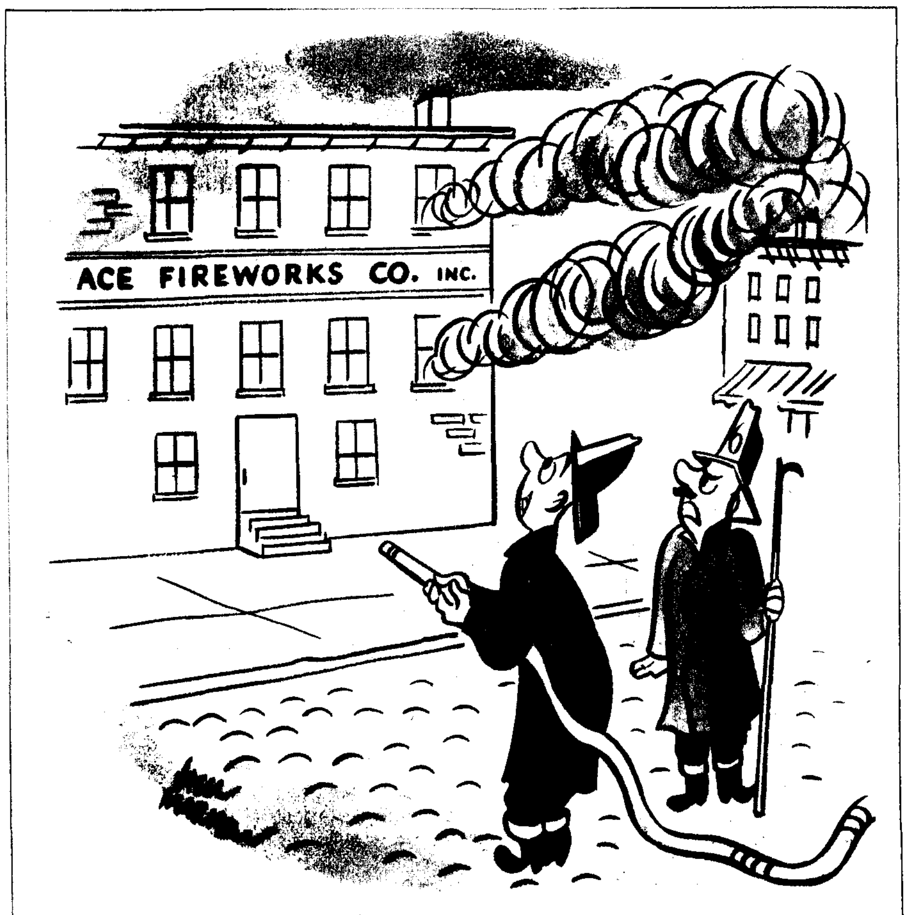
"Then how did he track you to Northbank?"

"I don't know." Monica bit her lip. "Unless Eddie Drew told him. Eddie was Bob Arlington's partner, on and off. When I left Bob they had a gambling joint together—the Canyon Casino at Los Juegos, Nevada. Last time Bob was broke, I pawned a little ring that my mother gave me before she died. It wasn't very valuable—there were three little diamonds in it—but I wanted it back for sentimental reasons. So I sent Eddie Drew the money and the ticket and my address. I asked Eddie not to mention it to Bob, but maybe Bob saw the letter."

"Now tell us why you moved the body," Ritter said.

"But I didn't. I woke up a little before four and—"

"Sure, we know. You found your husband standing at the top of the stairs." The detective made a gesture of disgust. "You know what I think happened? I think you killed Arlington to keep his mouth shut, and then went to bed and worried about it until your husband started sleepwalking. You came back downstairs, dragged your ex-boy friend to the steps so it would look like an ac-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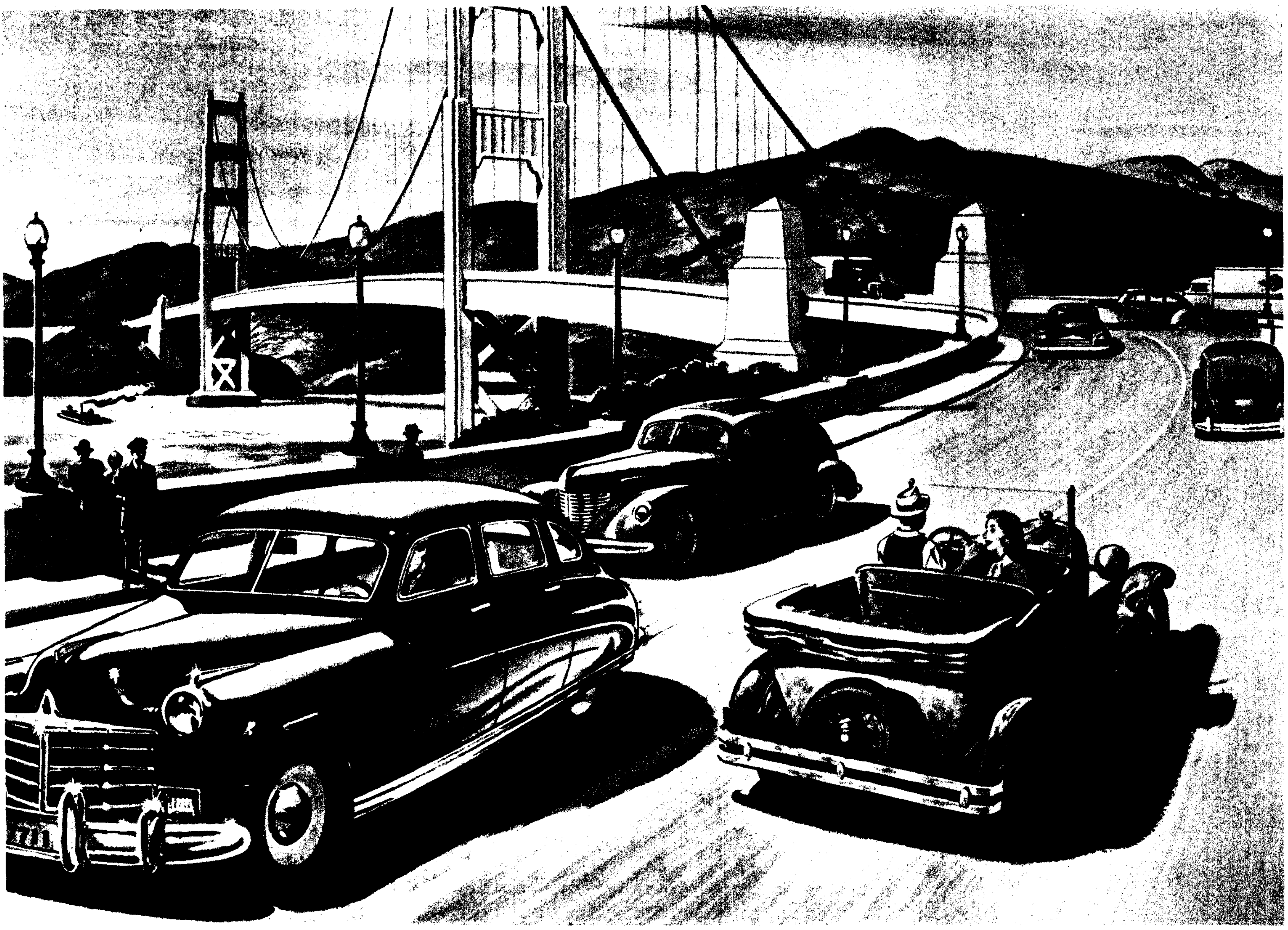

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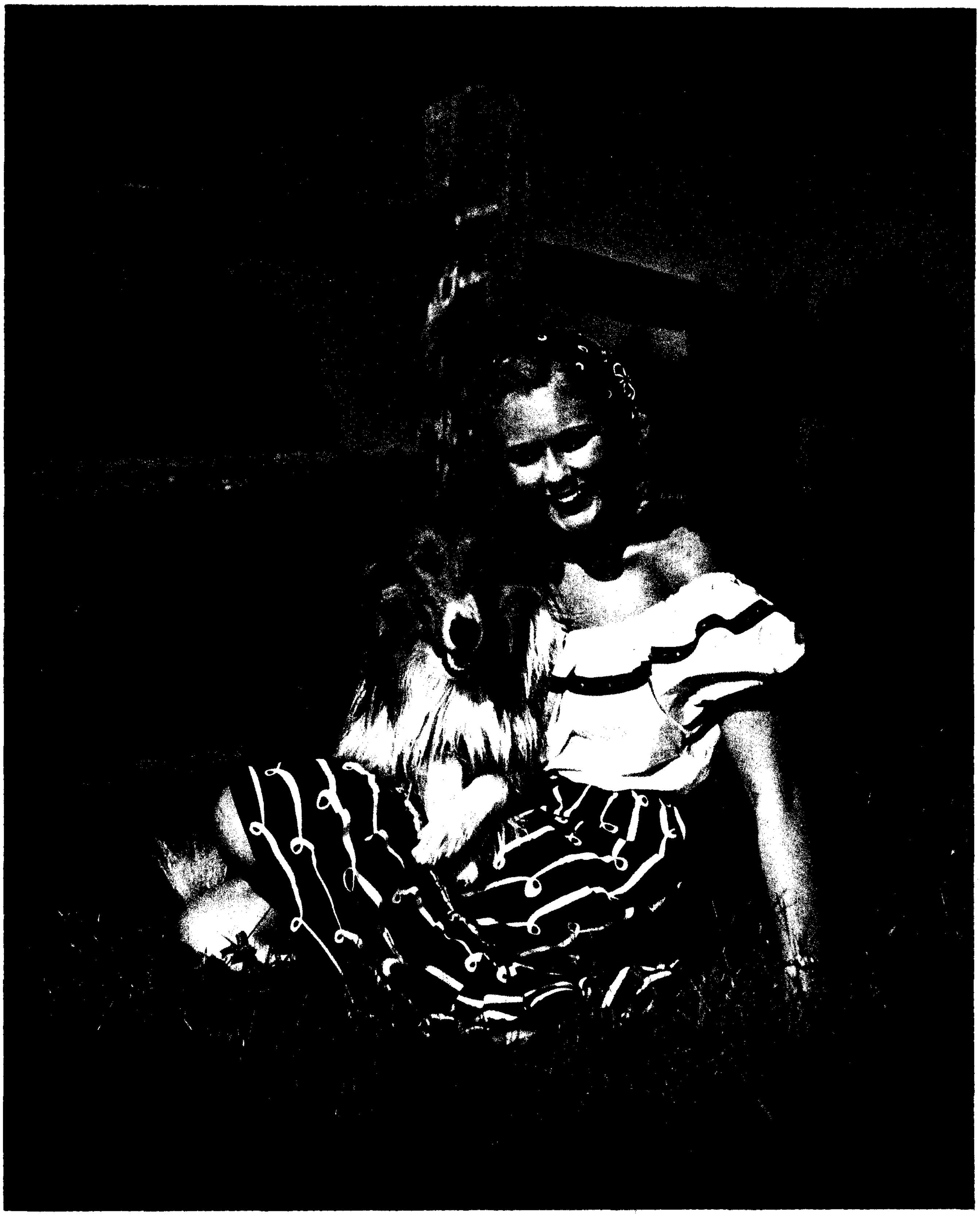

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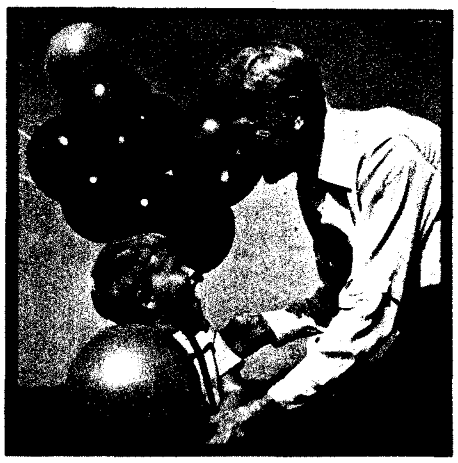

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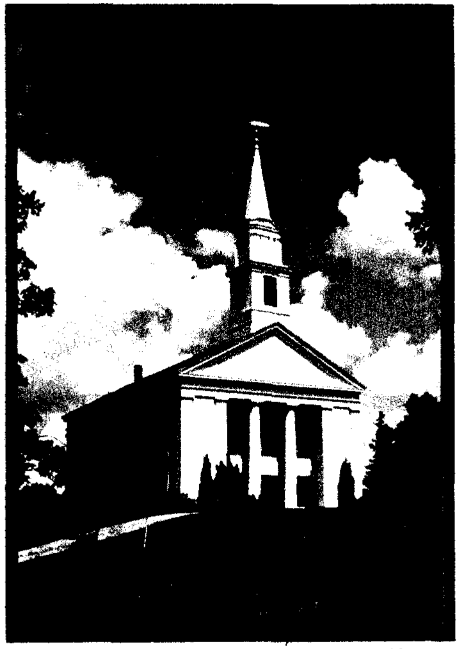

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cident. Then you woke up your husband and let him think he did it."

Monica Smith hesitated a long time before she replied.

"All right," she said at last. "Let's say that's what happened. You know, Lieutenant, there was one fine thing about these terrible three days: I found out I really love Jonathan. You can't know what it meant to me to be able to look at Bob Arlington and not get all hot and cold inside, with my knees turning to jelly—to know that all I ever felt for Bob was over and dead and would stay dead, even if he stayed around for years, saying the same flattering things he used to say, with the same charming smile. I'm grateful to him for that—for letting me know that I love Jonathan deeply and sincerely, that I'd do anything in the world for Jonathan. Anything. Why don't you arrest me for the murder of Bob Arlington? I certainly should have killed him. Why don't you arrest me?"

"Maybe I will," Max Ritter said, "after I find out what you used to crack his skull with. But first— Hello, Brody."

The plain-clothes man who had just come into the kitchen said, "There's a guy out here with a story you ought to hear, Max. He says he lives next door."

"Bring him in, Brody," Ritter said. "Mrs. Smith, go upstairs and take your husband a cup of coffee, so he'll stay awake. I don't want him walking around in his sleep while I'm in the house."

The man from next door said his name was Pelham. He had come home from a card game shortly after midnight, he said, and thought he saw a shadow moving about in the shrubbery of the Smiths' yard. He had said, "Good evening, Professor," but there was no reply, and the man—if it were a man—had disappeared. He worried about it as he undressed for bed, and half an hour later, as he opened his bedroom window he looked out again—and again he saw a shadow moving in the shrubbery. This time he got a flashlight and shined the beam into the Smiths' yard but he did not see the prowler, if it were a prowler. A moment later a car which he had not noticed before drove away from in front of the Smiths' house. The taillight was out and he could not see the license plates. Then he noticed the lights were on in the Smiths' living room, so he thought no more of it—until he saw all the police cars out front this morning.

Ritter thanked Mr. Pelham and promised to call on him again. Then he took Dr. Coffee upstairs again to confront the Smiths with their neighbor's story.

THE Smiths could offer no explanation. They had had no visitors. They had heard no car drive away from the house after midnight. The living-room lights were out when they went upstairs, because Arlington had already retired to his room.

"We went to bed at ten thirty," said Jonathan Smith.

"I'd slept very badly for two nights," said his wife. "I just couldn't keep my eyes open last night. I must have been fast asleep by eleven. And I didn't wake up—"

"We know, we know. Till nearly four o'clock." Max Ritter raised his hands in a gesture of surrender, but there was no surrender in the set of his tight lips. "Get dressed, you two. We're going downtown. I'm going to hold you as material witnesses."

On the stairs, Dr. Coffee said to the detective, "Max, I've got to go upstate to do an autopsy for an insurance company. I probably won't be back until tomorrow. But if you find anything, take it right to my lab. Dr. Mookerji will be there."

"The swami again? What do you think I might find, Doc?"

"Since Arlington probably died sitting up, examine all the chairs for stains. Send the stained fabric to Dr. Mookerji and ask him to test for blood. He may even be able to type the blood for you, in which case he'll want blood samples from your suspects and from the victim. You might also make scrapings from under Arlington's fingernails. They're pretty black for a man who obviously sees a manicurist regularly."

"I noticed that," Ritter said. "I'm likewise a little inquisitive about why his undershirt was ripped."

"Another thing, Max. The body wasn't dragged. I didn't see any marks on the rug or floors. So look for possible bloodstains on the clothes of whoever could have carried him."

"I'll look," the detective said. "See you tomorrow, Doc."

DR. COFFEE returned to Northbank by the early morning train. He went directly to his laboratory in Pasteur Hospital, where he found Dr. Motilal Mookerji, the rotund little Hindu intern who was his resident pathologist, extremely busy. The Hindu's pink turban bobbed excitedly as he carried a rack of test tubes across the laboratory. He did not see Dr. Coffee come in. Neither did Max Ritter who sat on a tall stool, his back to the door, watching Dr. Mookerji drip liquid from a glass rod onto squares of white blotting paper.

As green stains appeared on the blotting paper, a broad smile appeared simultaneously on Mookerji's round face.

Dr. Coffee put down his bag. The Hindu and the detective both looked up.

"Welcome, Doctor Sahib! Five times welcome!" Dr. Mookerji exclaimed. "Am just now becoming assistant detective to Leftenant Ritter."

Dan Coffee watched the green stains spread and darken. He asked, "Benzidine test?"

"Leucomalachite," the Hindu replied. "Am happy to announce positive reaction for presence of blood."

"Hi, Doc," Ritter said. "I find a flatiron in the Smiths' kitchen. It has a couple of hairs sticking to it, and a brown spot that's maybe rust and maybe not. The swami here says it's blood. So we find the weapon. I also cut a piece of fabric from the back of a big chair in the Smiths' living room. The swami says that's got blood on it, too."

"Two bloods," Dr. Mookerji amended. "Was able to make extract from stain sufficient for agglutination, and procured splendid double reaction for AB type blood cells, plus O type cells. Having previously classified blood of late deceased Mr. Arlington as O type, can state that person of AB type likewise mingled blood on furniture."

"So it looks like our killer maybe got a finger caught under a corner of the iron when he smacked Arlington," Ritter said.

"The fact that he's in the AB group is going to narrow your field considerably," said Dr. Coffee. "Only one person in twenty has AB type blood. Did you take a sample from Professor Smith?"

"Have offered to do so," Dr. Mookerji said. "Would greatly enjoy blood relationship with such distinguished ichthyologist as Jonathan Smith."

"You didn't tell me you knew this guy Smith," Ritter said.

"Acquaintanceship to date is only vicarious." The Hindu sighed. "Before opting for medical profession, was contemplating career in fisheries department of Indian Civil Service. Was then on intimate terms with Professor Smith's book on Mutations of Teleostean Fishes, which is extremely monumental and scientific work. Am informed Professor Smith is currently engaged in surveying catfish situation in Northbank. Would therefore greatly welcome opportunity for comparing American catfishes with Hindu species entitled *mahseer,* which inhabit unsalted waters of Indian mountain streams and are somewhat delicious when eaten by non-Brahmans. Would—"

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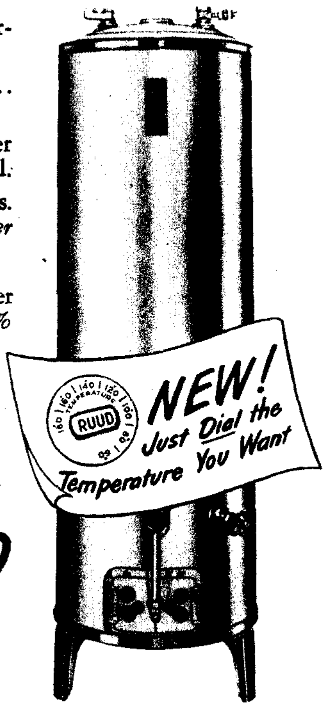

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"We won't need any more samples," the detective interrupted. "I think I already know who killed Arlington."

"Mister or Missus?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Come along and see for yourself." Ritter looked at his watch. "I'm going to make the pinch now. But we'll have to make it snappy, because my pinch is strictly by timetable."

ON THE way to Kanold Street, Dan Coffee asked, "Did you give Dr. Mookerji a look at the fingernail scrapings, Max?"

"I did," Ritter said, "and the swami says it's good rich topsoil, with just a soupsong of fertilizer."

"You know, Max, I've been wondering why the Smiths didn't jump at the chance of pinning Arlington's death on an outsider," Dr. Coffee said. "The chance was offered on a silver platter when their neighbor told the story of the prowler at midnight. Why didn't they take it? Aside from the fact that each of them suspects the other, they're both probably telling the truth when they say they were asleep at midnight—which must have been the time that Arlington was killed."

"Doc, you've got the makings of a detective," Ritter said. "That's exactly my line of thinking since you left yesterday. If it's a third party, I ask myself, who is it? Well, I get to thinking about little Monica's story yesterday, and I telephone the chief of police at Los Juegos, Nevada. I ask him about the Canyon Casino. The chief says the Canyon Casino is closed down since about two weeks, and that it is the general belief among the stoolies in Los Juegos that the casino is closed because one of the partners skipped with the bank. And since Partner Eddie Drew is around town for a couple-three days after the casino closes, dead drunk until he jumps in his car and takes a powder, it is the general belief that Partner Bob Arlington is the guy who skips with the money. So I get Eddie Drew's description from the chief, and I put it on the ticker with a ten-state alarm to pick up a car with his Nevada license plates. One hour later my own boys pick up a car with those plates in a downtown parking lot, right here in Northbank."

"Interesting," said Dr. Coffee.

"Damned interesting," the detective said. "Because if Eddie Drew kills Arlington, why is Eddie Drew's car still in Northbank? The only answer I come up with is this: Drew doesn't find what he kills Arlington to get. And what does he kill Arlington to get if it isn't the bank from the Canyon Casino which Arlington is supposed to elope with? So maybe the open suitcases and the clothes that clutter up Arlington's room ain't Arlington getting ready to pack, but Drew digging for that dough. And maybe the torn undershirt is Eddie Drew looking for a money belt. And maybe— Hey, here we are."

The car stopped in front of the Smith house and the two men got out. The plain-clothes man sitting on the front steps waved a smoking cigarette at Ritter.

"What gives, Brody?" Ritter asked.

"Nothing," Brody said. "Except that gardener came back. You said it was okay to let him work today; he's around back, gardening his head off."

Ritter led Dr. Coffee to the back of the house where a red-faced man in overalls was spading in a dahlia bed.

"You can quit digging now," Ritter said. "I already found what you're digging for."

The man in overalls looked up from his spade and wiped the perspiration from his red face. "Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

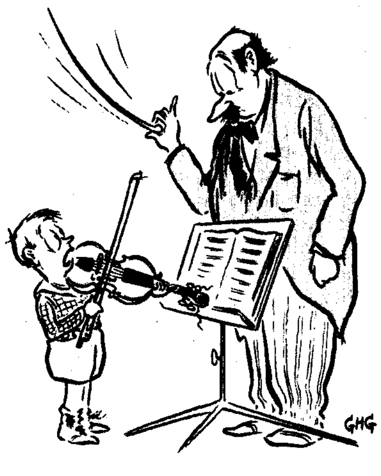
"It don't make much difference who I am," Ritter replied. "But it makes a hell of a lot of difference that you're Eddie Drew from Los Juegos, Nevada. How'd you hurt your little finger, Eddie?"

"I caught it in a door," said the man in overalls. "And my name's not Eddie. I'm the gardener here. Mrs. Smith told me to spade up the back yard. You can ask Mrs. Smith."

"Maybe Monica will cover for you," the detective said. "And maybe she won't. In any case, I'm going to pinch you for the murder of Robert Arlington."

"Slow down. Who's Arlington?"

"He's the guy that buried sixty thousand dollars here in this yard, night before last, when he got wind that you were in town," Ritter said. "He buried it with his bare hands, and you guessed it when you saw the dirt under his fingernails after you conked him with a flatiron. So when you couldn't find the money on or about Arlington's person, you went out to do a little digging yourself, until the next-door neighbor put a flashlight on you and scared you off. Then you decided to do a little daylight gardening, figuring that Monica Smith wouldn't have the heart to put a finger on you when she recognized you."



"How long will it take before my parents are convinced I'm not cut out for this sort of thing?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"I don't get it," said the man in overalls.

"You didn't get the sixty G's either," Ritter went on, "because I noticed the black nails myself, and I did my own digging last night. The money's down at the station now, and I think we ought to go down and look at it. We'll also look for a parking-lot stub that maybe you got in your pocket. And since you got a smashed little finger, we'll take a sample of your blood so Doc Coffee can tell us if you're an AB type." Ritter looked at his watch. "Come on, Eddie," he said.

ANOTHER police car was pulling up as the trio reached the front of the house. Monica Smith was the first to get out of the car. Her feet seemed to freeze to the sidewalk when she saw the man in overalls. She blanched.

"That double-take is identification enough for me, Eddie," Ritter said. "Mrs. Smith, why didn't you tell me Eddie Drew was in Northbank?"

"I didn't know he was in Northbank," Monica said.

"Let's quit playing games," Ritter said, "or you'll talk yourself into jail as an accomplice after the fact, Mrs. Smith. Eddie Drew wouldn't be hanging around this house full of cops unless he was damned sure you'd cover for him. When did you talk to Eddie last, Mrs. Smith?"

"He telephoned night before last," Monica said, "but I didn't know he was in Northbank. He said he was calling long-distance."

"Why did he phone?"

"He said he heard Bob Arlington was here, so he was coming to town to pay him a visit—and that I'd better keep my mouth shut, or he'd open his—to Jona-

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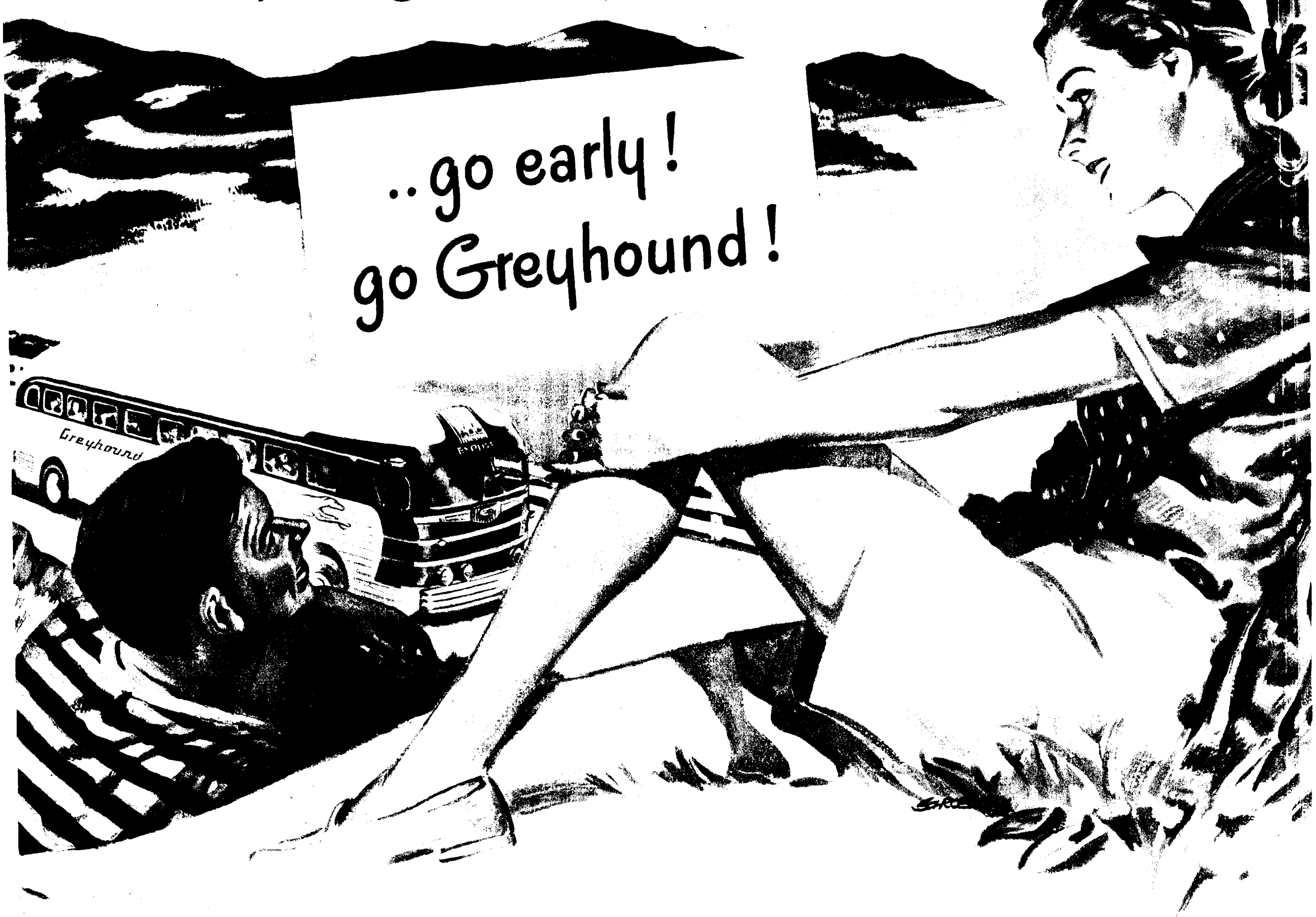
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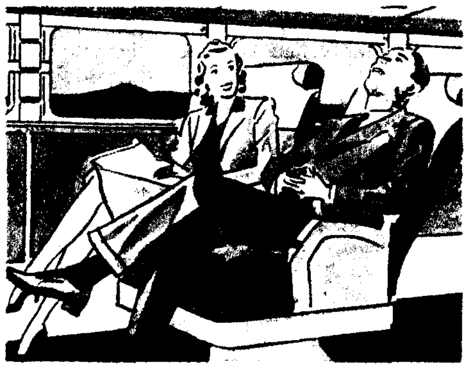

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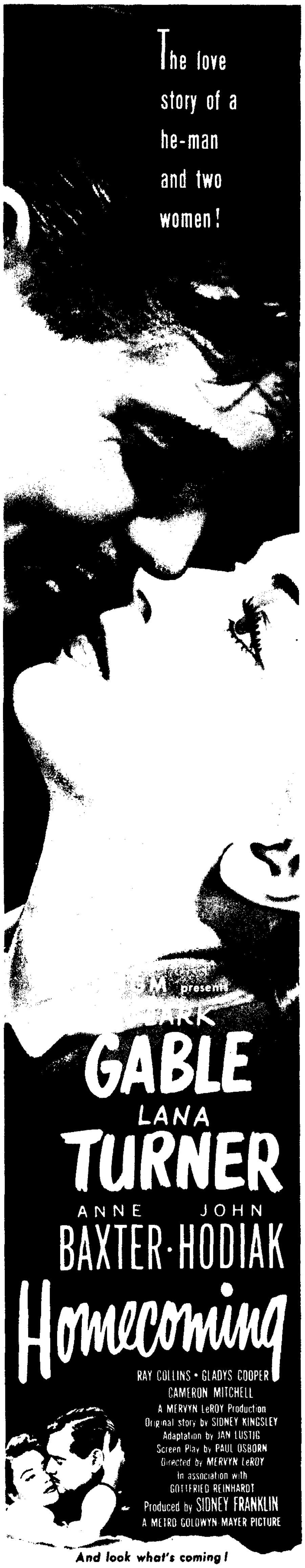

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than. He told me if he showed up as a plumber or a handy man or anything like that, I'd better say I sent for him—or else."

"So when I mentioned the gardener yesterday, you knew it was Eddie."

"I thought so. But I thought he'd just arrived."

"Mrs. Smith, Eddie's going to think you're mighty ungrateful for spilling the truth like this," Ritter said, "because he probably figures he did you a big favor by killing Arlington."

"Eddie killed—?" The shock of surprise gave way to the shock of realization and relief. Monica folded into a pretty little heap on the sidewalk. Jonathan Smith lifted her gently and carried her into the house.

"I guess that's all, Eddie," said Max Ritter, reaching for his handcuffs.

MAX RITTER and Dr. Coffee were sitting in the living room of the Smith house, talking to the ichthyologist.

"I think your sleepwalking nights are ended, Professor," Dan Coffee said. "I don't think you'll have any more nightmares about fighting an intruder in your home. But you may have to explain in court why you moved Arlington's body."

"Why do you think I moved it?" Smith asked.

"Arlington was killed while sitting right there." Dr. Coffee pointed to a chair from which a big piece of upholstery had been cut. "He continued to sit there long enough for post-mortem lividity to settle in his legs, so he couldn't have walked to the stairway. And your wife, much as she loves you, isn't big enough or strong enough to have carried the body. That leaves you. You must have wakened three or four hours after the murder. You saw a light downstairs, got up to investigate, and found Arlington dead in the chair. You were afraid that your wife had killed him, so you put out the lights, carried the body to the stairs, and staged your sleepwalking act. So you must have suspected that Arlington was your wife's former boy friend. When, Professor?"

Smith smiled sheepishly. "Almost immediately," he said. "Arlington was remarkably familiar with my book, but then we talked of matters not in the book, and I realized he was faking. He didn't know, for instance, that the *Gronias*, the *Leptops*, and the *Noturus* are also genera of catfish. When I realized he was an impostor, I had an overwhelming desire to see him together with Monica. I deliberately brought him into my home. I was glad I did. Monica was uneasy and a little frightened by the situation, but it was quite apparent that her old love for Arlington was quite dead. That's why I thought she may have killed him—because he had threatened her, perhaps, if she did not come back to him. And of course I had to protect her. By the way, what is the penalty under the law for moving a dead body before the arrival of the coroner?"

"None, maybe," Max Ritter said, "if a fellow did it in his sleep and dropped the body on the stairs when he woke up."

THE END

ARE WE SHORT OF WATER?

Continued from page 15

Russia or the coming Presidential election. They've something more urgent on their minds—vanishing water. Irrigation is to dry Arizona's economy what lifeblood is to a human being. Two thirds of this lifeblood comes from below the ground and a third from rains and rivers. So swiftly is Arizona's underground supply being drained away in some places by overpumping that A. N. Sayre, the government's top expert in this field, says the state's plight will be desperate unless remedial measures are taken immediately. S. F. Turner, U.S. engineer at Tucson, said: "The situation is so critical it can no longer be solved solely by drilling new wells."

No wonder. In the Eloy area of Arizona's Pinal County, water is being mined eleven times faster than it can, naturally, be put back. In Maricopa County it is being taken out eighteen times as fast, and for Arizona, as a whole, twice as fast. The result, government geologists found in southern Arizona, has been that in several areas water levels have dropped 55 feet in six years.

The water table is not getting a chance to come back. As farm produce continues to bring premium prices, Arizona farmers get more land under irrigation and dig more wells. Some land has already returned to desert because of lack of water. Three hundred and fifty thousand acres, or about a third of all that state's arable land, face the same fate. As this is written, the Arizona legislature, convened in its sixth special session, wrangles over a law to slow the sapping of the state's water lifeblood.

Said a frightened Arizonan:

"Unless such a law is passed, and unless the state finds new water sources, we won't only be shipping out bees and cattle like California. We'll be shipping out people."

Arizona's case is not unique.

In the Panhandle's high plains area, at Lubbock, Texas, farmers swamped local merchants this spring with demands for pumps, gobbling them up at the rate of 50 a day. It costs about $6,700 to dig a well in the outlying dry country, but with wheat bringing more than $2 a bushel farmers figured it was worth it. The result was that where only 1,100 wells tapped the underground pools of the Panhandle in the 1930s, 7,200 drain it now.

Yes, drain. Every year nature recharges, or stores, enough water in the area to cover 50,000 acres with a foot of water (50,000 acre-feet). But last year alone Panhandle farmers withdrew 750,000 acre-feet. That's fifteen times as much as nature could put in! Down and down goes the water, and deeper and deeper go the wells. In 14 years, overpumping has lowered the water table 40 feet.

Some Texans have learned what prodigality of this sort leads to. When ground water gave out at Aspermont, an oil town 100 miles west of Fort Worth, a barrel of good drinking water brought in from neighboring towns could fetch more than a barrel of oil.

Other Americans are learning to import water, too. At Coalinga, California, drinking water must be hauled in by tank cars from 45 miles away. The town's wells finally had gone so deep they hit salt beds which made the water unfit to drink.

Long Beach, California, scene of vast aircraft production during the war, isn't importing drinking water yet, but galloping salt encroachment from the sea is giving the town a bad fright. Thirsty war factories and a mushrooming community gulped so much water from underground pools that water levels, once above the sea, are now as much as 75 feet below sea level. As the fresh water retreats, the ocean seeps into the water-bearing beds and puts wells out of business. Already in possession of a two-mile beachhead, the salt water invader is pushing forward several hundred feet every year, and townsfolk talk of building a sort of underground Maginot line of concrete to contain it.

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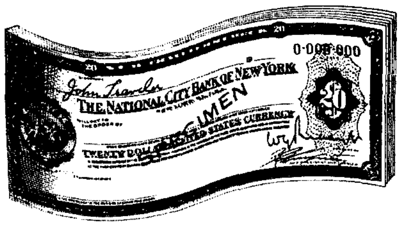

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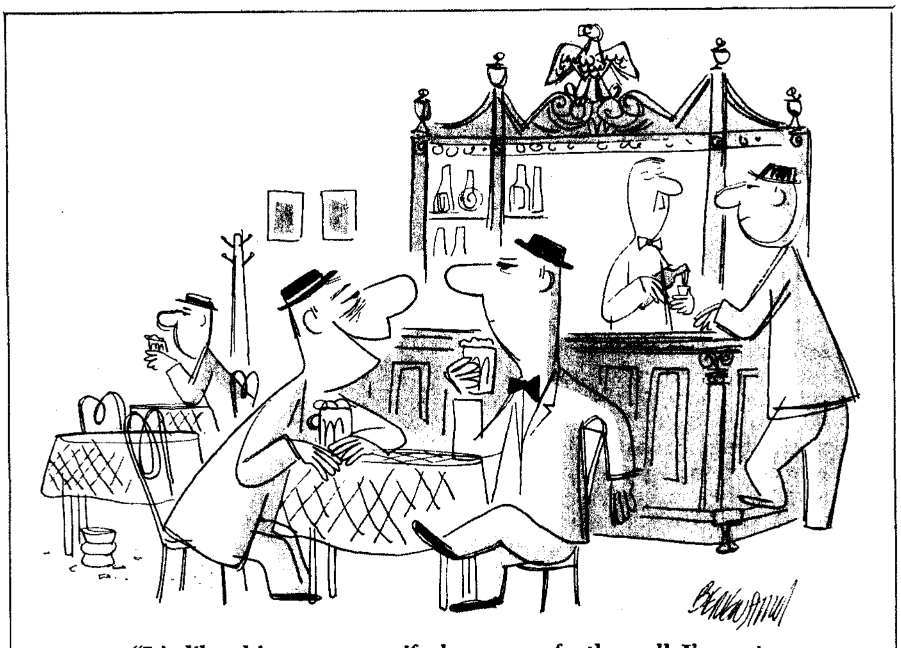


"It's like this, see, my wife knows perfectly well I'm not at the office, an' I know she knows, an' she knows I know she knows, an' I know she knows I know she . . ."

COLLIER'S STANLEY BERENSTAIN

Southwest. The Middle West, and the East, too, generally unperturbed about water, are drawing down their underground supplies. Water levels under the downtown district of Louisville, Kentucky, have dropped 40 feet in ten years, and in the town's outskirts, distillers and synthetic-rubber producers hoard their water like misers to forestall their war-born dread—vanishing water. At Indianapolis the water table below the center of town is down as much as 50 feet. Air-conditioning systems, the newest arrivals at the water trough, have been gulping giant draughts of the city's water and are posing this hard question for the rest of America, too: What to do about it?

Baltimore had to reduce pumping at the beginning of the war when wells became contaminated with salt. Philadelphia's water has been tasting more like Epsom salts every year. Brooklyn's water used to arouse as much comment as the Dodgers because overpumping pulled it down 35 feet below sea level and gave it a rank, musty taste.

"The way we've used up our ground water without regard to the way nature puts it back is scandalous," said government geologist Sayre.

A limiting factor now on industry and agriculture in some areas, the scarcity of water will dry up our future growth unless we know how much water is available and then use it wisely, he added. We can only go as far as our water will go.

Here's why: It takes 65,000 gallons of water to produce a ton of steel (water is used chiefly for cooling). It takes seven to ten gallons of water to produce one gallon of gasoline. It takes fifteen gallons of water to make one gallon of beer. It takes 800,000 gallons to irrigate one acre of oranges. And when we get around to making synthetic fuel from coal or shale it will take as much as 50,000,000 gallons of water per plant per day. Where's the water coming from? Much of it will have to come from wells, for more than half of our daily water—or 20,000,000,000 gallons—comes from underground.

The industrial East has its water troubles cut out for it. The problem is growing, but things are coming to a head in the arid and semiarid Southwest. In California there are two kinds of weather: "perfect" (which means all sunshine) and "unusual." San Diego calls itself "heaven on earth" because it rains only nine days in a year. Rain is rare in southern California and in the Southwest from May through September. The fertile land there is largely a reclaimed semidesert area that by the grace of water taken from underground or rivers is blooming with oranges, dates, cotton, grapes and alfalfa. As one California farmer put it: "You're just a slave to your well, or to your irrigation ditch."

It's not his name, but call him Elmer Clay. Clay has his grove in lush San Joaquin Valley. Nightly he would be lulled to sleep by the double-beat, sighing rhythm of his well pump.

With each stroke, the rod and plunger would shoot 400 feet into the earth and force up the gushing water. Down, up, down, up, chough, chough, chough, went the pump, playing a lullaby. That meant to Clay that all was well with his world; that his 20 acres of oranges would bloom, that tiny Valencias would come and grow steadily through the rainless summer and fall. Then one night he sat up suddenly in bed, awakened as rudely as if a bell had clanged in his ear. But he hadn't been aroused by a sudden noise. He had been awakened by a sudden silence.

Failure of Well Was Ruinous

It was the pump. The even beat had ceased, and now after a moment there came an uneven hammering. The next morning Clay knew the worst. His well was dry. His pump was sucking air and rattling itself to pieces. A new well and pump would cost at least $4,000. Already mortgaged beyond his means, Clay bitterly turned away from his grove.

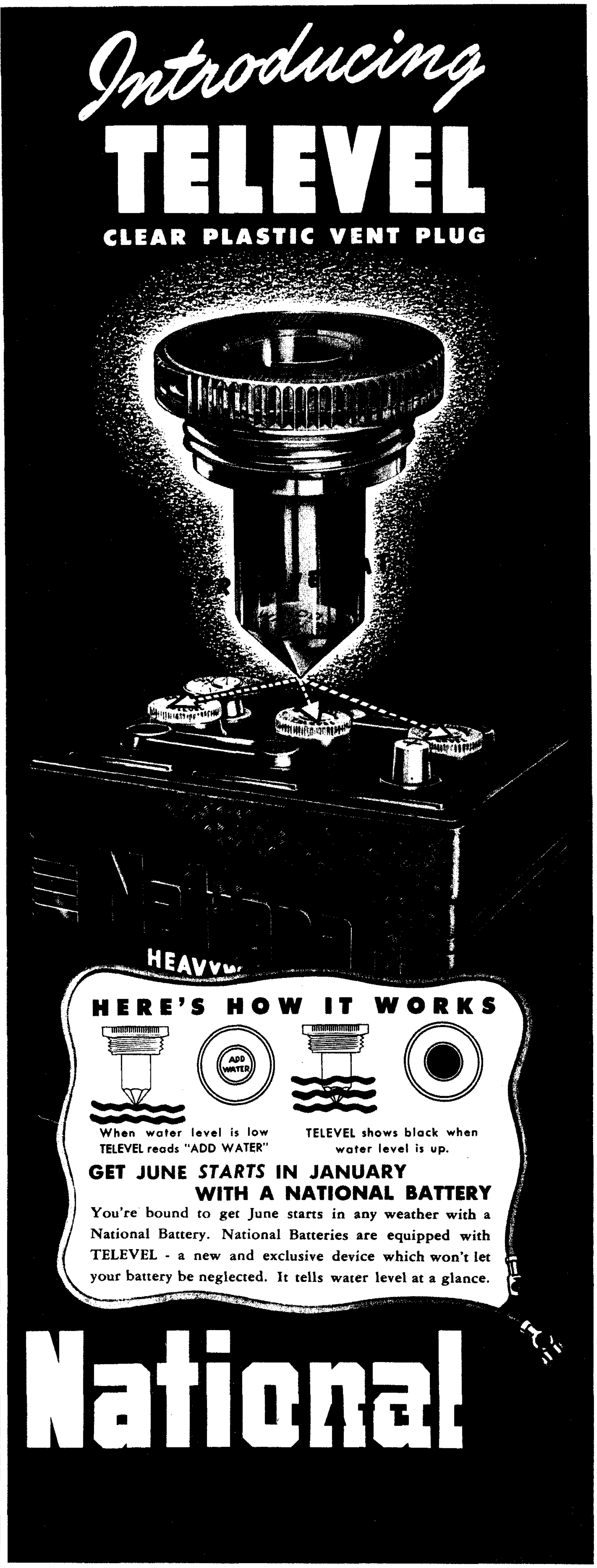
"Banker, come and get her," he said.

Clay had cause to be bitter. He had bought his grove just two years before, paying $2,000 an acre for it. A fantastic price? You might as well have tried to convince an old forty-niner the investment in his gold diggings was too steep. For gold is coming to California's 500-mile-long Central Valley—liquid gold in the form of river water. The government's Bureau of Reclamation will spend more than $3,000,000,000 in the next decade to alter the courses of two rivers, build 20 reservoirs and cut a dozen canals to open up land for 50,000 new farms.

But the new canals are still some years off, and Elmer Clay's well gave out before government water could come to the rescue. Other wells throughout the valley are giving out too. The reason is that, lured by the promise of ample water, farmers and speculators have started a land rush, opening up arid lands, sinking more wells and sinking them deeper, and draining off the underground water.

"Let me show you what's going on in this valley," Richard Stark, a prosperous orange grower at Lindsay, California, urged. "You've got to see it from the air to appreciate it."

We climbed into a four-seater Fair-



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child and were soon bumping along high over the southern San Joaquin Valley, with its geometric pattern of orange groves, cotton and vegetable farms and white towns. From an altitude of 1,500 feet, evidence of the great drought could be seen everywhere. To the west, the peaks of the Sierra Nevada wore tiny caps of white, and through the afternoon haze the foothills showed a uniform, dusty brown.

"What a pitiful sight!" Stark exclaimed. "At this time of the year (early March) the mountains are usually white with snow halfway down their sides and the foothills are a deep green. Those grazing lands," he continued, pointing to a bare, gray waste of land, "should be ablaze with poppies and lupins. This year there's nothing."

Cattle Sent to Distant Pastures

The grazing lands were as bare of cattle as they were of flowers. Some 100,000 head of steers had been shipped to Idaho and Colorado and whatever other states could provide pasture.

"Now watch this," Stark said, as we passed over the parched bed of the Tule River and swung south toward Bakersfield, the southern terminus of the Central Valley. Below there appeared signs of vast activity which even a newcomer to the area couldn't mistake.

We could see, interspersed among the green patches of old cultivated land, thousands of acres of raw land being newly rolled and leveled in preparation for planting. With their straight-cut furrows the newly broken lands stretched away as far as the eye could see, like so many pieces of precisely ruled graph paper.

High prices for cotton and onions and carrots and lettuce and spinach were luring hopeful farmers to break the raw lands. So was the prospect of ample, new irrigating water. Both attractions may lead the farmers into a tragic trap.

"Every one of those thousands of newly broken acres down there will have to be irrigated with water from wells," my guide said. "We have no other water yet. That means we'll need one and a half to three additional acre-feet of well water for every new acre. Now, where's the water coming from?"

Because there's a power shortage in California as well as a drought, Central Valley farmers may not be able to keep their pumps going the required 24-hours a day, and so they face disaster this summer. But even if there were no power shortage, the arithmetic of the water situation just doesn't add up.

The point is that a canal, now under construction, the Friant-Kern, will bring 800,000 acre-feet of water annually into an area that now needs about 2,000,000 acre-feet. That leaves a deficit of 1,200,000 acre-feet to be made up by pumping. But nature doesn't put that much water underground each year into the southern San Joaquin area, and the water must inevitably give out unless ways can be found to recharge it artificially.

The exhausting of the water supply has gone a long way. At Delano, which lies in the heart of the newly developed country, underground water levels have dropped 220 feet in 20 years, and wells now reach 1,200 feet into the bowels of the earth. Other districts all over the San Joaquin Valley are losing their water at alarming rates. Someday soon California must cut its farming to fit the water supply.

If the water situation in the San Joaquin Valley keeps farmers awake nights trying to figure some way out, the problems in addition and subtraction posed by the Colorado River are still more of a nightmare to the whole Southwest. Once a savage torrent that terrorized the desert country with its floods, the river has been tamed by three monumental dams and loaded down with a water-supply burden too much even for its great resources. It furnishes power and water to *seven* states.

Man proposes great plans for southern California, Nevada and Arizona. But the Colorado River disposes. One of these days it will serve an ultimatum: The feverish growth of the Southwest must stop! The seven dependent states have made claims on the Colorado that add up to more water than *it* can furnish them. Someone someday will have to decide which areas shall stop growing—which of the kittens in the litter must drown.

The two states most determined to grow and live in the manner to which the war accustomed them are California and Arizona. More people have moved to California during the last several years than there are in the whole state of Virginia. About 2,000 migrant families pour in every week. On a smaller scale, Arizona has enjoyed a similar expansion. The consequent cries for water have the desperation of a thirsting camel driver.

So bitter has the struggle for the water hole become that the threat of civil war has flared up. When federal and California engineers started work on the Parker Dam to tap Colorado River water for Los Angeles, Arizona called out its militia and its navy. Arizona's navy, several river barges loaded with militiamen, held up the work at gun point for six months, until the U.S. Supreme Court shooed it away.

Now, with thousands of Arizona acres dying for lack of water and with trains and busses disgorging new migrants to California daily, the row is heading for a showdown. It all began with the Colorado River Compact, a sort of domestic Yalta agreement that was to have parceled out the Colorado's waters forever. Instead it led to endless wrangling. Full of loopholes, generalities and ambiguities, Law of the River has furnished a continuous field day for lawyers, engineers and politicians for 25 years.

Seven States and One River

Two sets of states, seven in all, signed the compact. Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and New Mexico, comprising the upper basin of the river, agreed to take 7,500,000 acre-feet a year between them. Arizona, California and Nevada, in the lower basin, agreed to split another 7,500,000 acre-feet. The compact seems to have declared an additional million acre-feet to be "surplus," to be divided by California, Nevada and Arizona later. But nobody will quite agree on this. A separate treaty with Mexico gave that country 1,500,000 acre-feet of Colorado River water, presumably from the California, Nevada and Arizona share, but nobody will agree on that either.

One thing is painfully apparent. When you add up all the claims of the seven states and Mexico, you discover why the arithmetic of the Colorado River is giving everyone a headache. There are 1,000,000 acre-feet *less* in the river than the seven states claim!

Arizona wants 1,000,000 acre-feet of additional water to save one third of its arable land and is pushing a $780,000,000 project in Congress to get it. If Arizona succeeds, that million acre-feet will have to be taken from southern California's share. Mushrooming Los Angeles is now using part of that disputed million acre-feet to provide drinking water, baths, lawn sprinkling and jobs for its 2,000,000 citizens and it expects to tap the remainder as it grows still bigger. The city went to great expense to get that water.

Los Angeles has acted like Aesop's provident ant in the matter of water and is now a have among a crowd of have-nots. In the habit of doubling its population every ten years, the town used up two water sources in the process and had turned its eyes toward the Colorado River as early as 1922, long before the present need arose. Through the Im-

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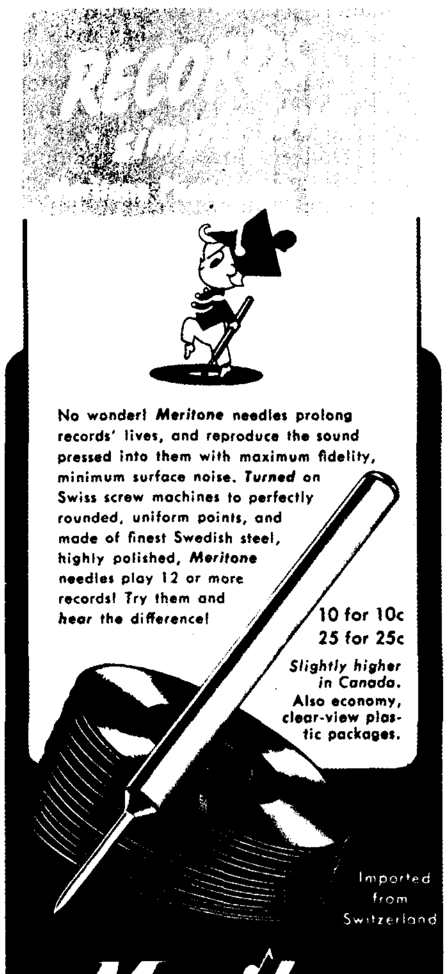

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perial Valley Desert, over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, through steel pipe and open canal, Los Angeles now lugs water 350 miles. The cost to the city and its neighbors in the Metropolitan Water District for constructing the system was $225,000,000. The federal government spent another $500,000,000 on three dams that were needed to make the water diversion possible.

Clay Elder, Los Angeles water engineer, says grimly, "You don't think we've gone to all this trouble to give up our water rights, do you?"

"It's almost impossible to get the states to agree," Governor Earl Warren of California informed me.

As a solution he has proposed that the issue be settled by arbitration or by decision of the Supreme Court. A bill seeking a court decision is now before Congress.

Meanwhile, the seven Colorado Compact states continue to battle over water as if they were sovereign countries fighting over access to uranium for atomic bombs. Any state, like Arizona or Utah, that seeks federal funds to build a water-yielding project must count on bitter opposition from jealous compact neighbors. Cries of "Spy!" have even been heard. When a Colorado State water engineer left his job to take a similar post with California, Governor Lee Knous of Colorado sent a bristling telegram to Governor Warren. California had captured an employee who had highly confidential Colorado water data, Governor Knous charged.

All this proves that the energies of Westerners, as well as Easterners, are likely to be directed toward opening up new supplies of water or battling over old ones. Little effort has as yet gone toward conserving water, the only alternative. Although both California and Arizona are running out of water, neither state, at this writing, had thought it necessary to adopt laws requiring as much as a permit for a man who would dig a well.

California and Arizona are no more derelict in this regard than most other states. Only eight of the forty-eight have laws governing the use of underground water. In the others a man is free to punch a hole down into the earth until he strikes water. If he drains off a neighbor's supplies there's nothing that the neighbor can do about it. Or if an office-building owner wants to use his town's underground resources for air cooling, there's nothing to stop him, either, from letting it run down the drain after he is through with it.

Most of the eight states that conserve their underground water passed their laws under compulsion of bitter necessity. The Roswell Basin in New Mexico used to boast huge flowing wells that yielded 9,000,000 gallons daily. By 1925, many wells had stopped flowing. The artesian water levels were sinking. As the water table went down, money interest rates in the area went up. Bankers would take no chances on farm land whose water was failing. The state called in the water experts of the United States Geological Survey. They found the wells were losing water through holes in the casings and that, anyway, the water was being overpumped.

A Conservation Law That Works

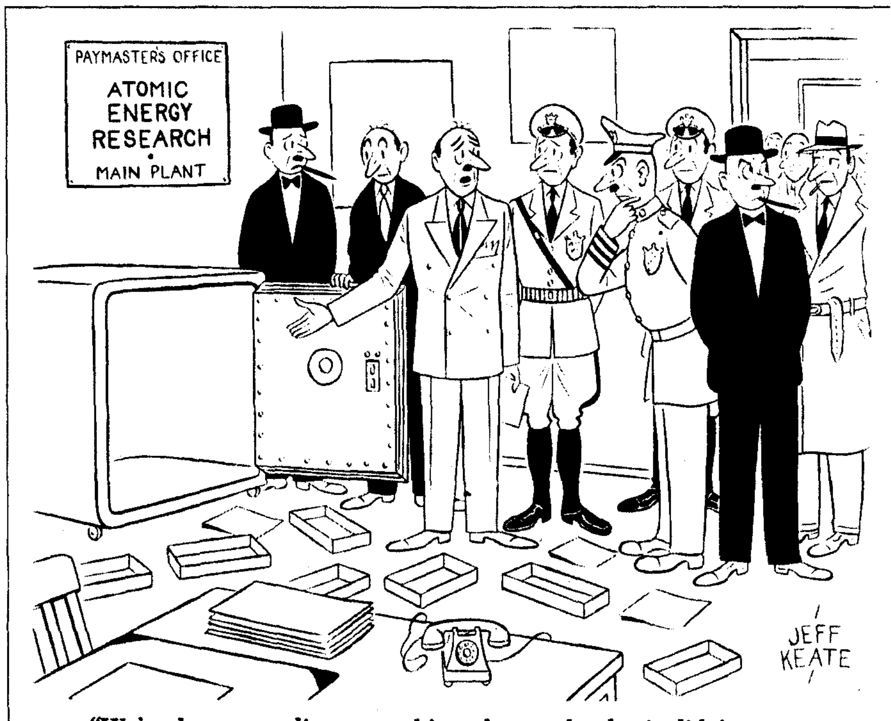
A state control law, passed in 1930, requires permits for drilling wells and empowers the state engineer to require that leaking wells be plugged. This has been a successful conservation program. Forty-five thousand acres were being irrigated in the area in 1930. Now the figure is 100,000 acres. And interest rates are down again.

A New York State law requires that for every well sunk to provide air conditioning in the four Long Island counties, which include Brooklyn, another must be used to return the water to the ground.

The average American requires more than 100 gallons of water each day. Only part of it is used for drinking or washing. Most of it is needed by the industries or farms that support his community. Europeans use only a quarter of this—a key to the difference in the standards of living. Like the car and the radio, ample water is part of our way of life. It is even part of our national defense. During the last war some 300 proposed war-plant sites had to be discarded because of water scarcity. Should another war come, geologists warn us, it would be more difficult to locate plants than ever before. The situation, geologists insist, is by no means hopeless. But as in the case of our mineral and other resources, it is time we take stock of how much water we have and learn how to use it without using it up.

One hundred and forty-five millions of us can't live on this continent of ours without drawing on its water. We found we could use wood and still conserve trees. We can do the same with water. It looks as if we'll have to stop letting our most basic resource flow down the drain.

THE END



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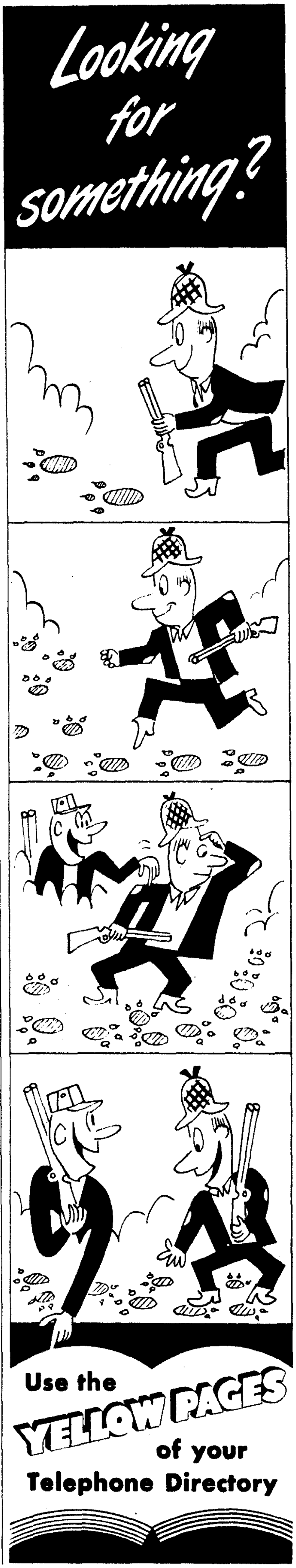
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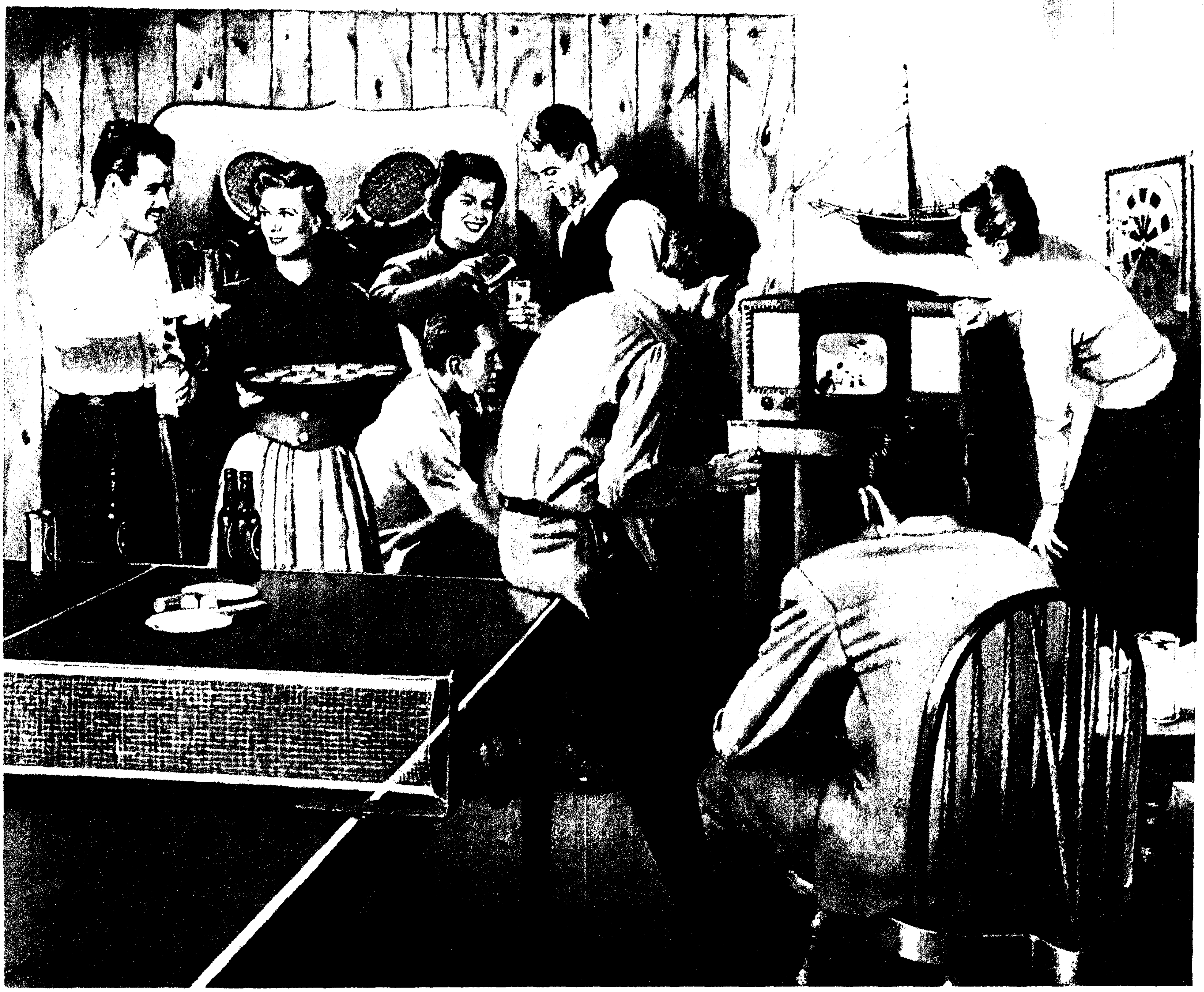

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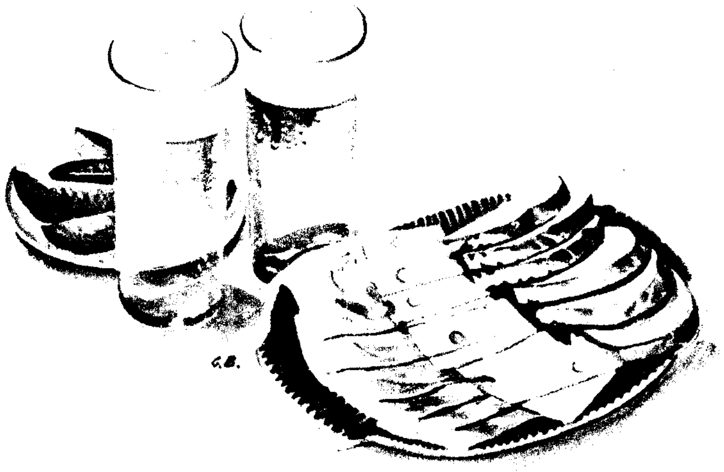


THE FLIGHT

Continued from page 17

John began to laugh. He said, "My God, I quit." He patted Nora's hands and walked across the room to Andrew. He stuck out his chin and still laughing said, "Bless you, my children. You've got me sold." He wanted to shake hands again with Andrew but Andrew, smiling, didn't notice. "Let me go along and stand up with you," John said.

Andrew shook his head and said, "No, we don't want that."

"I mean it," John said. "Let me see you off, at least. Isn't there anything I can do to help? Any arrangements? Will you call me?"

NORA burst out laughing, then found herself weeping. John walked between them to the door, an arm around each. Nora recovered her composure, her eyes sparkled and she said goodby gaily. They went down the stairs to the car. Nora said, "Well, it was grim and yet it wasn't. Sometimes I think John's a lunatic. He's always so feverish and he never seems to really mean anything."

They got in the car. Nora curled up on the seat beside him and rested her head on his shoulder. She said, "Drive fast."

They left the town. Andrew drove the car at fifty over the winding black road. The wind whipped upon them in a series of soft rapid thuds. Nora put a hand over her hair and closed her eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" Nora asked.

"This and that," Andrew said comfortably.

He was thinking that he had been sixteen, and a precocious Columbia freshman, when Nora was born. He had been twenty-two and a working poet when Nora started to school. The next year he had been twenty-three and the husband of Velma Todd, who had a great deal of money and who liked to live in Europe. It seemed in retrospect that everyone was happy in those days, like children playing games. He remembered that he was bitter enough when Velma ousted him for an Italian surrealist, in effect didn't pick him when she chose up sides, and he had nothing left to do but walk away down the road kicking rocks.

Some of his work, that he had written between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, was still published in the anthologies; he saw some of it now and then, and felt that he had been dead a hundred years. He thought he would write a play, a bitter savage play, and he lived for a while in a weathered frame shack on a hot sandy island off the tail of Florida, until he discovered that even this denunciation of himself, this play, was not genuine but as superficial as everything else in the world had become during his seven years with Velma.

In his youth he had been tormented by a sparkling crystalline awareness of the world and there was no other purpose in life but to capture this awareness in what seemed to be its essential form, poetry. But the color had fled. He looked through a gray veil and saw only a flat cardboard life that left him totally indifferent. He found the war an escape from boredom in some measure, and came out of it with a determination to go someplace if only because most of the others coming out seemed to have someplace to go.

That year he had been thirty-two. Nora would have been sixteen, getting ready for college, going to her first subscription dances, earnestly experimenting with the Parson's Punch. After two years of aimlessness he used what connections and reputation he still had to get a job as instructor in English Literature at Jordan. He believed that he was willing by then to settle with the future for a little down and modest continuing payments of the most infinite humdrum so long as he got in return a place where he could belong. But at the beginning of his first term he met Nora. . . .

He swung the car into the Baltimore Pike. A sign over a brightly illuminated and garish diner offered hot dogs and hamburgers. Andrew pulled to a stop on the concrete and Nora looked out and said, "Oh, no."

"I want some coffee," Andrew said.

They went in and sat at a counter.

"A place like this always makes me feel lonely," Nora said. "Doesn't it you?"

"I don't know," Andrew said. "I'm always scared."

"I meant lonely."

"Same thing." He drank the hot coffee and burned his tongue.

Nora said, "I've got to get back soon. I'm not even signed out at the hall."

Andrew was silent. He nibbled his tongue and looked at the black face of the coffee in the cup. He thought that he didn't know about anything, himself least of all. If he were noble he would walk out on Nora and she would forget him before next year, but he wanted Nora more than he wanted nobility. He reflected on what John had said, and he could find no argument for himself. He had been married before to a rich woman and she had thrown him out and he was trying to be married again to another rich woman, and perhaps that was all that was honest in his soul, and anything else was kidding himself. But the world had become real again with Nora. That was more than honesty that could be analyzed; that was a simple point of faith.

"I wish we hadn't told John," Nora said. "I wish you'd stop worrying about the way he talked."

Andrew grinned. "Well, I can understand why your parents object to me."

"Oh, they said a lot of things that aren't true. They said you were an alcoholic, for one thing."

"I'm not thoughtful enough."

"They didn't like John either, for that matter. He came to New York to see me last spring and they were awfully upset."

"Well, they like me less."

Nora laughed. "Yes, that's so. What's happened to how good we felt an hour ago?"

"Listen to this," Andrew said. "Who strikes my girl strikes more than me but strikes his immortality. I've been trying to remember it. It's something by somebody like Ramier."

She watched him fondly. She said, "You're so nice like that."

"Like what?"

"Just like that. Let's go back."

At the door they found that it was raining. It rained sluggishly, with deliberation, big drops falling lazily.

Nora held out her hand and grabbed a drop of rain on her palm and doubled up her fist. She said triumphantly, "Once in a million times." She opened her hand and the raindrop was gone. She said in regret, "Oh, it hit too hard." The rain increased and they left the doorway and ran to the car.

THE next day was Friday. Andrew found time to go in to Philadelphia to check the departure time of the rusty lumber steamer Helen Scott. The ship was an old one but the cabin reserved for Andrew and Nora was clean and comfortable and the master was a good guy whom Andrew had known during the war.

They had planned on traveling by sea because there would be less chance of interception if anything went wrong, but Nora would like the Helen Scott, Andrew thought. It would be a good beginning. Sailing time was at midnight Saturday.

In the evening he had dinner with Nora at the Alexandra Inn, on the edge of the campus, where he was living. She went to her hall early. She wanted to pack and get things ready, more or less surreptitiously, as well as she could before morning. Andrew sat in the bar at the inn until midnight, reading a book, and then went up to his room. It was hard to sleep.

He was still awake when his door opened and he heard Nora's voice.

He switched on a lamp. He said, "What's happened?"

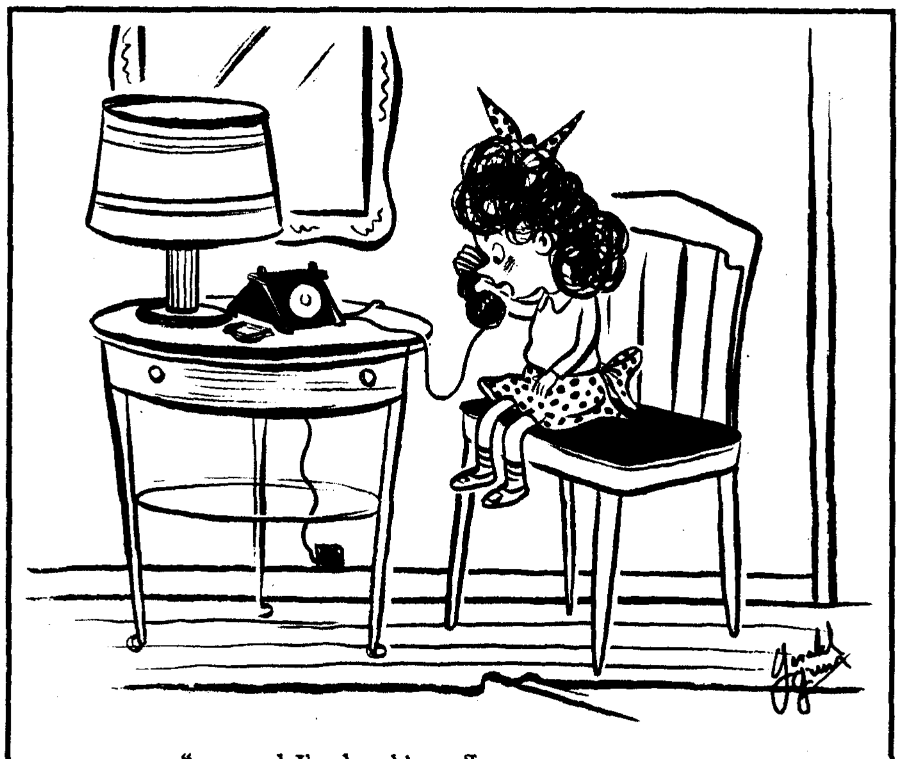
Nora closed the door and crossed the room and sat on the edge of his bed. Her eyes were shocked and frightened.

"Mother just telephoned."

"They know about it?"

She nodded. Her face was white. She looked at him with sadness that seemed to be sadness only for him.

She said, "Daddy's had a heart attack



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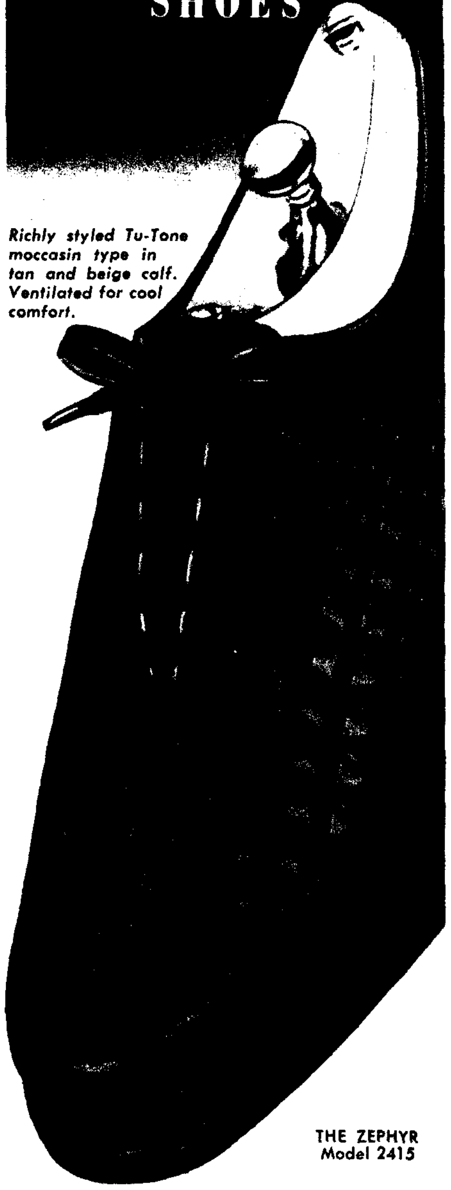

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and he's very bad. Mother says for me to please come home."

"Who told them?" Andrew asked. "Was it John?"

She looked at him curiously. She said, "No. I sent them a wire yesterday."

Andrew said nothing.

"I thought it would be more honest. The things John said frightened me. I was sure nothing they could say would stop me."

He said carefully, "Were you sure of that?"

She bowed her head and put her arms around him. She said, "No, I don't know. I've had the funniest kind of feeling, as if I've known all along what was going to happen."

He held her close to him. Her arms were trembling.

She said, "They'll want to keep me at home. They'll want me to leave college. Will they be able to change anything?"

"I don't know."

"They'll make it look so ridiculous," she said.

"What time is it?"

"Almost two."

"You'd better get back."

"I'm all right. I'm just afraid. I'm afraid that I can't keep believing myself if I go home. It's come to mean so much more than just going to see him if he's sick. But I can't do anything else, can I?"

Andrew got up and went into his bathroom and dressed.

She said when he came back, "I sneaked out of the hall. But I don't suppose it makes any difference now, does it?"

Andrew smiled. He said, "I doubt it."

They left his room and walked down the stairs and through the empty public room.

They walked together down the curving street. The moonlight lay like silver on the sycamores. It was a warm, bright night. The trees were thin-armed and stripped but there was no autumn in the air. A ripple of dry dead leaves ran before their feet.

Andrew said, "When are you going to go?"

"Right away, I guess. I'll drive up tonight."

They came to a corner and stopped. After a few seconds of silence they turned to the right and went on.

She said, "I wish I didn't have to go to the hall. Everyone will be so concerned. It will be good and rough."

She took his hand in hers. The leaves rustled to their steps.

She said, "Listen to our feet in the leaves."

"There's the fountain."

They stopped again.

"I don't know what to say," Nora said. "I want to say so many things."

Andrew bent his head and kissed her.

She said, "Darling, there isn't anything I can do but go."

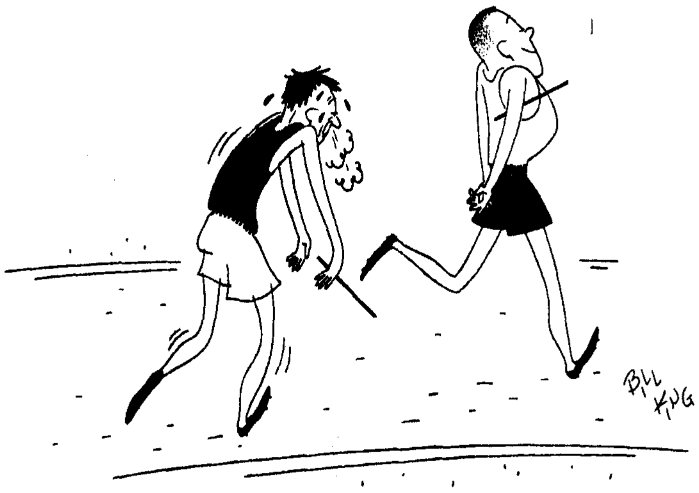
Andrew put his wide flat hands on her arms and stood facing her. He said, "Good night."

She smiled briefly and composedly and sighed and said, "Good night."

ANDREW dropped his hands from her arms and she turned and walked a few steps and then ran, as if in flight. Her white skirt flashed among the white boles of the trees.

He waited for some time, hearing nothing but the babble of the fountain and the whisper of the leaves. Time was elastic and could snap away the last six weeks as though they had not been, but that was only inside yourself. He walked back the way he had come. A wind sprang up and rolled over him and curled about him and plucked lightly at his sleeves. The sky was an arch of cold spring steel polished by the moon. He had the sensation of walking endlessly through an empty world.

THE END



SPORTING ODDS

Coach Emil von Elling, assistant American Olympic track and field coach, once saw one of his crack New York University relay teams finish both first and second in a race—without anybody being disqualified.

Here's how it happened. In the Boston A.A. games some years ago, the gun sounded for the last lap of the race. Ed Stripling of New York University, the anchor man, blazed away with everything he had and crossed the finish line well ahead of Lou Burns of Manhattan College, who had to be content with second place. Then the official discovered he had made a mistake. There was still another lap to go! The exhausted Stripling staggered around another lap, but was easily passed by Burns. Manhattan College won, after New York University had finished both first and second in the same race.

—Paul Gardner, New York, N. Y.

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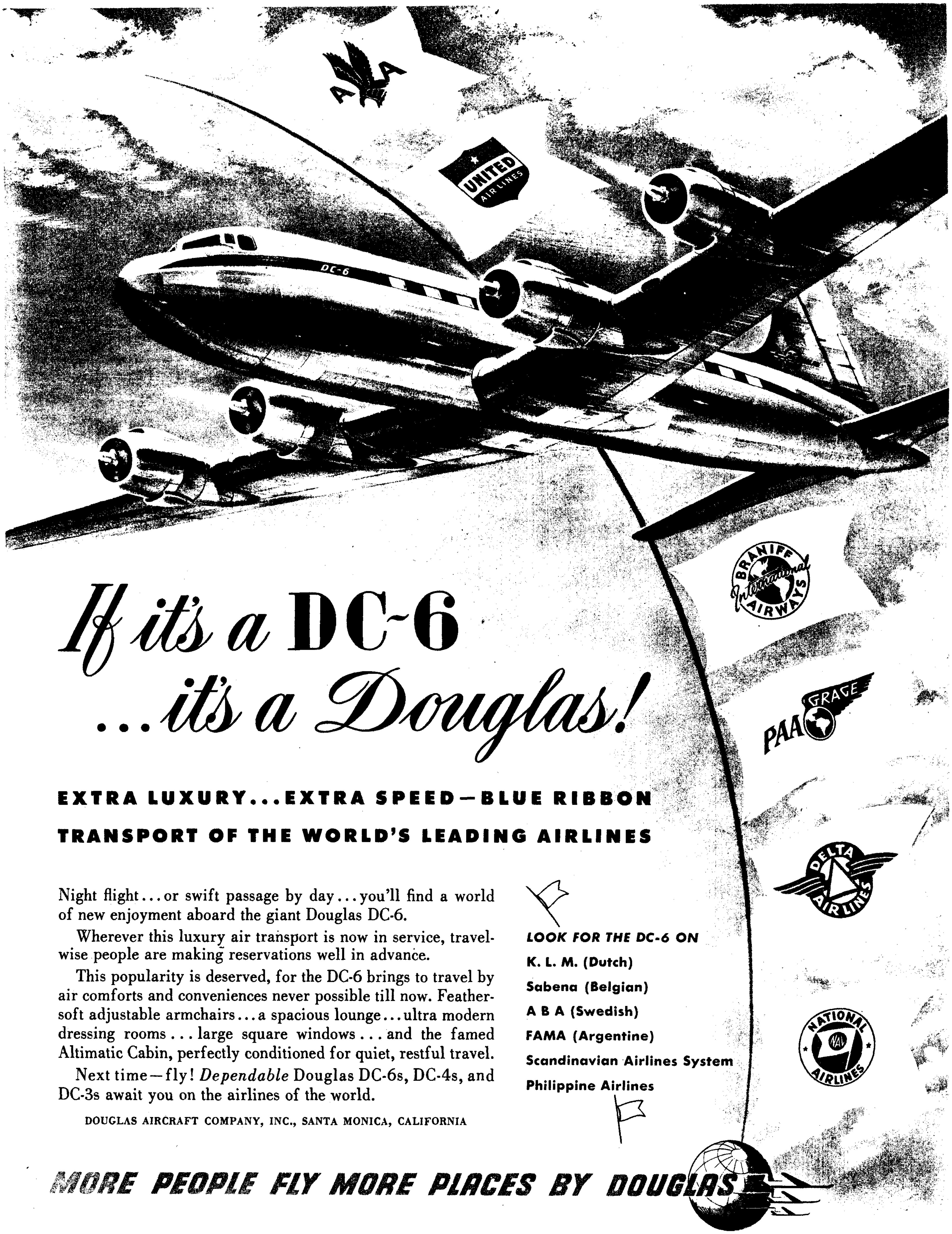
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

THE NEW LOOK FOR MEN

GENTLEMEN: Instead of giving constant advice on women making themselves agreeable to the male eye, why not reverse your procedure? Ninety-nine per cent of the women would agree men could work on these:

(a) The hair. I honestly believe a man washes his hair only once a week, and practically never brushes it.

(b) Most men's postures and builds are atrocious: They're built like kangaroos, have pouches, slouch, shuffle or mince; keep their chins sunk in their untidy shirt collars. Why the "stronger sex"?

(c) Men's hands are usually so rough they feel like sandpaper; and they either bite off their finger- and toenails, or let them grow till they break off.

(d) Clothes: Most men go around looking as if they hadn't a cent in the world to buy clothes; their shirts are without buttons; their suits always look slept in.

(e) As for their manners, they stink. They enter doors before ladies, slamming the door in their faces; they bowl elderly gentlemen over to get bus seats; they poke fun at pregnant women; and talk about girls who supposedly have a "rep." And they say women are catty. Men are egotistical, conceited and snobbish!

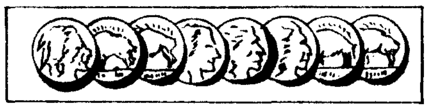
SHIRLEY LANTZ, Kearney, Neb.

NO TRICK TO IT

DEAR SIR: Regarding There's a Trick to It (Mar. 27) there really is no trick to it at all if you stack the coins right from the start. It isn't necessary to turn the coins over when placing them on the bottom of the stack nor is it necessary to place the last 2 coins on the table and slide apart. Now hear this: Stack coins thusly—2 heads, 1 tail, 2 heads, 3 tails. Place first coin on table, place next coin on bottom of stack *without* turning over. Continue this process until stack is exhausted and the result will be the same, head, tail, head, tail, etc.

HARRY M. DAY, Traverse City, Mich.

. . . I disagree with Mr. Mulholland. I have a solution that will work without fooling the spectators with the last two coins. I stack the coins as follows: top, a head, next two tails, next three heads, last two tails.



When all but two coins are on the table, the top coin is turned over and put beneath the second. You don't have to put them on the table and slide them apart, as they will be in their proper order.

A. T. TELLEFSEN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Mulholland says his readers are right in their respective ways. "I wrote, 'It is unlikely that spectators will be able to repeat the feat,' but I am not surprised Collier's readers are prepared to perform the unlikely. However, readers have attacked this entirely as a puzzle and what made a trick of it is the element of confusion of the original version. And with the trick ending, the spectator can't do the feat even when told the order of the coins."

SARAH LAWRENCE, WHERE ARE YOU?

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In Campus Crusader (Apr. 3d) I must correct you on one point. Sarah Lawrence College is not in Bronxville, but rather in the city of Yonkers. Bronxville is not a town—even an incorporated village. It is merely a small section of the fifth largest city in the State of New York—Yonkers. We are very fond of Sarah Lawrence; we give it tax exemption, and provide it with municipal services and would like to be credited with the fact that the college is within our city limits. OLGA ALFINI, Yonkers, N. Y.

. . . What's all this fuss about where Sarah Lawrence is? All Yonkers has declared war on Collier's for this terrible geographic lapse. As far as the World Almanac, the Information Please Almanac and yours truly are concerned, Sarah Lawrence is in Bronxville. Where do you think I get off the train when I go to visit my girl up there?

PETER FREBUS, Noroton, Conn.

MR. ACE IS WILD!

DEAR SIRS: Your listings of the linguistic marvels of Mrs. Bunny McLeod are amusing, but I'm afraid the style is not entirely her own. Jane Ace has been doing it for years. To begin at the beguine, as Jane would say, she mangled the language on "Easy Aces," and now she's doing it on CBS's "mr. ace and JANE." She says that she and her husband have been together a long time—in fact, they're practically insufferable. She holds him in the hollow of her head, though she often complains that he's such a tightrope. They have relatives too humorous to mention, including some who speak with a Southern drool. Jane is a person of moderate habits, never one to monotonize a conversation, and she boasts that she doesn't drink or smoke—she's a totalitarian. I hate to pass a McLeod over your horizon, but the fact is that Jane got there first. WALTER MURPHY, Jackson Heights, N. Y.

BEATING THE WAR GUMS

DEAR SIRS: The very core of the whole problem (There's Too Much War Talk, Apr. 3d) is whether the United States is going to declare herself the leader of the world and back up her declaration with force *if necessary*, or if she is going to be content to take second place. . . .

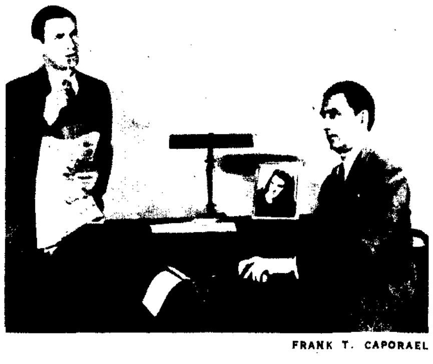
PAULINE VALMORE, Detroit, Mich.

. . . The inflammatory press and some broadcasters are doing their best to drive the world into another war. I do hope other leading magazines will discourage this war talk. The release of Navy reports of submarines off the Pacific Coast seems to me unwise. In times of peace have not all nations the right to cruise the seas three miles from shore, either for training or observation? Are not our ships cruising about the world, and maybe this summer will be in the waters north of Russia? If we are to preserve the peace we must talk and write peace and not war.

JAMES E. ALLEN, President Emeritus, Marshall College, Huntington, W. Va.

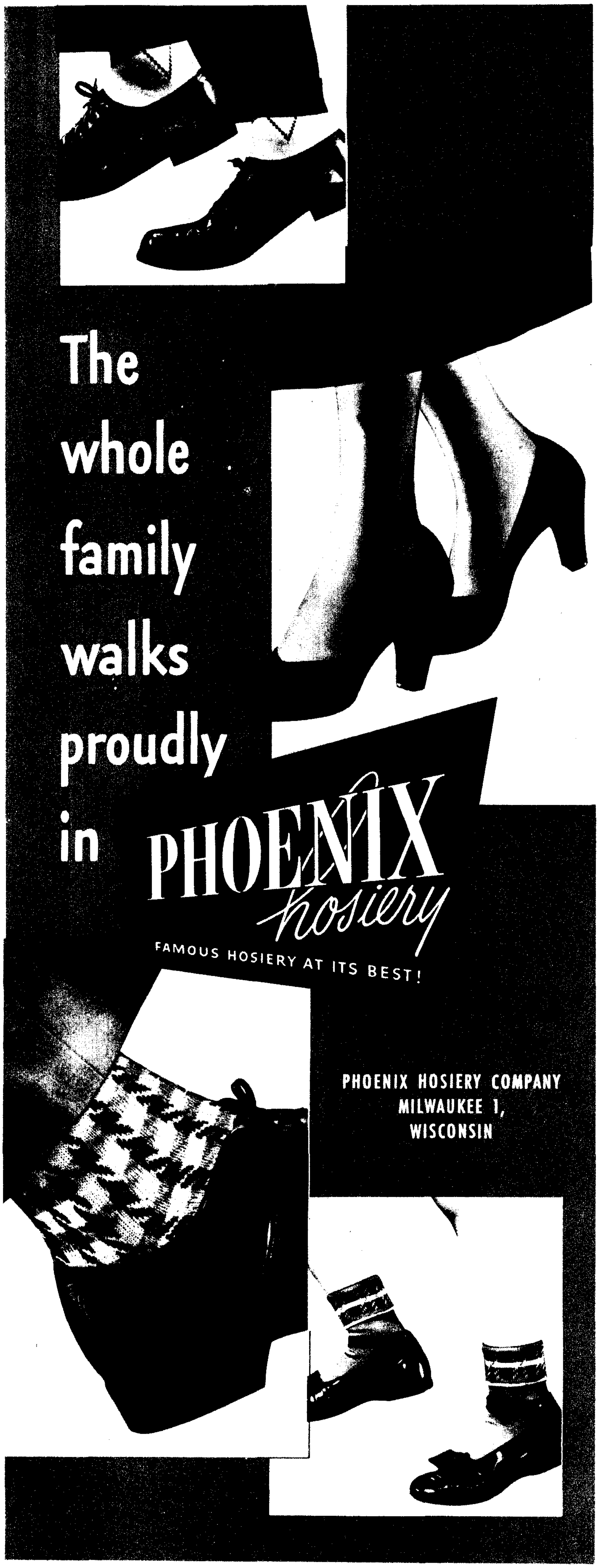
COMPLEAT LETTER WRITER

DEAR SIR: Ted Shane's thumbnail sketch of Jack Cluett (The Week's Work, Mar. 27th) makes me wonder what Mr. Cluett looks like when he gets his secretary to Take a Letter. Is he the kind of person I think he is, a jolly, fat, laughing chap who sits on his secretary's lap, instead of vice versa? MARION HUNTER, Troy, N. Y.



FRANK T. CAPORAEL

Mr. Cluett, above, is wiry, married and in the habit of splitting his personality in order to get twice as much dictation done.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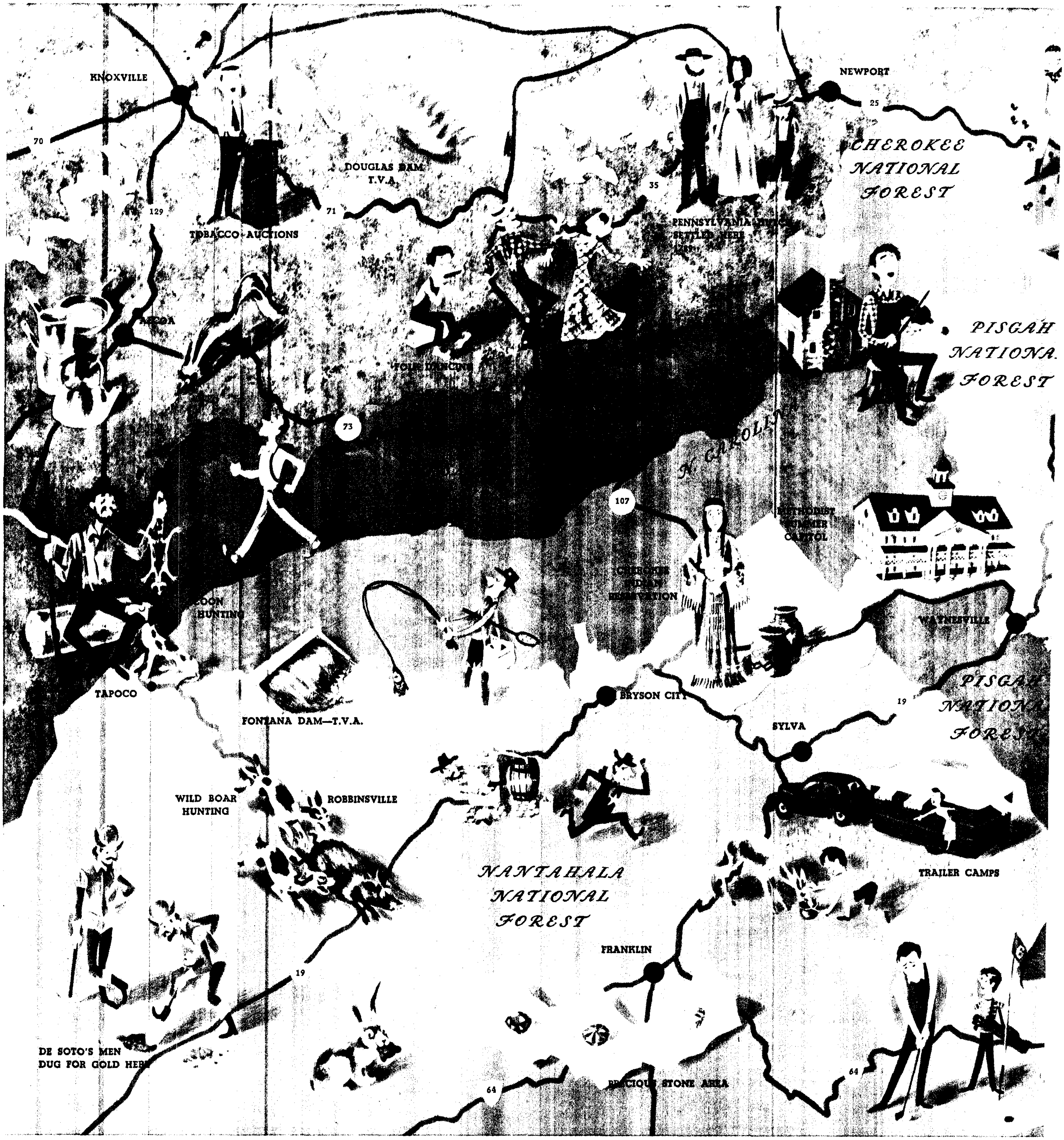
KNOXVILLE
70
129
TOBACCO AUCTIONS
ALCOA
DOUGLAS DAM T.V.A.
71
35
NEWPORT
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CHEROKEE NATIONAL FOREST
PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH SETTLED HERE
FOLK DANCING
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PISGAH NATIONAL FOREST
N. CAROLINA
107
METHODIST SUMMER CAPITOL
CHEROKEE INDIAN RESERVATION
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BRYSON CITY
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SYLVA
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NANTAHALA NATIONAL FOREST
TRAILER CAMPS
FRANKLIN
19
DE SOTO'S MEN DUG FOR GOLD HERE
64
PRECIOUS STONE AREA
64

ROUTES: From Knoxville; National Road 129 to Tapoco (55 miles); Tennessee 73 to Townsend (35 miles); Tennessee 71 to Gatlinburg (38 miles). From Asheville; National Roads 19 and 23 to Waynesville (29 miles); alternate 19 from Waynesville to Cherokee (23 miles). Tennessee 71 and North Carolina 107 cross the National Park from Gatlinburg to Cherokee for a distance of about 32 miles. All these roads are paved: within the park are 56 miles of high-standard roads, nearly 50 miles of secondary roads, 675 miles of horse and foot trails. Some roads may trouble drivers not familiar with mountain driving. Get advice at Park Headquarters near Gatlinburg.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Hotels and motor courts in Asheville and Knoxville are plentiful and range from $3 to $16 per day for two. Gatlinburg: Hotels from $3 to $8 double; tourist courts from $3 to $7.50 double; Mountain View Hotel $11 to $15 for two, American plan. Bryson City: Myers Tourist Court, $3.50 to $4.50 per day for two. Cherokee: Newfound Lodge cottages for two from $3. Dozens of others, including rooms in private homes. Moderate rates. Camping and picnic areas near main highways.

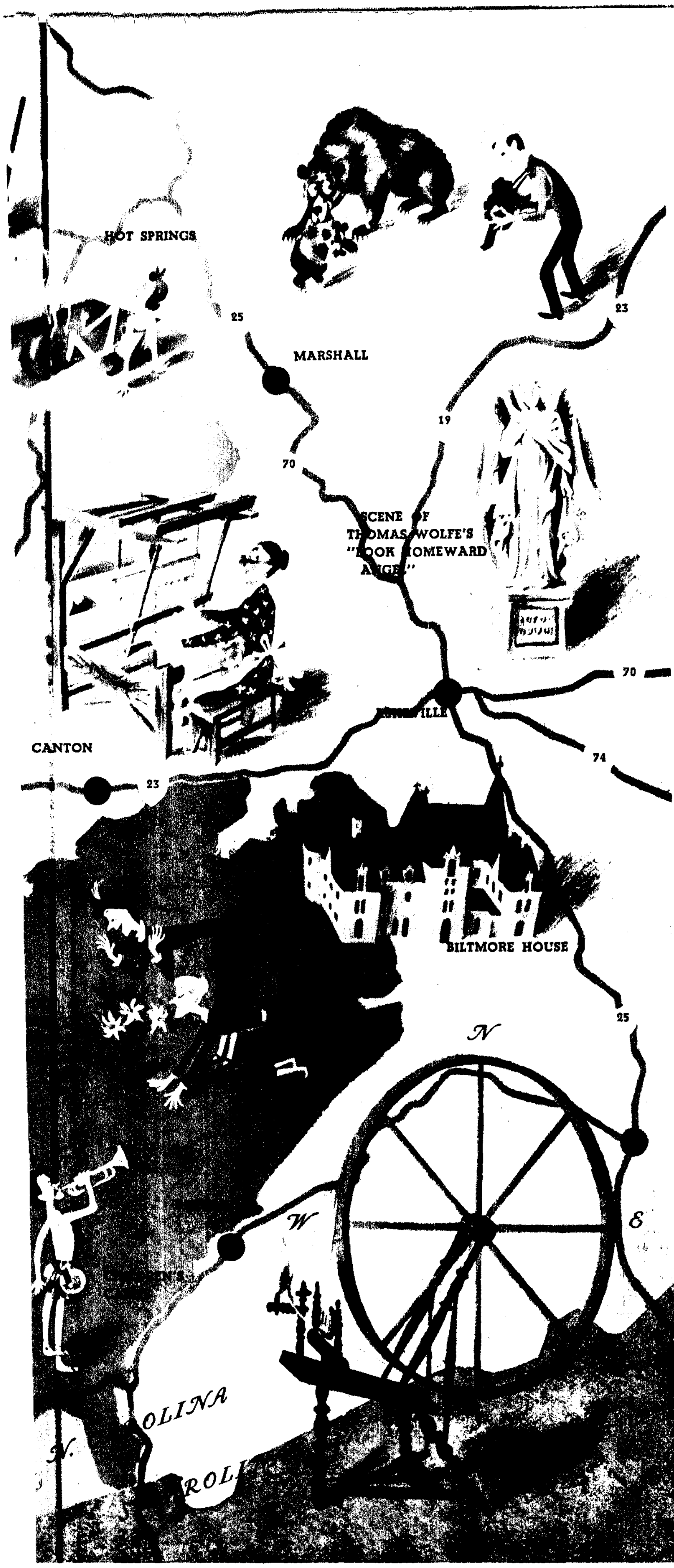
FOOD: Many hotels and lodges operate on American plan. These include the Albemarle in Asheville; the Mountain View, Greystone and New Riverside in Gatlinburg; Freyemont Inn in Bryson City; Snowbird Mountain Lodge near Robbinsville; and others. Restaurants are plentiful in Knoxville, Asheville and Gatlinburg. Home cooking, Southern style, prevails. Prices are still moderate.

CLIMATE: Temperatures at Gatlinburg range from a mean low of 29 degrees for January to a mean high of 88 degrees for August. Most hotels are open the year round, but the spring, summer and fall months are the best for observing the natural beauty of the scenery and foliage.

YOU'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Tourists who go to the Great Smokies looking for hillbillies will find a proud people whose culture dates back to Shakespeare's day. Tourists who go looking for truly beautiful scenery will find some of the finest in America. But tourists who like straight roads and flat country are hereby advised to stay at home



DESIGNS FOR TOURING—VII

IT LOOKS like the harder it is for the inhabitants to make a living out of a country, the easier it is for outsiders to have a good time. In the Great Smokies of Tennessee and North Carolina, for instance, the land is poor—"so pore," they tell you, "hit wouldn't hardly raise a fight." But this spring and summer a million furriners from the 48 states will come broganin' over the mountains, and if they don't enjoy themselves a sight, they're just purely, un-come-at-able, bad-off hard to please.

The Great Smokies, in case your mind was on something else back in fourth-grade geography, are the highest upthrust of the whole 1500-mile Appalachian range and they're p'int-blank in the center of eastern United States on the Tennessee-North Carolina border. They are virtually equidistant from the Great Lakes and the Gulf and from the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River.

In the 460,000 acres of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, naturalists have counted about 5,000 kinds of plant life, of which a good 1,400 produce blossoms. Driving over the curving roads and breathing the scented air, you can't help feeling like the mountain girl who murmured to her sweetheart: "Don't hit stink jes' beautiful?"

If Nature does her best to oblige, the mountain people hardly do less. They've made it easy for you to set up camp in modern resort hotels, drive, ride or climb through virgin forests on well-marked roads and trails, and barter with the natives in tasteful handicraft shops. So far they've kept their prices low, offering food and lodging at the best hotels for around $11 to $15 a day for two people. They're right friendly, too.

Take the time the late Henry Ford visited Gatlinburg in search of exhibits for his Americana museum at Dearborn, and was taken over the mountain trails by Wylie Oakley, guide, storyteller, musicianer and philosopher. At that time Wylie was expecting an addition to his large family, and as a token of esteem he promised to name the infant after the distinguished visitor. When the child arrived, it was a girl. But to a mountain man a promise is a promise. Wylie's daughter was duly christened Mrs. Henry Ford Oakley.

A mere 25 years ago, before the Park Service and the TVA started turning this region into a powerhouse and playground, the Smokies were as inaccessible as Timbuktu. The first settlers in the region, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and German dissenters, fled here to find the religious freedom denied them in colonial Pennsylvania and Virginia. A great nation grew up all around them, but apart from fighting in its wars, the Southern highlanders knew little about it and cared even less. Rummaging through this mountain attic today you can still find traces of a long-lost past.

On the main street of Gatlinburg you may, for example, visit the Mountaineer Museum, where more than 2,000 relics and handmade furnishings from pioneer homes are on display. Mrs. Edna Lynn Simms started collecting these items when the mountain people began moving out of their old homes to make way for the National Park.

Anglo-Saxon Words Survive

Other reminders of the past are less tangible. The regional speech, for instance, is closer to Chaucer than to Lil' Abner. As teacher in a mountain school, Alberta Pierson Hannum, the novelist, found her children using words like fray for fight, feisty for sassy, gorm for muss, pack for carry—all straight out of The Canterbury Tales. Common mountain words like holp for help, stout for healthy, childing for pregnant, lay for wager, and afeard for afraid haven't changed a bit since Shakespeare. As for hit meaning it, this is the purest of ancient English, being the Anglo-Saxon neuter for he.

You can't stay long in the Smokies without picking up a good bit of the idiom. A frazzle is a very little bit, and right smart is a lot. If a thing is news to you, you never heerd no tell of hit. If you believe the story, you confidence hit; if not, it's a ripper or a screamer. A boy in love with a girl is sweetheartin'; and if it's unrequited, he's heartburnin' after her.

A mean-tempered man or dog is ill, and it's best not to grumble or contrary either one. A cold is not caught but cotched; a pail of water is not fetched but fotched. When the wind's from the southeast, likely it'll blow up a storm of rain; and when it comes down hard, it rains trackbenders and gully-washers. A good musicianer is

WHAT TO WEAR: If you visit the Smokies soon, take light cotton clothing; lightweight coat for cool evenings; stout shoes and sturdy outdoor wear for riding and hiking.

WHAT TO DO: Sight-seeing, shopping in handicraft stores, field trips and lectures by the National Park Service, square dancing at Gatlinburg, swimming and other summer sports.

FOR INFORMATION: Write National Park Service, Washington, D. C.; State Advertising Division, Raleigh, N. C.; Great Smoky Mountains National Park Headquarters, Gatlinburg, Tenn. (ask for free park map-folder); or Government Services, Inc., Fontana Village, Fontana Dam, N. C.

MAP BY JOE KAUFMAN

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Exclusive feature—patented concealed zipper fly front. Tailored of fine Piedmont Gabardine, showerproofed by "Rainfoe".

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said to play up a storm, and a garrulous person can always talk one up.

"Like a ride into town?" a tourist asked a girl tramping along the highway. "I wouldn't care to," said the girl. That's the mountain way of saying, "I wouldn't care if I did," and the girl couldn't understand why the tourist drove on and left her standing.

Walking is known as broganin', after the old name for the heavy boots which lace up the front. Driving a car, you go worryin' over the mountains—and on some of the winding roads, that's a gross understatement. Lopin' around is what you do in town of a Saturday night; and for tourists and natives alike, this generally includes a square dance.

Sells More Than Dance Tickets

"Hike up yer heels and keep young and tinder," hollers Grady McGowan, selling 25-cent tickets to Gatlinburg's Saturday night squar' dance. Between dances, Grady will sell you at $500 a throw a charter subscription to the atomic bomb shelter he figures on blasting into the mountainside up the street—as soon as he gets his quota of 250 members.

Mountain society comes pretty close to being classless. True, membership in the Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian churches reflects in that order an ascending scale in economic and educational advantages. But neither money nor education makes one man socially superior to the other. There is, for example, no "servant problem" in the Smokies simply because there are no "servants."

After a New York family named Pierson built their home in the Smokies, Mary Pierson managed to do all her own housework and cooking but found the washing and ironing a little too much for her and began asking around for a laundress. That was pretty nearly fatal. People heard her out in stony silence and shook their heads.

One morning months later Mary stopped by the McCoy house to buy a gallon of sweet potatoes. She found the women on the front porch nubbing beans for canning. She decided to show them a New York girl could nub beans with the best of them. Seven hours later, when they brought around the last bushel basket, Mary was still going strong.

Bright and early next morning, eighteen-year-old Partheny McCoy knocked on the Piersons' front door. "Ma says you might be needin' help with the wash, and if there was anything I could do . . ." Partheny has been doing the laundry ever since and getting paid for it. But she's still just "holpin' out."

In Swain County, North Carolina, mountain people swear by old Dr. Crawford, who can tell you what ails you the moment he pokes his nose through the door—and sniffs. For Dr. Crawford diagnoses entirely by his sense of smell. Each disease, he finds, has its own peculiar odor; and after smelling it out, he has only to sniff at his medicine bottle to mix together just the right dose.

For several years now, North Carolina law has required the licensing of physicians. But Dr. Crawford is one of the old-time country doctors who practice under the Grandfather Clause, which permits any physician acknowledged by the local community to practice there for the rest of his life.

The mountain people are inclined to hang on to the old remedies. Sunlight, fresh air and pure spring water (when it really is pure) make good sense everywhere. Turpentine is a crude but effective antiseptic for wounds, and a freshly sliced strip of bacon can take the place of a bandage in a pinch. Neither catnip tea nor a mixture of coal oil and molasses has ever cured a cold, but neither has anything else. As for the countless herb and root medicines the highlanders have borrowed from the Cherokee Indians, many can be found in the U.S. Pharmacopoeia, and most of them are no better and no worse than the tonics and elixirs that line modern drugstore shelves.

Up in the mountain coves, most babies are still delivered by midwives called "grannywomen." Left to their own wisdom, some grannywomen gave the mother hot pepper tea to bring on birth, made the mother lie for hours in the afterbirth to prevent infection. As a last resort against hemorrhage, they might order the father to drive a double-bladed ax in one of the puncheons under the bed. About as close as they got to hygienic cleanliness was to insist that no one remove the ashes or sweep under the bed while the mother was childin'.

A newborn babe that looked sickly might be given catnip tea as a bracer. By the time it was five or six months old, many a mountain baby ate fried pork and gravy biscuits along with the rest of the family. Mountain men who survived such an infancy were pretty sure to have iron constitutions. But the mothers who lived through such deliveries were usually maimed for the remainder of their lives.

Even the movies have become a factor in mountain midwifery. Prenatal experiences are still widely credited with influencing the child, and one expectant mother who wanted her offspring to be a movie star sat through three performances of The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer starring Shirley Temple and Cary Grant. When her baby girl arrived it was raven-haired and bore no resemblance to Shirley Temple. Dad-burned, though, if the baby didn't have a dimple right in the middle of her chin.

There are some who claim these misty mountain coves are still haunted by the Booger, which is any of the assorted hants and speerits which arrived here over two centuries ago from Irish bogs and Scottish moors. The Booger used to turn harmless old women into witches and work his devilment through them. Sometimes he entered the body of a ba'ar or fox or even a dog, and nothing could kill that critter except a silver bullet.

The worst of it was when he tackled you in your sleep. To men his favorite disguise was a beautiful woman. One man nearly died dreaming about a lovely lady who changed him into a cup of wine and sipped, ever so slowly, while the strength drained out of his body. To women, on the other hand, the Booger generally appeared as a man and was known to sire any number of by-children.

Women Jinx Hunters and Anglers

Anybody who's ever hunted or fished in the Smokies knows it's bad luck to meet a woman. As Grover Mason at Nantahalah Gorge explains: "Hit purely takes a man's mind off what he's doin'."

On almost every road outside the park, you'll be peppered with warning signboards reading: SINNER REPENT . . . THE DAY OF JUDGMENT IS NEAR . . . ARE YOU PREPARED TO MEET YOUR MAKER? At intervals you'll read in even bigger letters, LEARN TO FLY, a suggestion which may startle you until you discover it advertises a Knoxville aviation school.

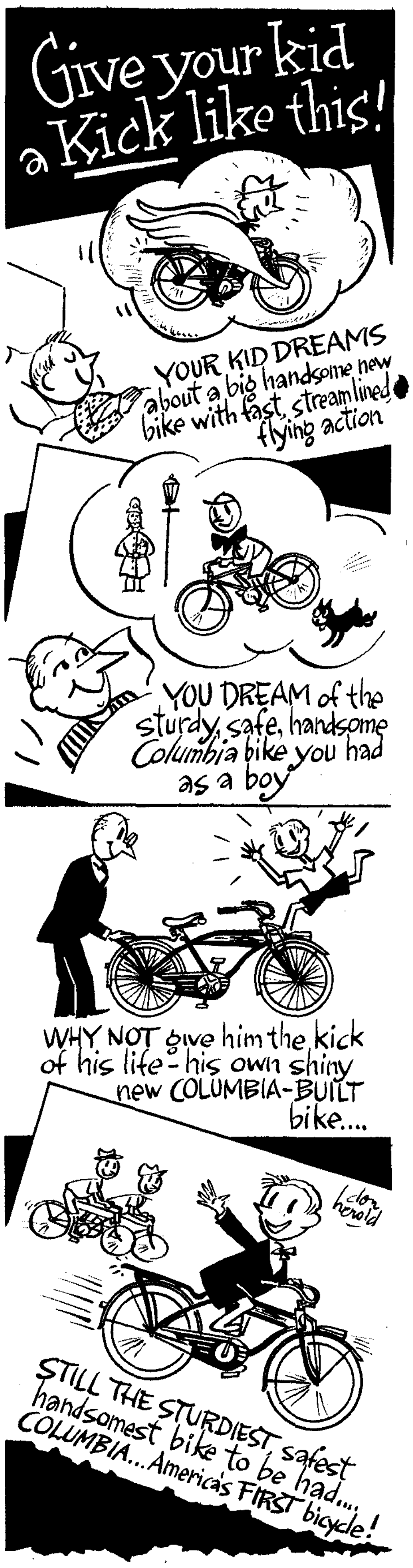
The early settlers were divided up into many sects, but the Shouting Methodists and the Foot-Washing Baptists soon outnumbered all the rest. During the great religious revival of the early 1800s they clashed head on. The Methodists roared out their battle hymn:

"I'll tell you who the Lord loves best,
It is the Shouting Methodist!"

And the Baptists thundered back:

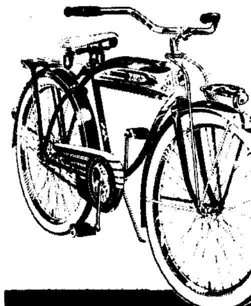
"Baptist, Baptist, Baptist till I die,
I'll go along with the Baptists and find
myself on high!"

Today Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Church of God all get along



Give your kid a Kick like this!
YOUR KID DREAMS about a big handsome new bike with fast, streamlined flying action
YOU DREAM of the sturdy, safe, handsome Columbia bike you had as a boy
WHY NOT give him the kick of his life - his own shiny new COLUMBIA-BUILT bike....
STILL THE STURDIEST, safest handsomest bike to be had.... COLUMBIA...America's FIRST bicycle!

WRITE The Westfield Manufacturing Company, 35 Cycle St., Westfield, Massachusetts for catalog and name of nearest dealer.



BOY'S SUPERB MOTOBIKE, fully equipped, speedlined. One of a complete line of bicycles by Columbia.

Columbia
SINCE 1877 . . . AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE

peaceably enough together, and all of them can sing:

> *"I do believe beyond a doubt*
> *Oh, halle-hallelujah.*
> *The Christian has a right to shout*
> *Oh, Glory Hallelu."*

Along with the more militant hymns, the mountain people have preserved some of the sweetest and purest of 15th century carols. On the public square of Murphy, North Carolina, the mountain musicologist John Jacob Niles stopped to listen to a girl evangelist named Annie Morgan singing:

> *"I wonder as I wander, out under the sky,*
> *How Jesus the Savior did come for to die*
> *For poor on'ry people like you and like I . . .*
> *I wonder as I wander out under the sky."* *

Today, 14 years after Niles wrote it down, the carol is sung throughout America. So are scores of other mountain ballads, popularized by singers like Burl Ives, Susan Reed and Richard Dyer-Bennett.

A lot of the old-time ardor is gone from mountain revivals, baptisms and foot washings. Partly it's because tourists have made the people self-conscious. Mostly, though, it's because pent-up emotions are now released in sports, soap operas, double features, and the news. Mobile libraries mounted on trucks now bring books, magazines and newspapers to the remotest coves, and tourists have scattered ideas as well as dollars.

Science and religion aren't nearly so far apart as they were 25 years ago. But the old-time religion is still the strongest single influence on mountain life.

Every community is divided into pure and impure families, largely on the basis of baptism, public confession of faith and strict observance of the Sabbath. On weekdays, though, the righteous can handle their earthly affairs with a good deal of latitude.

In one small mountain village, Noah, the local carpenter, was dead broke and about to lose his home to the mortgage holder when a Chicago couple saved the day by hiring him to build an addition to their summer home near by. Soon the couple were honored by a visit from Mr. X, the town's leading churchman, businessman, politician and, of course, the holder of the mortgage.

It pained him, he said, to speak ill of a fellow townsman but since they were newcomers he was bound to warn them against dealing with a man of Noah's character. Pressed for details, he said that Noah didn't get along with his wife. The couple were unmoved. Mr. X then revealed that Noah sold bootleg liquor, and still the couple were not alarmed. Finally Mr. X had an inspiration. Did they know that Noah sold his vote in the last election? The couple asked him how he knew. Mr. X held out a receipt with Noah's signature. "How do I know?" crowed Mr. X. "I bought it!"

The Smokies are one spot in the South where a man's right to vote is held as sacred as his right to own property, and many a mountain man would be plumb scandalized if somebody told him he couldn't sell either one.

In many polling places the "secret ballot" is considered pure whimsey. When a voter leaves the booth, there's usually someone right outside to take his vote. If it isn't read then and there, it can be identified at leisure by the nail-print impressed in one of the corners.

Last year a newcomer who clung to false modesty about her political preferences insisted on placing her ballot in the sealed box. Out in the street 10 minutes later, people who had never spoken to her before greeted her warmly by name and welcomed her into the community. "I always know'd you was one of us," said a neighboring farm lady, "but Cleophus, he kep' arguin' nobody but a Republican would wear that kind of hat."

Protective Tariff for Pop-Skull

Knoxville, just west of the Smokies, voted to retain its dry status last fall and Asheville, on the North Carolina side, voted for repeal effective the first of this year. Stanchest of all the dries are the blockaders who consider the law a kind of protective tariff for their own product which is variously known as pop-skull, white lightnin', or stumphole—from their practice of leaving it for clients in a hollow log.

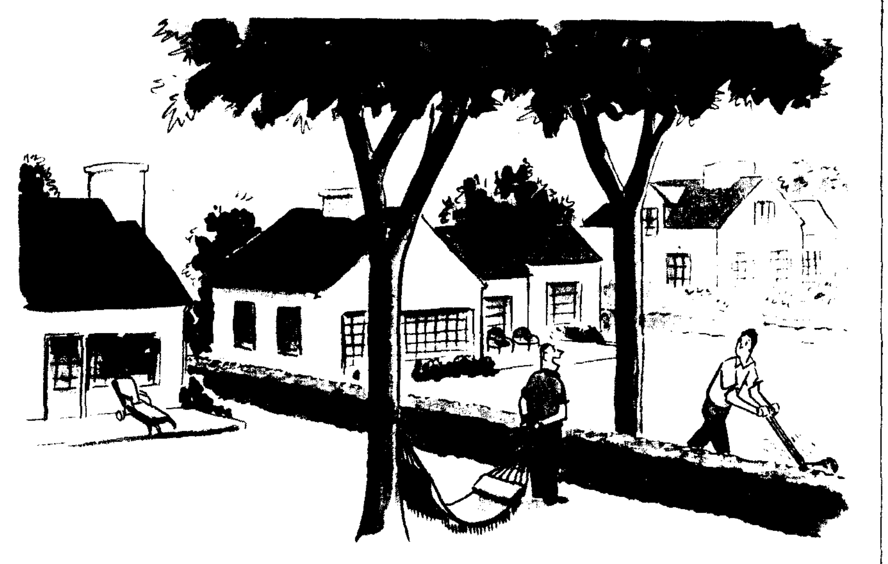
Good corn whisky is hard to find. In its place you'll pay fancy prices ($8 to $12 for a "jar" or half-gallon jug) for a sulphuric distillation known as sugar corn, in which raw sugar has been used to hop up the mash. Some mountain stills dispense with corn altogether and ferment their alcohol from sugar and the cheap ground meal used to fatten hogs.

The corn you'll see sprouting up on every steep hillside field has to provide a lot more than mash for blockade bourbon. Part of it will bring in all the cash a family will see all year. Another part will be ground for the meal that supplies the daily bread and boiled up for the no less inevitable grits and hominy. The rest goes to the livestock.

From the juice squeezed out of its cane crop, the highlander boils down long-sweetnin' or sorghum molasses to take the place of sugar. The tater patch yields sweet potatoes and yams for puddings, pies and custards. With fish from the lakes and streams, nuts and berries from

---

* *Collected and arranged by John Jacob Niles. Copyright 1934 by G. Schirmer, Inc. Printed by permission.*



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the woods, and fruit from the orchard, the mountain family doesn't fare too badly. Neither does the tourist.

"Eat what ye've a mind to and don't be backward none," the old-time mountaineer welcomes his guests to table, and that's still the prevailing spirit in resort inns like the Mountain View Hotel in Gatlinburg, the Fryemont Inn in Bryson City, the Snowbird Mountain Lodge near Robbinsville, the Tapoco Lodge in Tapoco, the Newfound Lodge in Cherokee, the Country Club Inn in Waynesville and dozens of others. At Fontana Village (see map) you can choose between eating in a large cafeteria or cooking your own meals in the housekeeping cottages, which rent for as low as $36 per week for a couple.

A Tribute to Park Naturalists

"Where's the park?" ask tourists after crossing through the heart of it on the beautifully graded highway from Cherokee to Gatlinburg by way of Newfound Gap. At Park Headquarters just outside Gatlinburg, this innocent query brings a self-satisfied smile to park naturalists. It shows they've succeeded in making the flowering mountains easily accessible to tourists without marring their beauty.

Up 6,642 feet in the parking area on Clingmans Dome, you can see the whole park and then some from your car. In all, some 53 peaks of the Smokies tower up over 5,000 feet, 20 over 6,000 feet, and because they rise up abruptly from the valley floor they look even higher.

In a day's drive from Asheville or Knoxville and back, you can take scenic tours of about 200 miles or so which will give you an over-all view of the area. From Gatlinburg you can take a side trip up the steep and narrow mountain road to Cade's Cove—the last of the old log-cabin settlements in the park itself.

You can *see* the Smokies from your car. But if you want to *discover* them, you have to get out and take to the trails. During the last 10 years, thousands of CCC boys and, more lately, conscientious objectors have constructed 670 miles of well-marked foot and bridle paths. From June through October, chief naturalist Arthur Stupka and his staff of park rangers will take you on rambles through the park, from an hour's stroll to camping trips of 3 and 4 days.

If you like to fish, the park has 600 miles of trout streams with an open season the year round and big ones up to 22 inches long. But whether you like to fish or not, you'll probably want to see the park hatchery just off the highway between Newfound Gap and Cherokee. Some visitors just can't keep hands off.

Ed Fentress, who runs the hatchery, once surprised a lady tourist in the act of seining a pool with her silk stocking attached to a coat hanger. Of all the trout thieves, Fentress will tell you, the hardest one to catch was the man who rigged up a self-closing net which he could manipulate with his hand in his pocket. When he caught a fish, he pulled it up through the leg of his trousers, walked to his car to put it in a basket, then came back for more.

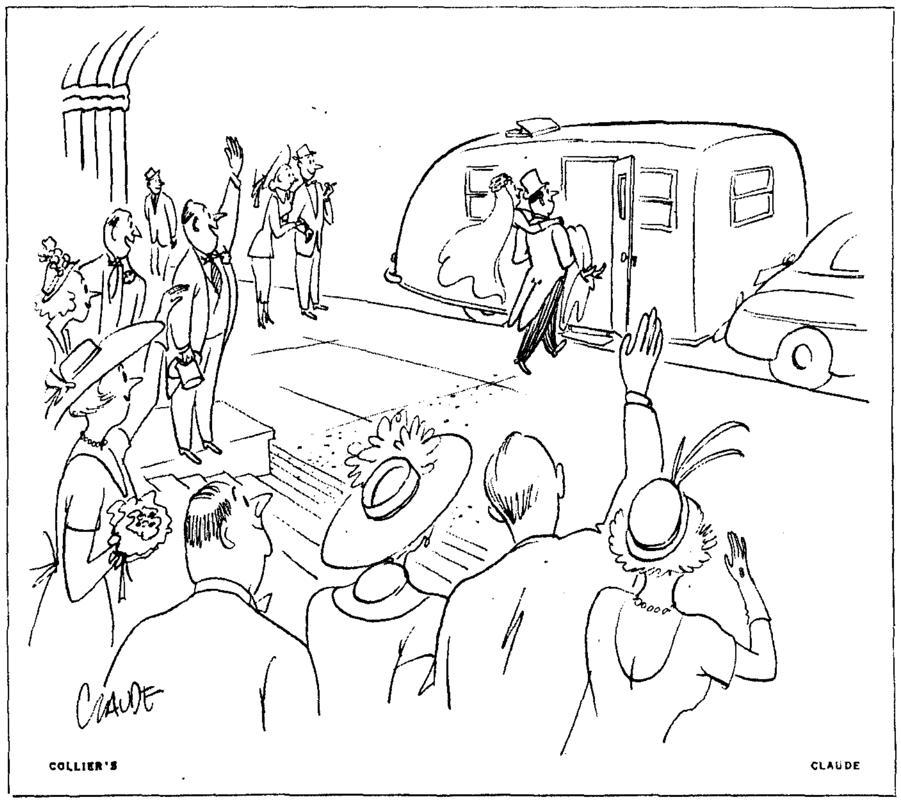
The tourists' habit of feeding the trout used to worry Fentress too, but it didn't faze the fish. Visitors fed them peanuts, popcorn, doughnuts, and even aspirin tablets and they thrived on it. Tourists aren't allowed to feed the fish now because it makes them grow too fast.

Guides in Cherokee and Gatlinburg can lead you to some excellent fishing. For bait, you can use anything except minnows, and favorites with the natives are caddis fly larvae and branch lizards—really not a lizard at all but a bright-hued salamander found under rocks.

The natives have another trick, too. As Wylie Oakley explains it in the column he writes for the weekly Gatlinburg Press: "The First Fish you catch Rip open the fish stomic and see what insect this fish has been eating and then you get the same; try this once and you will get a fish. But why is so many people that can't bait a fish hook?"

Over on the North Carolina side of the park, you'll see one of the few Communist communities which gets along just fine with the United States. This, of course, is the 63,000-acre Qualla Indian Reservation, owned in common by 3,400 Cherokee Indians who are simultaneously nationals of the Cherokee Nation, wards of the United States government and U.S. citizens. Apart from 4 government schools and a hospital, the Cherokees are entirely self-supporting. Even their unemployment, sickness and old-age benefits come out of their own tribal fund and cost U.S. taxpayers nothing.

Most of the Indians speak English and Cherokee interchangeably, and some of the flavor of their language comes out even in the English versions of their names. Postmistress of Cherokee is Miss Emily Walking Stick. Robert and Charlotte Big Meat make fine pottery. Basket maker Nanny Blackfox is a pretty, fine-featured girl with flashing black eyes. Another fine basket maker is Emmalina Cucumber, whose name honors not the vegetable, but the tree, a species of wild magnolia which flowers in June



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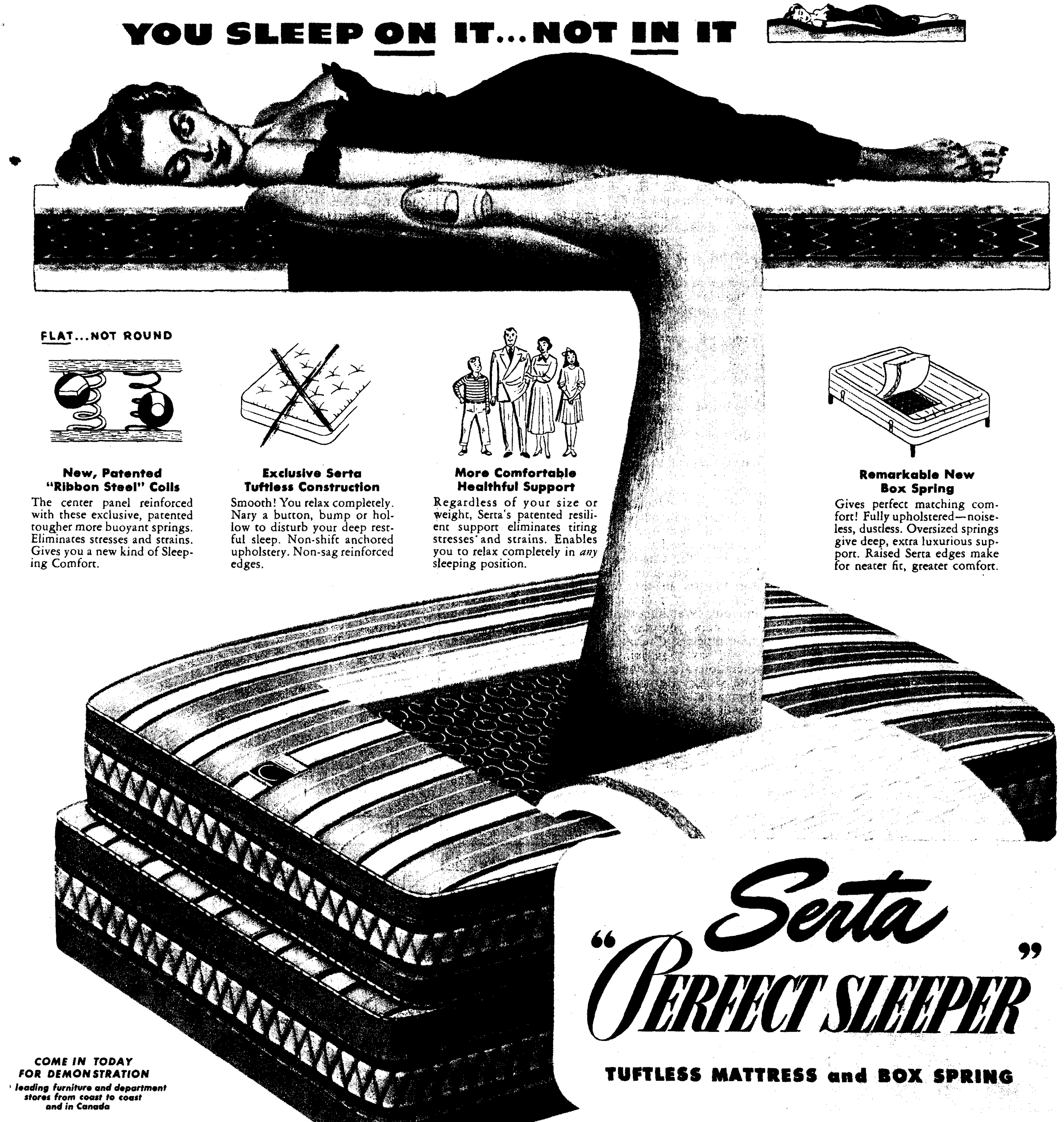

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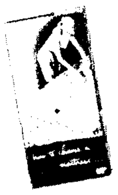

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The stately Indian in feathered headdress you'll see in front of Caldwell's Curio Shop on Main Street in Cherokee is Carl Standing Deer, whose skill with a bow and arrow is little short of magical. A graduate of the Carlisle Institute, Standing Deer is a thoughtful scholar who can tell you the background and legends of his tribe plus a good deal you may have forgotten about American history. Luckily, he also has a sense of humor—and this serves him well when your talk is interrupted by tourists who throw him a dime and yell: "Hey, boy, come over here and strut your stuff!"

The Cherokees are governed by a chief and deputy chief elected for a 4-year term, assisted by 12 councilors on 2-year terms. About a third of the tribe are full-blooded Indians. Another third have only a fraction of Indian blood; many of these would like to cash in their share of the common property and get out.

Preferred Security to Cash

That was the issue in the election last fall and it was red-hot. Plenty of outside interests would like to buy the reservation's valuable timber tracts and sites for tourist developments. There were billboards, rallies with brass bands and fireworks. The White Indians' candidate, Fred Bauer, seemed to have unlimited funds and even showered the reservation with campaign literature from a hired airplane. But most Indians preferred the security of their own land and way of life to cash. They elected a full-blooded Cherokee, Harry Bradley.

This summer the Cherokees will be busier than ever putting on a continuous show for tourists in the form of a "Mountain Pageant" promoted by local resort interests. Watching them re-enact their own history, you may be surprised to see how little the Cherokees have in common with savage redskins.

A generation after Columbus, their first white visitor, Hernando De Soto, found them a nation of farmers living in villages with a highly developed community life.

In the French and Indian Wars, and again in the Revolution, they kept their treaties with Britain and fought her battles. After the Revolution, the tribe fought well for the new Republic. In the battle of Horseshoe Bend, it was they who turned the tide, and their chief Junaluska, who saved General Andrew Jackson's life.

By giving his people a written language, another great Cherokee, Sequoya, enabled them to set up their own printing presses and schools. They dressed, worshiped and thought like the white man, and because they were good farmers, weavers and businessmen, they prospered. This was the golden age of the Cherokees. It didn't last long.

The sudden, tragic end came with the discovery of gold on Cherokee land in 1827. Georgia declared invalid all their laws and customs, stripped them of civil rights, burned their schools, parceled off their homes and fields in public lotteries, and set out to exterminate the race.

In Washington, a forgetful President Andrew Jackson ordered the removal of the entire Cherokee population to the barren lands of Texas and Oklahoma and sent General Winfield Scott and 7,000 troops to round them up. At bayonet point, 17,000 men, women and children were routed from their homes, herded in stockade concentration camps, then marched across the continent in the dead of winter. A third of them died on the way. About a thousand escaped the dragnet to hide out in the Great Smoky Mountains. Their descendants are your hosts on the Qualla Reservation today.

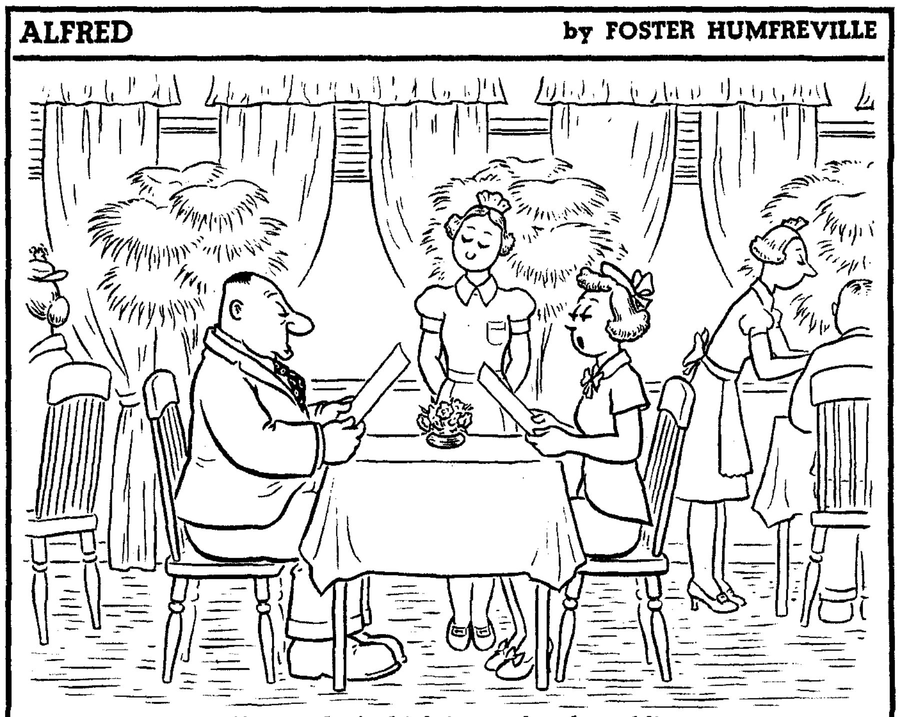
It's easy to idealize the nation's pioneering past, but a lot harder to know what to make of it when you meet it face to face. A lot of that past lingers on in the Smokies and too many tourists react to it by looking for hillbillies as they would look for strange animals in a zoo. Actually, of course, these same hillbillies are some of the most cultured people in America—and they come by it naturally instead of by rote.

While the tourist looks around him and thinks: So this is how it all started! the mountain man looks at the tourist and thinks: So this is how it all turned out! It's hard to say which has the more cause to be critical but certainly the burden of the proof falls on the visitor. As for the mountain man, his attitude is still pretty well summed up in the Great Smokies ballad that goes:

"I'll tune up my fiddle and rosin my bow
And make myself welcome wherever I go.
I'll drink my own whisky and make my own stew,
If it does make me drunk it is nothing to you."

THE END

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



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SHADOW OF FU MANCHU

Continued from page 21

an attribute of the wise. In the death of a police officer the seed of retribution is sown. If he dies, I shall be troubled. If he survives, the affair becomes less serious. In one hour from now he will be dead—unless we act. I am preparing the antidote. It is for you to find means to administer it . . . Take instant steps."

The light in the crystal faded. . . .

As a result of this conversation Nayland Smith was called to the phone just as Craig had begun on his dessert.

Smith was not away long. But when he came back, his face wore a curious expression. As he sat down he said:

"A miracle has been performed."

Craig stared. "What do you mean?"

"Moreno—"

"What! Professor Lowe has won, after all?"

Nayland Smith shook his head.

"No. Professor Lowe was beaten. But some obscure practitioner, instructed by Moreno's father, insisted upon seeing the patient. As the case was desperate and the unknown doctor claimed to recognize the symptoms, he was given permission to go ahead. Moreno would have died anyway."

"But he didn't?"

"No. He recovered consciousness shortly after the injection which this obscure doctor administered. He is already off the danger list."

"This was a brilliant bird, Smith! He doesn't deserve to be obscure."

Nayland Smith tugged reflectively at the lobe of his left ear.

"He must remain so. The physician whose name he gave is absent in Philadelphia. Officer Moreno's father was not even aware of his son's illness."

Craig laid his spoon down, in bewilderment.

"Then—I mean to say—if he was an impostor—what the devil's it all about?"

"Perfectly simple. For some reason we can't hope to fathom, Dr. Fu Manchu has decided that Moreno must live. I fear he has also decided that I must die. Granting equal efficiency, my chances look pretty slim."

SAM was free until nine forty-five. He finished his dinner and moved along to a bar, where he mounted a stool and ordered himself a bourbon.

Seated there, in his short, leather jacket, a cap with a very long peak pushed to the back of his bullethead, he surveyed the scene through his spectacles while lighting a cigarette.

"You're with the Huston Electric, aren't you?" said someone almost at his elbow.

Sam turned. A personable young man of Latin appearance had mounted the next stool and was smiling at him amiably. Sam stared.

"What about it?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing. Just thought I'd seen you there."

"What were *you* doing there?"

"Newspaper story. I'm a reporter."

"Is that so?"

Sam eyed the reporter from head to heels, without favor.

"Sure. Laurillard's my name—Jed Laurillard. And I'm always out for a good story."

"Well, well. My name's Sam."

"Sam what?"

"Sam."

"I mean, what's your other name?"

"Jim."

"Your name is Sam Jim?"

"You got it the wrong way around. Jim Sam."

"I never heard of it before. How do you spell it?"

"S-a-m. I got an uncle the same name."

For a fraction of a second, Laurillard's jaw hardened. Then the hard line relaxed. He slapped Sam on the back and laughed, signaling the barman.

"You're wasting your time," he declared. "You ought to be in show business."

Sam grinned, but made no reply. The second bourbon went the way of the first, apparently meeting with even less obstruction.

"This new thing Huston is bringing out," Laurillard went on. "Breaking into the news next week, isn't it?"

Sam held up his empty glass and appeared to be using it as a lens through which to count the bottles in the bar.

"Is it?" he said.

"You ought to know." Laurillard signaled the barman again. "A little advance information would be worth money to me."

"Would it? How much?"

"Enough to make it worth, say, fifty bucks to you."

Sam looked at Laurillard over the top of his spectacles and finished his drink. He made no other reply. Laurillard caught the barman's eye and glanced aside at Sam's glass. It was refilled.

FOR some time after the fourth, the barman, who was busy, lost count. "You know what I'm talking about?" Laurillard presently inquired. "This new lighting system?"

"Sure."

"Some English scientist working on it."

"Sure."

"Well, when the story breaks it's going to be big. Science news is a dollar a word these days. No one would be hurt if I got it first. You're a live guy. I spotted you the first time I was up there. I never miss one. It's my business—see?"

Sam emptied his glass and nodded.

"Suppose you asked around a little. No harm in that. I could meet you here tomorrow. Any time you say."

"What you wanna know, 'xac'ly?" Sam inquired.

His glance had become oblique. Laurillard signaled the barman and leaned forward, confidentially.

He lowered his voice. "I want to know when the job will be finished. That gives me a lead. It's easy enough."

A full glass was set before Sam.

"Goo' luck," he said, raising it.

"Same to you. What time tomorrow, here?"

"Same to you—mean, same time."

"Good enough. I have to beat it."

Laurillard beat it. Outside, he looked in through the window and saw Sam raising the drink to his lips. What happened after that he didn't see. He was hurrying to the spot where his car was parked.

He had some distance to go, but less than twenty minutes later the doorbell jangled in that Chinatown shop where a good-looking young Oriental labored tirelessly with Indian ink and brush. He laid his brush aside and looked up.

"Mr. Huan Tsung?" said Laurillard.

"Mr. Huan Tsung not in. You call before?"

Laurillard seemed to be consulting his memory, but after a momentary pause, he replied.

"Yes."

"How many time?"

"Seven."

"Give me the message."

"The man from Huston Electric is taken care of. He's too drunk to go far. What's better, I've sounded him—and I think he'll play. That's why I came to see you."

"*I* think," was the cold reply, "that you are a fool." The young Oriental spoke now in perfect English. "You have exceeded your instructions. You are new

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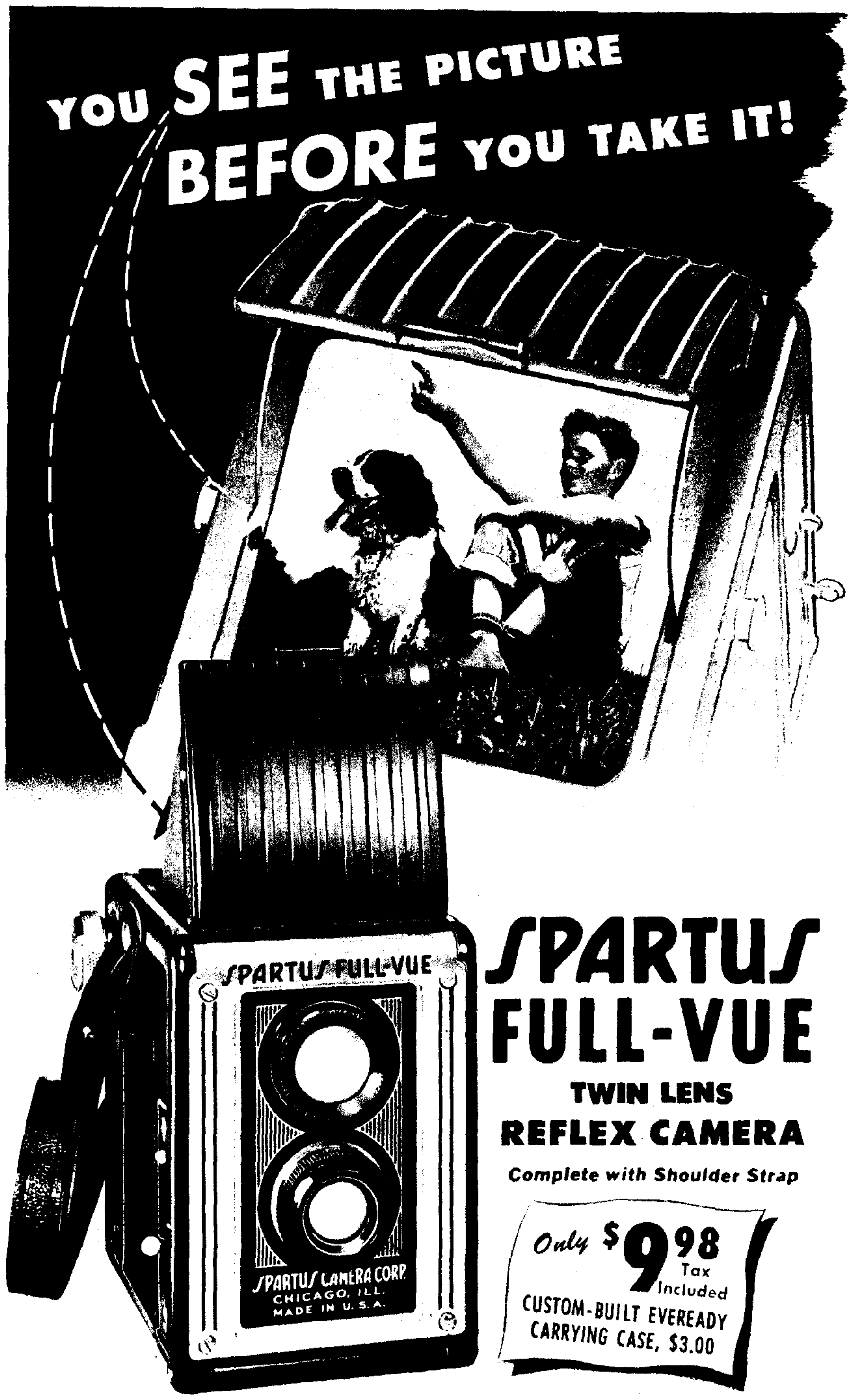
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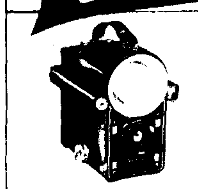

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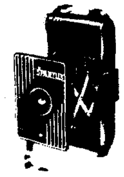

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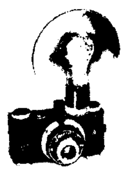

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to the work. You will never grow old in it."

"But—"

"I have no more to say. I will put in your report."

He scribbled a few lines in pencil, took up his brush and went on writing.

Laurillard's jaw hardened and he clenched his gloved hands.

"Goodby," said the industrious scribe.

Laurillard went out.

In his report concerning Sam he had stated quite honestly what he believed to be true. But evidently he was mistaken.

Not three minutes had elapsed before the doorbell jangled again. A man who walked as if on a moving deck came lurching in. He wore a short leather jacket and a cap with a long peak. His eyes, seen through spectacles, were challenging. He chewed as he talked, using the gum as a sort of mute.

"Say—have you got a pipe cleaner?" he inquired.

The young Oriental, without laying his brush down, raised his eyes.

"No hab."

"What's the use of a joint like this that don't carry pipe cleaners?" Sam demanded. He looked all around, truculently. "Do you happen to have a bit of string?"

"No string."

Sam chewed and glared down a while at the glossy black head bent over the writing. Then, with a parting grunt, Sam went out.

The young Chinese scribbled another note in pencil.

CAMILLE sat quite still in her room for so long after Craig had gone to dinner that she lost all count of time.

The work she had come here to do grew harder every day, every hour. There were times when she rebelled, inwardly, against the obligations which bound her. There were other times when she fought against her heart. It could not go on. But where did her plain duty lie?

The silence of the place oppressed her. Often, alone here at night, she had experienced something almost like terror. True, Shaw or Regan would always be on duty in the laboratory, but a locked iron door set them apart. This terror was not quite a physical thing. Camille was fully alive to the fact that spies watched Morris' work. But it wasn't any attempt from this quarter which dismayed her.

A deeper terror lay somewhere in the subconscious, a long way off.

Who was Dr. Fu Manchu?

She had heard that strange name spoken, for the first time, by Morris. He had been talking to Nayland Smith. Then—she had received a warning from another source.

Camille stiffened. She had heard the sound of a harsh, barking cough.

Before her cool brain had entirely assumed command, before the subconscious, troubled self could be conquered, she was out of her room and staring all around an empty office.

Regan, she knew, stood watch in the laboratory. The plant ran day and night, and a record was kept of the alternations of that cosmic force which had been tapped by the genius of Morris Craig. But no sound could penetrate from the laboratory.

She opened the office door and called, "Sam!"

There was no reply. She remembered, now, hearing Morris instructing the handy man to go somewhere with him.

A great urge for human sympathy, for any kind of contact, overcame her. She glanced at the switchboard. She would call Regan. He was a cynical English north-countryman, who had admired her predecessor, Miss Lewis, and who resented the newcomer. But he was better than nobody.

Then, she thought of her phone call which had been interrupted earlier in the evening. A swift recognition of what it had meant, of what it would mean to make the same call again, swept her into sudden desolation.

What was she going to do? Her plan, her design for life, had not worked out. Something had gone awry.

Camille turned and went back to her room. Seated at her desk, she dialed a number, and listened, not to a distant ring but to the silence beyond her open door. She waited anxiously, for she had come to a decision. But for a long time there was no reply.

The silent office outside was empty. So that there was no one to see a figure, a dark silhouette against the sky. It was a hulking, clumsy figure, not unlike that of a great ape. It passed along the parapet outside the office windows . . .

"Yes?" Camille had got through. "Number ninety-nine."

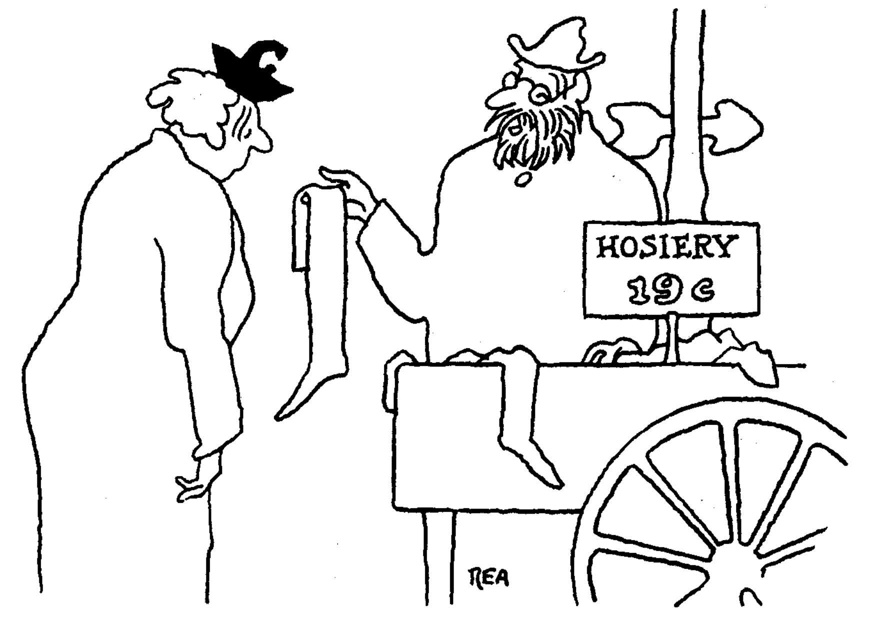
She had swung around in her chair, so that she no longer faced the open door.

"If you please."

She waited again.

Silently, the door had been fully opened. The huge figure stood there. It was that of a man of formidably powerful physique. His monstrous shoulders, long arms and large hands had something unnatural in their contours, as had his every movement. He wore blue overalls. His swarthy features might have reminded a surgeon of a near-successful grafting operation.

"Yes," Camille said, urgently. "Can I see you, tonight—at once?"



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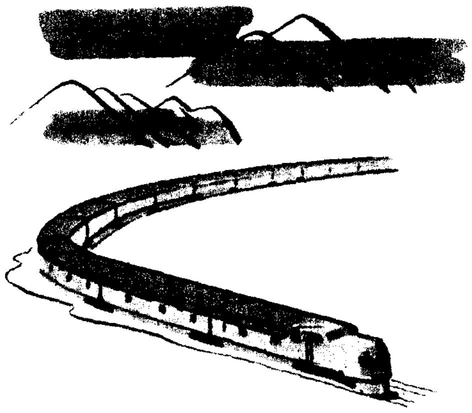

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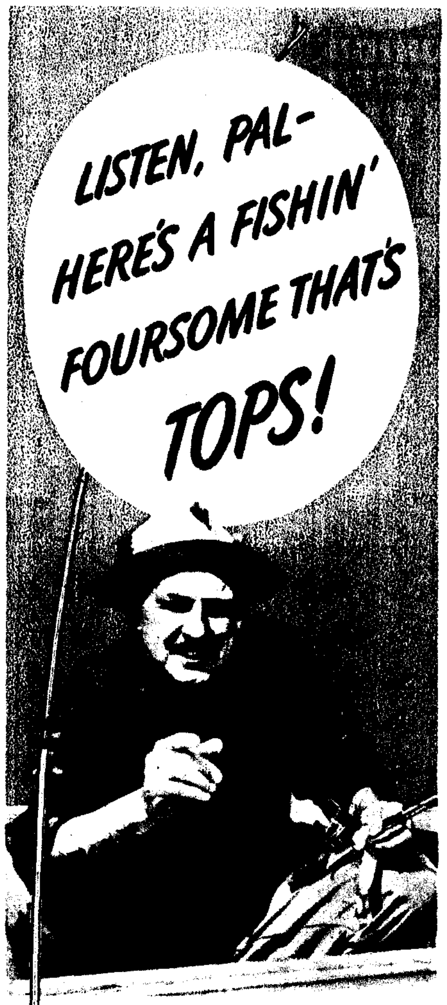
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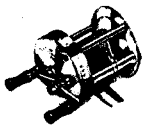

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The intruder took one silent step forward. Camille saw him.

She dropped the receiver, sprang up and retreated, her hands outstretched to fend off horror. She gasped. To scream was impossible.

"My God! Who are you? What do you want?"

"I—want"—it was a mechanical, toneless, grating voice—"you."

WHEN Dr. Craig returned to his office, after dinner, it remained as he had left it, illuminated only by two desk lights. He glanced at the large electric clock on the wall above and saw that the hour was 9:55. He took off his topcoat and hung it up with his hat and jacket.

What had Nayland Smith said?—"You're a pure fanatic. Some lunatic like you will blow the world to bits one of these days. You're science-drunk. Even now, you're dancing to get away . . ."

Craig stared out of the window. He wondered what had made him so eager to get back. Was it the call of science—of that absorbing problem which engaged his mind? Or was it, in part at least, Camille?

Craig glanced toward the door of Camille's room, then sat down resolutely and touched a control.

"Laboratory," a voice said. "Regan here."

"Thought I'd let you know I'm back, Regan. How are the readings?"

"Particularly irregular, Doctor. You might like to see them?"

"I will, Regan, presently. Nothing else to report?"

"Nothing."

Craig stood up again, crossed to the office door and opened it. "Sam!"

"Hullo, boss?"

Sam emerged from some cubbyhole which served as his headquarters. He had discarded the leather jacket and the cap with a long peak, and was putting on overalls and eyeshade.

"Is there any need for you to hang around?"

"Sure—plenty. Mr. Regan he told me to report back. There's some job in the lab *needs fixing up.*"

"I see." Craig smiled. "You're not just sort of killing time until I go home, so that you can dog my weary steps?"

Sam tried an expression of injured innocence. But it didn't suit him.

"Listen, Doctor—"

"Sir Denis tipped you to keep an eye on me until I was tucked up safely in my downy cot. Did he or didn't he?"

"I guess that's right."

"I thought so. Just wanted to know." Craig took out his keys and turned. "I'm going into the lab now. Come on."

Followed by Sam, he crossed and went up the three steps to the metal door. As he unlocked it. eerie greenish-gray light shone out and a faint humming sound as of a giant hornet's nest crept around the office. A moment later the door closed as they went in.

The office remained silent and empty while the minute hand of the clock swept the dial three times. There was an attachment which sounded the hours, and its single bell note had just rung out on the stroke of ten when Camille came in.

She stood quite still for a moment, one hand resting on the edge of the door, her slim fingers looking curiously listless. Then she came inside and opened her handbag. Taking out the black-rimmed glasses, she stared at them as though they were unfamiliar in some way. Her glance wandered to the clock.

Camille's expression changed; it would have seemed to one watching her that the clock had some special significance, some urgent message to impart. Almost, she might have been listening to explicit instructions. Her gaze grew alert.

She crossed to her room and went in, leaving the door half open. And again silence fell.

When Craig opened the laboratory door, he paused at the head of the steps.

"Be at ease, Sam. I won't stir a yard without my keeper."

He closed and locked the door, came down and went straight across to the safe. Resolutely, he avoided looking to see if Camille had come back.

From his ring he selected the safe key, and spun the dial. Not until he took out his big drawing board and turned, did he see Camille.

She stood right at his elbow, in shadows.

"Good Lord!" he said. "I thought I'd seen a ghost!"

Camille's smile was vague. "Forgive me. Didn't you know I was here?"

Craig laughed reassuringly.

"Forgive *me*. I shouldn't be such a jumping frog. When did you come in?"

"A few minutes ago." He saw, now, that she held a notebook in her hand. "There is this letter to Dr. White, at Harvard. I must have forgotten it."

Craig carried the board over to its place and fixed it up. Camille slowly followed. When he was satisfied, he suddenly grasped her shoulders and turned her around so that reflected light from the drawing desk shone up onto her face.

"My dear—er—Miss Navarre, you have, beyond any shade of doubt, been overdoing it. I warned you. The letter to Dr. White went off with the other mail. I distinctly recall signing same."

"Oh!" Camille looked down at her notebook.

Craig dropped his hands from her shoulders and settled himself on the stool. He drew a tray of pencils nearer.

"I quite understand," he said quietly. "Done the same thing myself lots of times. Fact is we're both exhausted. I shan't be long on the job tonight. We've been at it very late here for weeks now. Leave me to it. I suggest you hit the hay good and early."

"But—I am sorry—" her accent grew more marked, more fascinating.

"Did you cut out for eats as prescribed?"

"No. I just took a walk—"

"Then take another one—straight *home. Explore the icebox, refresh the* tired frame and get some sleep. Expect you around ten in the morning. My fault, asking you to come back."

CAMILLE sat on the studio couch in her small apartment, trying to reconstruct events of the night.

She couldn't, and it frightened her.

There were incidents which were vague, and this was alarming enough. But there were whole hours which were entirely blank!

The vague incidents had occurred just before she left the Huston Building. Morris had been wonderfully sympathetic, and this kindness had made her desperately unhappy. Why had this been so? She found herself quite unable to account for it. Their entire relationship had assumed the character of an exquisite torture; but what had occurred on this particular occasion to make the torture so poignant?

What had she been doing just before that last interview?

She had only a hazy impression of writing something in a notebook, tearing the page off—that was all.

Camille stared dreamily at the telephone standing on her bureau. Had she made a call since her return? She moved over and took up the wastebasket. There were tiny fragments of ruled paper there. Evidently she had torn something up, with great care.

Her heart beginning to beat more swiftly, she stooped and examined the scraps of paper, no larger than confetti disks. Traces of writing appeared, but some short phrase, whatever it was, had been torn apart accurately, retorn, and so made utterly undecipherable.

Camille dropped down again on the

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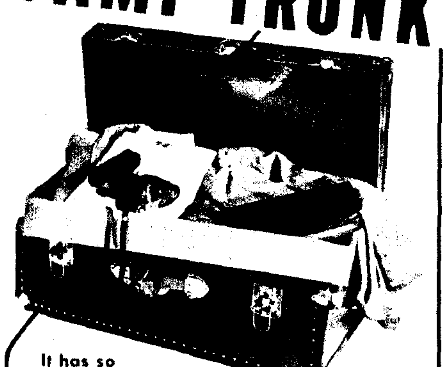

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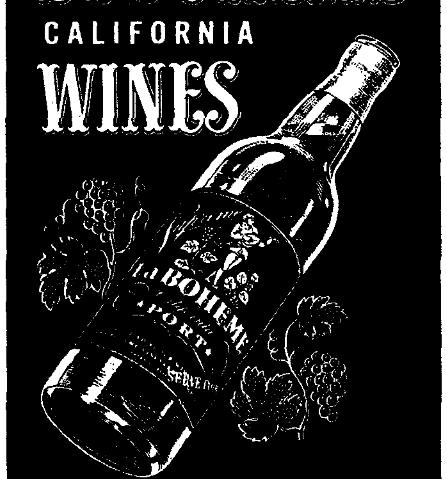

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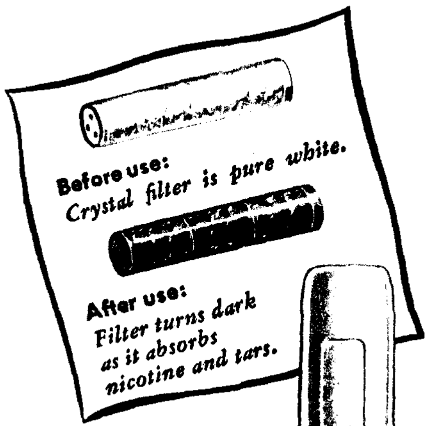
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divan and sat there staring before her. Could it be that she had overtaxed her mind—that this was the beginning of a nervous collapse? She remembered everything that had happened up to the moment she had lifted the phone on her own desk to make a certain call. This had been sometime before eight. Whether she ever made that call or not she had no idea. Her memory held no record of the interval between then and the time Morris insisted that she go home.

But over two hours had elapsed—two lost hours!

Sleep was going to be difficult. She went into the kitchenette and cut herself two sandwiches. She ate them while she warmed some milk. This and a little fruit made up her supper.

AFTER she had prepared the bed and undressed, she still felt wide awake. Switching the lights off, she stood at the window looking down into the street. A number of darkened cars were parked on both sides, and several taxis passed. There were few pedestrians.

All these things had no particular interest for her. She was trying all the time to recapture those lost hours. Never in her life before had such a thing happened to her. It was appalling . . .

At last, something taking place in the street below dragged her wandering mind back to the present.

A big man—abnormally big—stood almost opposite. He appeared to be looking up at her window. Something in his appearance, his hulking, apelike pose, struck a chord of memory, blurred but terrifying.

Camille watched him. His presence might have nothing to do with her. He could be looking at some other window. But she felt sure he was looking at hers.

When he moved away, loose-armed and shambling, she stepped to the end of the bay and continued to watch him. From here she could just see Central Park, and at the corner the man paused. He seemed to be looking back.

Camille stole down to the lobby and bolted the door.

A wave of unaccountable terror had swept over her. She had never, to her knowledge, seen the man before. He was dangerous-looking, but her scanty possessions were unlikely to interest a housebreaker. Nevertheless, she dreaded the dark hours ahead and knew that hope of sleep had become even more remote.

Finally Camille swallowed a sleeping tablet, got into bed and sipped the rest of the warm milk.

She did not recall turning the light out. But just as she was dozing off, a sound of heavy, but curiously furtive footsteps on the stair aroused her.

The sound died away—if she had really heard and not imagined it.

Sleep crept upon her unnoticed . . .

She dreamed that she stood in a dimly lighted, thickly carpeted room. It was peculiarly silent, and there was a sickly sweet smell in the air, a smell which she seemed to recognize yet couldn't identify. She was conscious of one impulse only. To escape from this silent room.

But a man wearing a yellow robe sat behind a long, narrow table, watching her. And his glittering green eyes held her as if chained to the spot upon which she stood. He seemed to be draining her of all vitality, all power of resistance.

She knew, in her dream, that this state of inertia was due to a pitiless cross-examination to which she had been subjected.

The examination was over, and now she was repeating orders already given. She knew herself powerless to disobey.

"On the stroke of ten. Repeat the time."

"On the stroke of ten."

"Repeat what you have to write."

"The safe combination used by Dr. Craig."

"When are you to await a call in your apartment?"

"At eleven o'clock."

"Who will call you?"

"*You* will call me . . ."

She was exhausted, at the end of endurance. The dim, Oriental room swam about her. The green eyes grew larger—dominated that yellow, passionless face—merged—became a still sea in which she was drowning.

Camille heard herself shriek as she fought her way back to consciousness. She sprang up, choked with the horror of her dream.

"Did it really happen?" she moaned. "Oh, God! What did I do last night?"

Gray light was just beginning to outline the slats of the Venetian blinds.

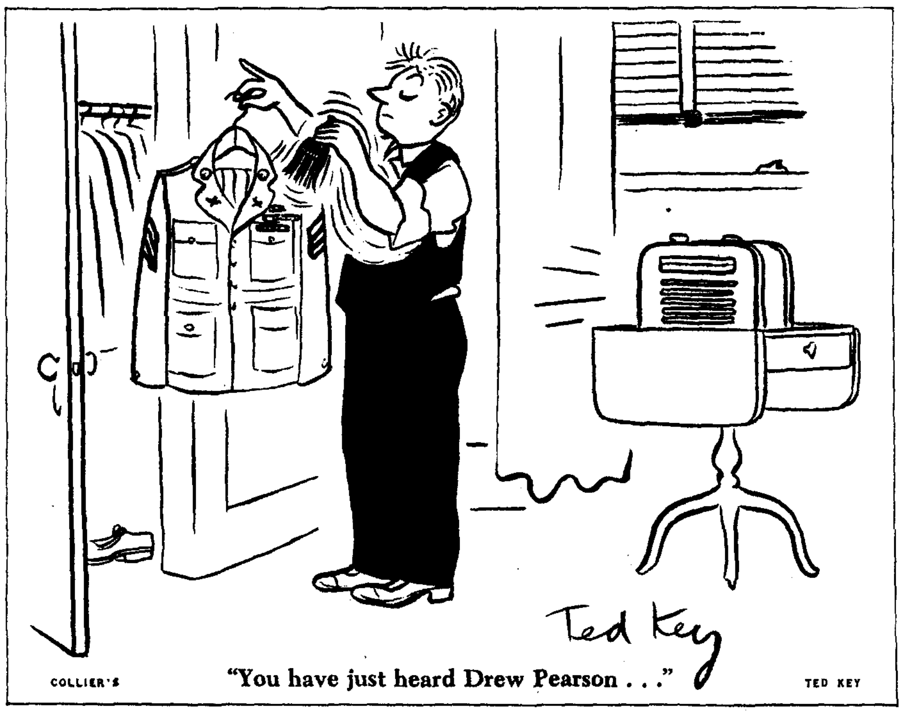
Manhattan was waking to a new day.

NAYLAND SMITH threw his door open in answer to the buzzer. "Come in, Harkness."

There was an irritable note in his voice. This was his third day in New York, and though every hour counted, he had made no progress worthy of record.

They shook hands. Raymond Harkness was a highly improbable F.B.I. operative but a highly efficient one. His large hazel eyes were ingenuous, almost childish in expression, and he had a gentle voice which he rarely raised. As he stood there peeling a glove off delicate-looking fingers, he might have been guessed a physician, or even a surgeon, but never a detective.

"Any news?" asked Smith, dropping



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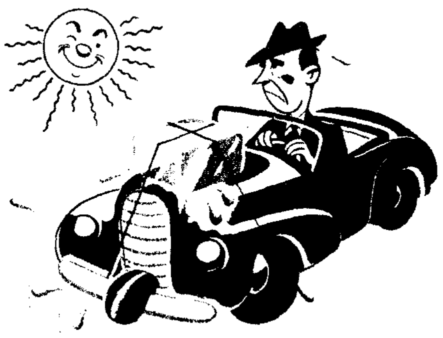

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restlessly into an armchair and pointing to its twin.

"Yes." Harkness sat down, first placing his topcoat and hat neatly on a divan. "I think there is."

"Good. Let's have it."

"Mrs. Frobisher had an appointment at three o'clock this afternoon with Professor Hoffmeyer, the Viennese psychiatrist who runs an office on the top floor of the Wooltan Building."

"How did you know?" Smith asked.

HARKNESS explained: "I'm having Falling Waters carefully covered. I want to find out who was responsible for the burglary there last week. Stein, the chauffeur-butler, drove Mrs. Frobisher into town in their big car. When she had gone in, Stein's behavior was just a bit curious."

"What did he do?"

"He parked the car, left his uniform cap inside, put on a light topcoat and soft hat and walked around to a bar on East Forty-eighth."

"What's curious about that?"

"Maybe not a lot. But when he got to the bar, he met another man who was evidently waiting for him. One of our boys was soon on a near-by stool."

"Hear anything?"

"Plenty. But it wasn't in English."

"Oh!" Nayland Smith lighted his pipe. "What was the lingo?"

"My man was counted out. He reports he doesn't know."

"Useful!"

"No, it isn't, Sir Denis. But Scarron—that's his name—had a bright thought when the party broke up. He didn't tail Stein. Knew he was going back to his car. He tailed Number Two."

"Good. Where did the bird settle?"

And when Harkness told him, Nayland Smith suddenly stood up.

"Got something there, Harkness," he rapped. "The job at Falling Waters may have been Soviet-inspired, and not, as I supposed, a reconnaissance by Dr. Fu Manchu. What's Stein's background?"

"Man at work right now on it."

"What about details of the bogus doctor who saved Moreno's life?"

Harkness took out a notebook and turned the pages. "We have a composite picture built up on the testimony of several witnesses. Here we are— Tall; well built. Pale, clean-cut features. Slight black mustache; heavy brows; dark piercing eyes."

Harkness returned the notebook to his pocket. "There's one other item. Not so definite—but something I wish you could look into personally. It's in your special province."

Harkness dusted ash into a tray and leaned back in his chair.

"For some time before your arrival," he said, "but acting on your advice that Dr. Fu Manchu was probably in New York, we have been checking up on possible contacts in the Asiatic quarter."

"Maybe none. Fu Manchu's organization isn't primarily Chinese, or even Oriental. He's head of a group known as the Council of Seven. They have affiliations in every walk of society and in every country, as I believe."

"That may be so," Harkness admitted, "but as a matter of routine I had the possibility looked into. Broadly, we drew a blank. But there's one old man, highly respected in the Chinatown area, who seems to be a bit of a mystery."

"What's his name?"

"Huan Tsung."

"What does he look like?"

"He is tall, I am told, for a Chinese, but old and frail. I've never seen him."

"What!" Nayland Smith pulled up and stared. "Don't follow. Myth?"

"Oh, he exists. But he's hard to get at. Some sort of invalid, I believe. It's easy enough to see him officially, but I don't want to do that. He has tremendous influence of some kind among the Asiatic population."

Nayland Smith tugged at the lobe of his ear, reflectively.

"This aged, invisible character intrigues me," he said. "How long has he lived in New York?"

"According to police records, for many years."

"But his remarkable habits suggest that he might be absent for a long time without his absence being noticed?"

"That's true," Harkness admitted.

"Are you really sure he's there now?"

"Practically certain. I have learned in the last few days that he has been seen going for a late drive—around eleven at night—in an old car which is kept in a shed not far from his shop."

"Where does he go?"

"I have no information. But we'll find out. You see"—Harkness spoke earnestly—"I have it on reliable grounds that Huan Tsung is against us. I don't know—"

"You want me to try to look him over?" Nayland Smith broke in. "I might recognize this hermit! I agree with you."

"I could make the necessary arrangements, Sir Denis. You might try tonight, if you have no other plans."

"I have no other plans. At any hour, at any moment, Craig may complete his hell machine. In that hour, the enemy will strike—and I don't know where to look for the blow, how to cover up against it. Tell me—does Huan Tsung ever drive out at night *more than once?*"

Harkness frowned. "I should have to check on that. I suggest that tonight—"

"No. Leave it to me. I'm tired of going around like an escorted tourist. I want my hands free. Leave it to me."

WHEN Nayland Smith left police headquarters that night and set out to pick up Harkness, he might have been anything from a ship's carpenter to a bosun's mate ashore. His demands on the bureau's fancy wardrobe had been simple, and no item of his make-up could fairly be described as a disguise.

Upon his clothes, a seagoing walk, dirty hands, and a weird, nasal accent which was one of his many accomplishments, Nayland Smith relied, as he had relied on former occasions.

He had started early, for he had it in mind to prospect the shop of Huan Tsung before joining Harkness at the agreed spot—a point from which that establishment could be kept in view.

The streets near Chinatown were empty and still, though it was comparatively early. He saw parked vehicles and some traffic, but few pedestrians.

The lights of the restaurant quarter were visible ahead, when this stillness was violently disturbed. A woman screamed. It was a scream of deadly terror.

Figures materialized out of nowhere, all of them running in the same direction. Nayland Smith ran, too.

A group of people surrounded a woman who was hysterically explaining that she had been knocked down and her handbag snatched by a man who sprang upon her from behind.

As Smith pressed forward to get a glimpse of the woman's face, someone clapped a hand on his back and seemed to be trying to muscle violently past. Smith turned savagely—and felt an acute stab in his neck as if a pin had been thrust into the flesh. "Damn you!" he snapped. "What in hell are you up to?"

These words were the last he spoke.

Strong fingers covered his mouth; a sinewy arm jerked his head back and the stinging in his neck continued.

Making a sudden lunge, he twisted, and threw off his attacker.

Fists clenched, he turned to face a tall man dimly seen in the darkness. He slammed a left to the man's chin and was about to follow it up when the man closed with him. He made no attempt to use his fists; he just threw himself upon Smith and twined powerful arms around his body, at the same time crying out, "Officer! Come and lend me a hand!"

His colossal impudence changed Nayland Smith's anger to a kind of cold hatred. He ceased to struggle.

The onlookers promptly deserted the robbed woman and surrounded this new center of interest. The officer stepped forward.

He shined a light onto the face of the tall man, who still had his arms around Nayland Smith, and Smith studied this face attentively.

He saw pale, clear-cut features, a shadowy mustache, heavy brows and dark, penetrating eyes. The man wore a black overcoat, a white muffler, a soft black hat. Smith noted with pleasure a thin trickle of blood on his chin. Then the light was turned upon himself.

"What goes on?" the patrolman asked.

"My patient grew fractious. Excitement has this effect. I think he's cooling down, though. Do you think you could lend me a hand as far as my car? I am Dr. Malcolm—Central Park South."

"Poor guy. Do what I can, Doctor."

But Nayland Smith smiled grimly. It was *his* turn.

"Listen, Officer," he said—or, more exactly, he framed his lips to say. For no sound issued from his mouth!

He tried again—and produced only a horrible, gurgling laughter.

Then he understood. He knew that he was in the hands of that same bogus physician who had visited Moreno—that the man was a servant of Dr. Fu Manchu. And he knew that the stinging sensation had been caused by the point of a hypodermic syringe.

He was stricken *dumb*. The only sound he was able to utter was that imbecile laugh!

"Poor guy," muttered the officer again.

"War veteran," Dr. Malcolm explained in a low voice. The onlookers murmured their sympathy. "Japanese prison camp. Escaped from my clinic yesterday. But we shall get him right—in time."

During this astounding statement, Dr. Malcolm, overconfident, perhaps, in the presence of the burly patrolman, made the mistake of slightly relaxing his hold, and the temptation was too strong for Nayland Smith.

Tensing every muscle in his body, he broke free. He had no footroom to haul off for a straight one, no time to maneuver, but he managed to register a savage uppercut on Dr. Malcolm's jaw. Malcolm fell without a sound. Smith ran for his life. He knew nothing less was at stake.

A whistle was blown. A girl screamed. Someone shouted, "Escaped madman! Stop him!" Runners were hot on his heels.

Unfamiliar terrors hounded him on. Capture meant death—and what a death! For he could not doubt that Dr. Fu Manchu intended, first, to interrogate him. And escape meant the life of a dumb man . . .

He saw, now, plainly enough, how he had held the game in his hands if only he had kept his poise.

All about him, hunters multiplied. Voices cried, "Escaped madman—stop him!" Police whistles skirled; the night became a welter of racing footsteps.

He tried to think as he ran.

Instinctively he had turned back the way he had come. He had a faint hope that, contrary to his orders, a detective might have been assigned to follow him. How he regretted those orders! What madness to underestimate the profound cunning of Dr. Fu Manchu . . .

SUDDENLY, someone tried a flying tackle. He missed. Smith tripped the tackler and ran on, wondering how long he could hope to last at that pace.

Some swift runner was hot on his heels, having outdistanced all others. But Nayland Smith had recognized a warehouse just ahead, the yard gate open, which he had passed earlier. If he could reach it first, he still had a chance. Desperation had prompted a plan.

And then something happened which was not in the plan.

As he raced up to the gate, a pair of stocky figures sprang out at him. They had been posted to intercept him—the game was up.

The men threw him and held him. Then the pack came up. It was led by the big policeman who had muttered, "Poor guy." His were the footsteps which Smith had heard so close behind.

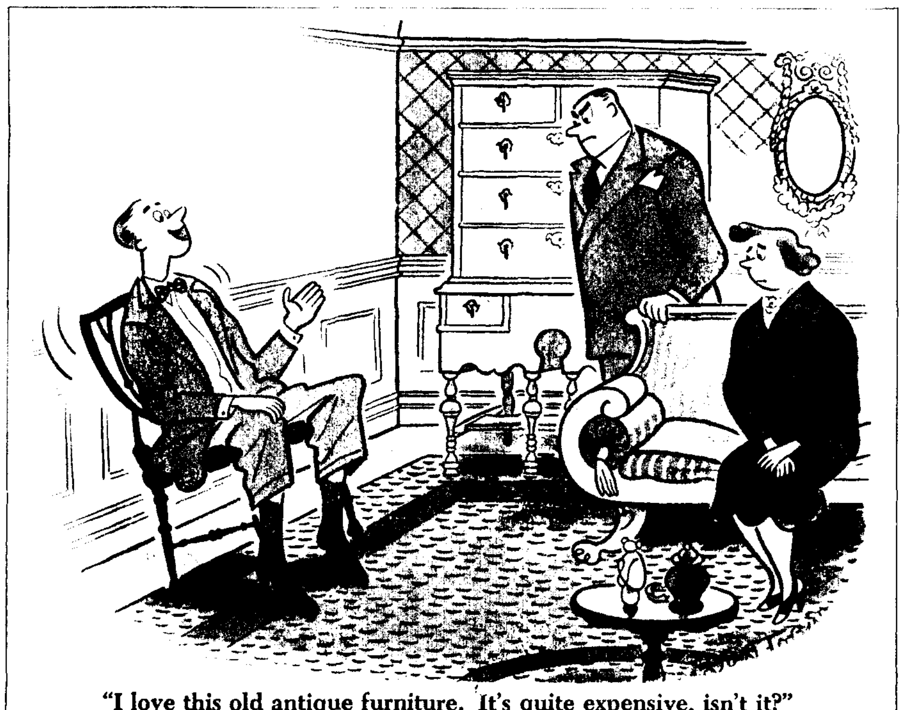
As Smith lay face downward in a strangle hold, this officer took charge, speaking breathlessly.

"Good work! Don't hurt him. The doctor's coming." Dimly, Nayland Smith became aware of an increasing crowd. "I can manage him."

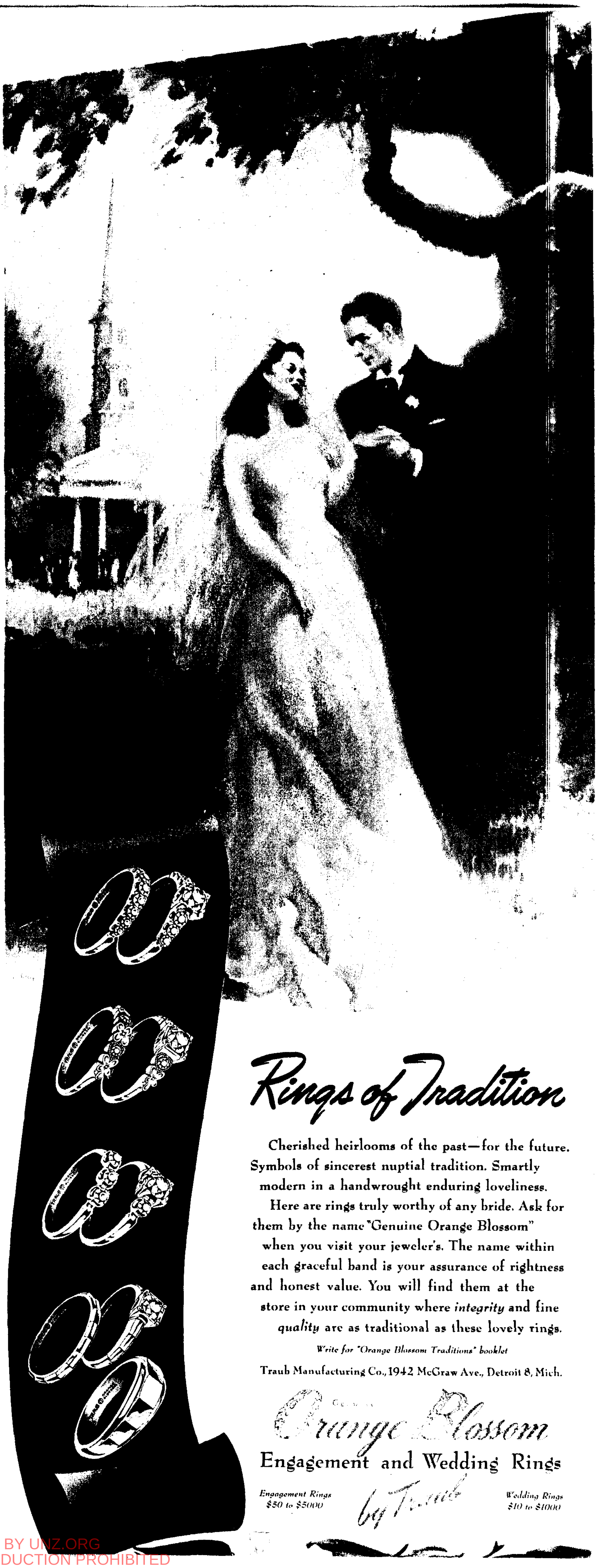
He was lifted upright and seized, skillfully, by the patrolman. The two thugs vanished into the darkness. Smith retained sufficient sanity to observe that one of the men limped badly. Perhaps, he thought with satisfaction, his kick had smashed a kneecap.

He opened his mouth to speak, remembered, and remained silent.

"Take it easy, brother," said the big officer sympathetically. He was still breathing hard from his run. "You're



"I love this old antique furniture. It's quite expensive, isn't it?"



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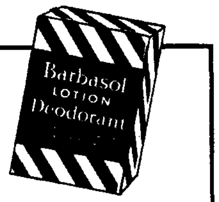

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not in Japan now." He steered Smith into the warehouse yard. "We'll wait here. Hi, you!" to the audience. "Gangway!"

A car pulled up to the gateway and Dr. Malcolm got out. A second patrolman was with him. Dr. Malcolm's voice sounded shaky.

"Congratulations, Officer. I shall commend you for this."

"All in the day's work," replied the man who held Smith. "Glad to see you've snapped out of it. A nifty one, that was. Shall I get the wagon?"

"No, no." Dr. Malcolm stepped forward. "It would only excite him. Here is my chauffeur. He is used to—these cases. We can manage quite well between us. Just call me in about twenty minutes. Dr. Scott Malcolm, Circle 3-3000."

While this conversation went on, Nayland Smith made up his mind to play the last card he held. Although one arm was pinioned behind him, he managed to pull his wallet out and to force it under the fingers of the man who held him. The officer grasped it, but did not relax his hold.

"Okay," he said in a low voice, like that of one soothing a child. "I've got it. Safe enough with me. Come along."

Smith was led to the car by Dr. Malcolm and a low-browed, gray-uniformed chauffeur. Dr. Malcolm took the wheel, and the chauffeur got in beside Smith. They drove off swiftly.

IT WAS on the following morning that Morris Craig arrived ahead of time to find Camille already there. He was just stripping his jacket off when he saw her at the door of her room.

"Hullo!" he called. "Why the wild enthusiasm for toil?"

She was immaculate as always, but he thought she looked pale. She did not wear her glasses.

"I couldn't sleep, Dr. Craig. When daylight broke at last I was glad to come. And there's always plenty to do."

"True. But I don't like the insomnia." He walked across to her. "You and I need a rest. When the job's finished, we're both going to have one. Shall I tell you something? I'm early myself because I mean to finish by Friday night so we both have a carefree week end."

He patted her shoulder and turned away. Pulling out a key ring, he went over to the big safe.

"Dr. Craig."

"Yes?" He glanced back.

"I suppose you will think it is none of my business, but I feel"—she hesitated—"there are . . . dangers."

Craig's boyish gaiety vanished. "What sort of dangers?"

"You have invented something which many people—people capable of any outrage—want to steal from you. And sometimes I think you are very careless."

"In what way?"

"Well—I know Sir Denis Nayland Smith's reputation. I expect he came here to tell you the same thing. There are precautions which you neglect."

"Tell me one."

"The safe combination is one. Do you ever change it?"

Craig smiled. "No," he confessed. "Why should I? Nobody else knows it."

"How can you be sure?"

"Sam might have picked it up—so might you. But why worry?"

"I may be foolish. But even if only Sam and I knew it, in your place I should change it, Dr. Craig."

Craig stared. His expression conveyed nothing definite, but it embarrassed her.

"Not suggesting that Sam—"

"Of course not! I'm only suggesting that, for the sake of us all, nobody but yourself should know that combination."

Craig brushed his hair back and began to grope in a pocket for cigarettes.

"Point begins to dawn," he said. "You mean that if something should be pinched therefrom, it must be clear that neither you nor Sam could possibly have known how to open the safe?"

"Yes," said Camille, "I suppose that is what I mean."

Craig stood there watching her door for some time after she had gone in and closed it. Then he crossed to the safe.

Having arranged his work to his satisfaction, Craig took up the phone and dialed a number.

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith, please."

There was an interval, and then the girl at the hotel switchboard reported, "There's no reply from his apartment."

"Oh—well, would you give him a message to call Dr. Morris Craig when he comes in?"

As he hung up he was thinking that Smith was out early. He had seen nothing of him since they had dined together and was burning with anxiety on his behalf. The delicate instrument which Craig called a transmuter had already gone into construction. Shaw was working on a blueprint in the laboratory. It remained only for Craig to complete three details, and for tests to discover whether his plant could control the power he had invoked.

In view of what failure might mean, he had determined to insist that the entire equipment be moved, secretly, to a guarded site in the open country for the carrying out of these tests.

He was beginning to realize that the transmuter might burst under the enormous load of energy it was designed to distribute. If it did, not only the Huston Building but also a great part of neighboring Manhattan could be dispersed like that lump of steel he had used in a demonstration for Nayland Smith.

Craig, in fact, was victim of an odd feeling of unrest. He continued to discount Smith's more dramatic warnings, and this in spite of the murderous attempt on Moreno, but he was unsure of the future. The feathered dart he had sent to Professor White at Harvard for examination, but so far had had no report.

He pressed a button, then sat on a corner of the desk, swinging one leg, as Sam came in chewing industriously.

"Morning, boss."

"Good morning, Sam. What time do you turn up here as a rule?"

"Well"—Sam shook his head thoughtfully—"I'm mostly around by eight, on account of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Regan comes off night watch then. I might easy be wanted—see?"

"Yes, I see. Reason I ask is I thought I saw you tailing me as I came along."

Sam's eyes, behind his spectacles, betrayed childish wonder. "*Me* tail *you,* Doctor? Listen. Wait a minute—"

"I am listening, and I am prepared to wait a minute. But I want an answer."

"Well"—Sam pulled his eyeshade lower—"sometimes it happens maybe I'm on an errand same time you happen to be going my way—"

"All right. But if Mr. Frobisher knew how you wasted time you owe to Huston Electric, he'd fire you. I'll have it out with Smith when I see him."

As Sam went out, Craig stood studying the detail on the drawing board, but found himself unable to conquer that spirit of unrest, an unhealthy sense of impending harm, which had descended upon him. Particularly, he was troubled by forebodings about Smith.

LESS than nine hours before, police headquarters had become a Vesuvius. Nayland Smith's wallet had been handed in by the frightened patrolman to whom he had passed it. He had given a detailed description of the man posing as Dr. Malcolm. It was recognized, at Centre Street, as corresponding to that of the bogus doctor who had saved the life of Officer Moreno!

Wires had hummed all night. The deputy commissioner had been called at his home. So had the district attorney. All police cars in the suspected area were warned.

From the time that "Dr. Malcolm" had left with his supposed patient, nothing more was known of his movements. His identity remained a mystery. Feverish activity prevailed. But not a solitary clue came in.

An internationally famous criminal investigator had been spirited away under the very eyes of the police—and no one knew where to look for him.

CRAIG'S uneasiness grew greater as the day grew older. It began to interfere with concentration. The nearer that Shaw's work came to completion in the laboratory, the further Craig seemed to be from contributing those final elements which would give it life.

Early in the afternoon he spoke to the manager of Nayland Smith's hotel. He learned that Smith had gone out the evening before, at what exact time the manager didn't know. He had not returned or communicated. The manager could give no further information.

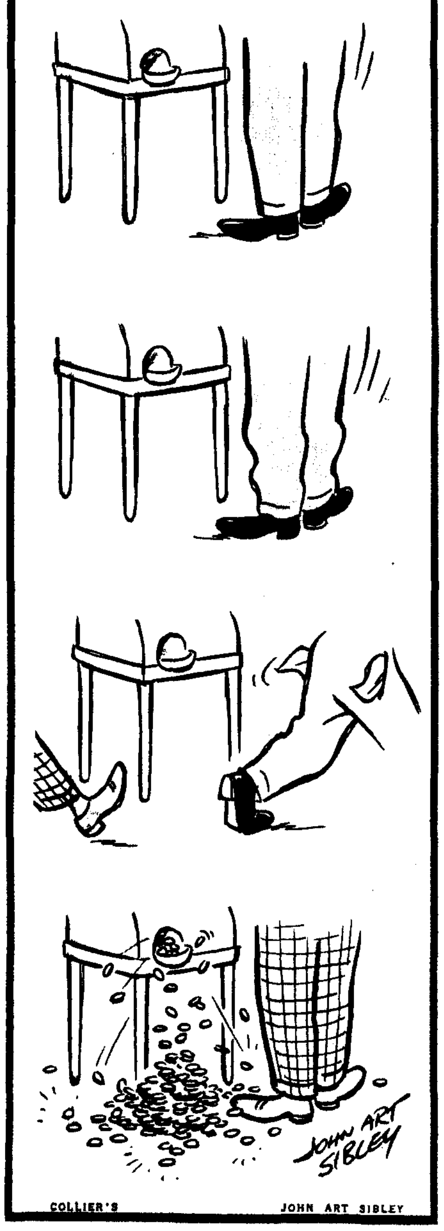
Craig wondered if he should call police headquarters, but hesitated to make himself a nuisance. After all, the nature of Smith's business in New York would sufficiently account for long absences. But Craig recalled, unhappily, something he had said on the night they dined together: "I fear that he has decided that I must die . . . What are my chances?"

He tried again to tackle his work but found the problems which it presented so bewildering that he was grateful when Michael Frobisher burst into the office.

Craig swung around and faced his chief, who had dropped into one of the armchairs. "Hullo, Mr. Frobisher."

FEET FIRST

Slot Machine



COLLIER'S JOHN ART SIBLEY

"Hullo, Craig. Thought I'd just look in. Don't expect to be in town again this week. Picking up Mrs. F., who's having a treatment, and driving right out. How's the big job shaping?"

Frobisher pulled a cigar from his breast pocket, and Craig noted that his hand was unsteady. He realized suddenly that Frobisher was either sick or haunted.

"Fairly bright," he replied. "Time you saw the setup in the lab again."

"Yes. I should."

But Craig knew that his chief would avoid the visit if possible. The throbbing monster in the laboratory frightened Michael Frobisher, and Craig knew it.

Frobisher snipped off the end of his cigar. "What are the prospects of finishing by the week end?"

"Fair to medium. Mental functions disturbed by grave misgivings."

Frobisher glanced up sharply. His eyes, under drawn, black brows, reminded Craig of smoldering fires in two deep caves.

"What misgivings?" he growled.

Craig dropped the stub of a cigarette and began to grope behind him for a packet which he had put somewhere on the desk.

"I'm a sort of modern Frankenstein," Craig explained. "Hadn't grasped it before. In there"—he waved toward the laboratory door—"is a thing which could eat up New York City at one gulp. This brute frightens me."

"Forget it." Frobisher lighted his cigar.

"Impossible. How this beast can be tamed to perform domestic duties escapes me at the moment. Like training a Bengal tiger to rock a baby's cradle. Then there's something else."

"Such as what?"

"The thing in that laboratory is coveted by the governments of the United States, of England and of Russia."

Michael Frobisher stood up. His craggy brows struggled to meet over a deep vertical wrinkle. "Who says so?"

"I say so. Agents of those governments are watching every move we make."

"I knew there was a leak! Do you know those agents?"

"Sir Denis Nayland Smith has arrived from London."

"Who in hell is Sir Denis Nayland Smith?"

"An old friend of mine. Formerly a commissioner of Scotland Yard. But I don't know the Washington agent and I don't know the Soviet agent. I only know they're here."

"Oh!" said Michael Frobisher, and sat down again. "Any more troubles?"

"Yes." Craig found his cigarettes and lighted one. "Dr. Fu Manchu."

SILENCE fell between them like a curtain. There was fear in Frobisher's eyes.

"You are sure there *is* such a person?"

"Yes—moderately sure."

For some reason this assurance seemed to bring relief to Frobisher. A moment later an explanation came.

"Then I'm not crazy! Those Asiatic snoopers really exist. They seem to have quit tailing me around town, but queer things happen out at Falling Waters. Whoever went through my papers one night away back must have been working with inside help—"

"But I thought you told me that some yellow character—"

"*He* was outside. Saw him from my window. No locks broken. But last night my private safe was opened!"

"What's that!"

"Plain fact. I was awake. Sleep badly. Guess I interrupted him. But the door of the safe was wide open when I got down!"

"See anybody?"

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"Not a soul. Nothing taken. Doors and windows secure. Craig"—Frobisher's deep voice faltered—"I was beginning to wonder—"

"If you walked in your sleep? Did these things yourself?"

"Well—"

"Quite understand, and sympathize," Craig said.

MICHAEL FROBISHER shook his head, like a big dog who has something in his ear. "Listen—but not a word to Mrs. F. I have had a gadget fixed up to record any movement around the house, and show just where it's coming from. I want you to look it over this week end."

"Delightful prospect. I am the gadget king. And this brings me to my main misgiving. You may recall the bother we had fitting up the plant in the lab?"

"Don't be funny! Didn't we import workmen from Europe to make it in sections—"

"We did. And I have been my own draftsman."

"Then send 'em home again and assemble the sections ourselves?"

"Yes. To be brief, we shall have to do likewise once more."

"What's that?"

"I cannot be responsible for tests carried out in the heart of New York City. Already some of my experiments are slightly alarming. But when I'm all set to tap the juice in quantities, I want to be where I can do no harm." Craig was warming to his subject; the enthusiasm of the specialist fired his eyes. "You see, the energy lies in successive strata—like the skins of an onion. And you know what the middle of a raw onion's like!"

The tip of Frobisher's cigar glowed ominously.

"Meaning what?" he growled.

"Meaning that a site must be picked for an experimental station. Somewhere in wide-open spaces, far from the madding crowd. Little by little and bit by bit we shall transfer our monster there."

"You told me you needed some high place."

"There are high places other than the top of the Huston Building. I wish to avoid repeating, in the Huston Building, the story of the Tower of Babel. It would be spectacular, but unpopular."

"You're not getting cold feet, are you?"

Craig smiled. "Yes," he said. "I am. What are you going to do about it?"

Michael Frobisher picked up his hat. "If *you* say so, I'll have to get busy." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Give me all the facts on Saturday."

When Frobisher opened the office door, he stood looking right and left of the lobby for a moment before he went out.

Craig scratched his chin reflectively. What, exactly, was going on at Falling Waters? He felt peculiarly disinclined to work, considered ringing for Camille just for the pure pleasure of looking at her, then resolutely put on his glasses and settled down before the unfinished diagram.

He was destined, however, to be interrupted again.

The office door behind him opened very quietly, and Mrs. Frobisher peeped in. "Do I intrude?" she asked coyly.

Craig, conscious of his shirt sleeves, took off his glasses, jumped from the stool and turned.

"Mrs. Frobisher!" He swept back the drooping forelock. "I say—excuse my exposed laundry."

Stella Frobisher extended her hand graciously. She was an Englishwoman and her pattern of life appeared to be modeled upon customs embalmed in old volumes of Punch. Her hair had been blond and would always remain so. She had canarylike manners. She fluttered.

"I was waiting until Mike had gone. He mustn't know I have been here."

Craig pulled a chair forward, and Stella Frobisher's high heels clicked on the parquet like castanets as she came over and sat down. She was correctly dressed in full mink uniform and wore a bird of paradise for a hat.

"Highly compromising. When did your heart first awaken to my charms?" said Craig as he put his coat on.

He had learned that airy chatter was the only possible kind of conversation with Mrs. Frobisher, who was some years younger than her husband and liked to think he had many rivals.

"Oh, you *do* say the queerest things!" Stella's reputation for vivacity rested largely upon her habit of stressing words at random. "I have been having a treatment at Professor Hoffmeyer's."

"Am I acquainted with the lad?"

"Oh, everybody knows *him.* He's simply too wonderful. He has made a new woman of me."

"Yes. You look quite new."

"Oh, now you think I'm being silly, Dr. Craig. But truly my nerves had quite gone. You see, there's something very queer going on."

"Queer goings on, eh?" Craig murmured, hunting for his cigarettes.

"Most peculiar. I know you're laughing at me. But truly I'm terrified. There have been the *most* uncanny people prowling about Falling Waters recently." She accepted a cigarette and Craig lighted it for her. "I simply *dare* not speak to Mike about it. You know how nervous he is. But I have ordered a pack of Alsatians and insisted that they must be ferocious."

"A pack, you say?"

"Yes. I have had barbed wire installed, and I shall loose the dogs at night."

"Sounds uncommonly attractive. Lovers' paradise."

"I wanted to warn you, because now I must be off. If I'm late at the Ritz, Mike will think I've been up to something—"

Craig escorted her down to the street and was rewarded with an arch smile.

NAYLAND SMITH came to the surface from the depths of a murky purple lake. A voice, unpleasantly familiar, reached his ears through a violet haze which overhung the lake.

"I trust you find yourself quite restored, Sir Denis?"

Smith strove to identify the speaker.

"And don't hesitate to reply. You are no longer dumb. The discomfort was temporary."

The speaker was identified. He was Dr. Malcolm!

"I—why—I can *speak!*" Nayland Smith's voice rose higher on every word.

"So I observe. You are an expert boxer, Sir Denis; for a man of your years a remarkable one."

Dr. Malcolm wore a long white coat. He was regarding Smith with professional interest. "You appear to feel no gratitude for your restored power of speech?"

He poured a liquid from a beaker into a phial. The phial he placed in a leather case.

"No. I'm waiting for the later symptoms to develop."

Dr. Malcolm closed his case.

"You will wait in vain. The first injection I administered was intended merely to paralyze the muscles of articulation."

"Thanks. It did."

"A second counteracted it," Dr. Malcolm explained.

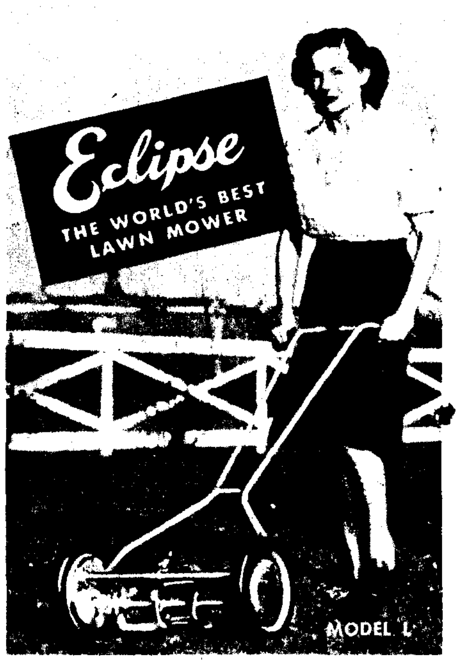
"Truly ingenious."

"But," Dr. Malcolm went on, "my duties in your case were not nearly so dangerous as in the case of the policeman, Moreno. I was subject to exposure throughout the time I remained in the hospital."

"So I gather," said Smith.

This man's cool audacity fascinated him.

"Of course"—Dr. Malcolm locked his leather case—"Circle 3-3000 is the number of a well-known hotel. I don't live



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there." He showed strong white teeth in a smile. "Mai Cha was most convincing as the girl who had been robbed, I thought."

"I thought so too."

Nayland Smith glanced about him. The place proved to be more extensive than he had supposed at that strange awakening. It was a big cellar. Much of it was unlighted.

"We had several keymen in the crowd, of course. The police officer was an intruder. But I did my best with him. When you succeeded in knocking me out, I was indebted to this officer—and to a pair of our people placed to cover such a possibility—for your recapture."

"Yes, you were," said Smith conversationally. "All the luck lay with you. Must you be going?"

"Yes. I am leaving you now. I regret the necessity for putting you under constraint. You will have noted, since you are fully restored, that your arms are lightly attached to the bench upon which you sit. These thin wires, however, are quite unbreakable. A preparation invented by my principal. I bid you good night, Sir Denis. It is improbable that we meet again."

"Highly improbable," Smith murmured. "But lucky for you. By the way, how long have I been here?"

Dr. Malcolm paused.

"Nearly twenty-four hours—"

"*What!*"

"Not actually in this cellar, but under my care, elsewhere. You have been suitably nourished, and I assure you there will be no ill effects."

Dr. Malcolm merged into the background. His white coat marked his progress for a while and then became swallowed up. A heavy door was opened—and closed.

Twenty-four hours!

Nayland Smith satisfied himself that he was, indeed, helpless. The slender flexible threads, like strands of silk, which confined his arms were steel-tough. The bench was clamped to the floor. He peered into surrounding gloom. One light on the wall behind him afforded illumination. Outside its radius lay shadows ever increasing to complete blackness.

Somewhere in this blackness, almost defying scrutiny, objects were stacked against a farther wall. Specks of color became discernible, vague forms.

Intently, Smith stared into the darkness, picking out shapes, dim lines.

At last he understood.

He was looking at a pile of Chinese coffins . . .

The sound made by a heavy, unseen door warned him that someone had entered the cellar.

Long before a tall figure came silently out of the shadows, Nayland Smith knew who had entered. The quality of the atmosphere had changed, become charged with new portent.

WEARING a dark, fur-collared topcoat and carrying a black hat in one long, yellow hand, Nayland Smith's ancient adversary faced him.

A tense, silent moment passed.

"I confess that I had not expected to meet you, Sir Denis."

The words were spoken softly, the sibilants marked.

Nayland Smith met the regard of half-closed eyes.

"I, on the contrary, had hoped to meet *you*, Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Your star above mine. The meeting has taken place. If it is not as you had foreseen it, blame only that blind Fate which disturbs our foolish plans. Because our destinies were woven on the same loom, perhaps I should have known that you would be here—to obstruct me when the survival of mankind is at stake."

He stepped aside, and brought a rough, wooden box. Upon this he sat down.

"You are compelled to remain seated," he explained. "Courtesy forbids me to stand."

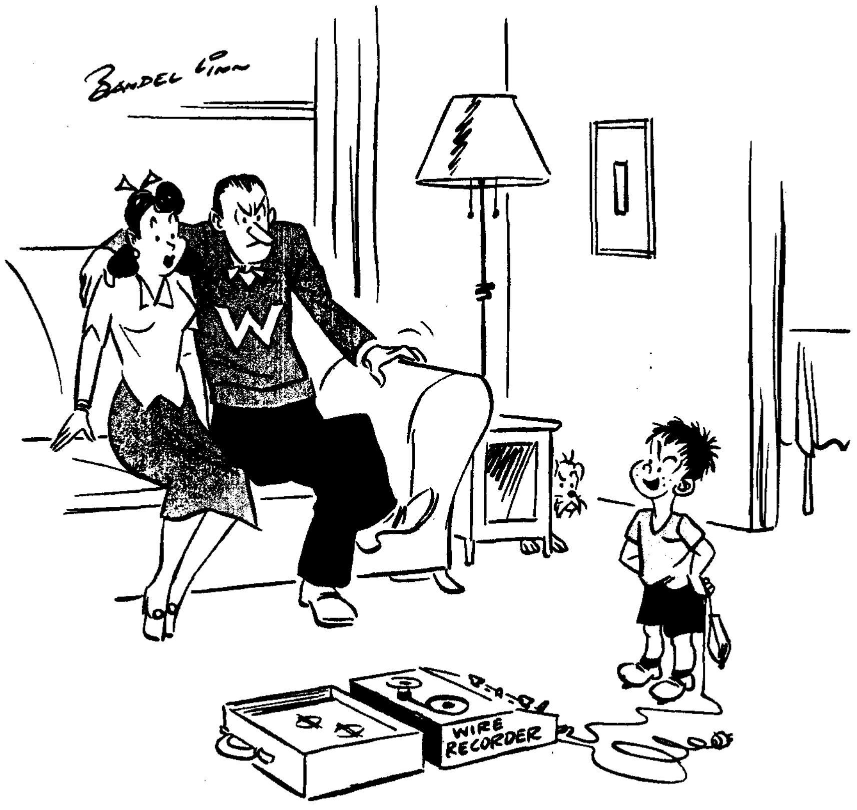
And those words were a key to open memory's door. Nayland Smith, in one magical glimpse, lived again through a hundred meetings with Dr. Fu Manchu, through years in which he had labored to rid the world of this insane genius. He saw him as an assassin, as a torturer, as the most dangerous criminal the law had ever known; but always as an aristocrat.

"You honor me," he said, dryly. "How am I to die?"

Dr. Fu Manchu fully opened his strange eyes and fixed upon Smith a gaze which few men could have hoped to sustain. He spoke even more softly than he had spoken before.

"That rests with you, Sir Denis," he replied.

(To be continued next week)



COLLIER'S "Mr. Ferguson, for two bucks I'll erase the recording I made when you were here last night!" BANDEL LINN

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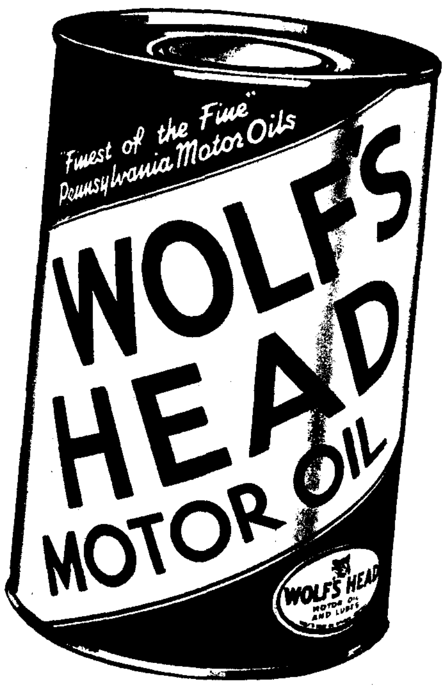
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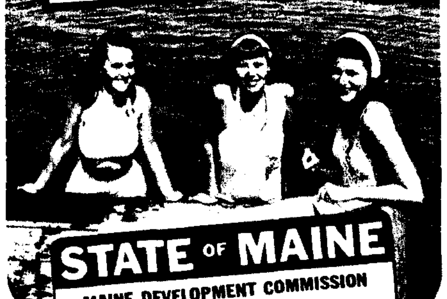

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LOU IS CLEVELAND'S BUSINESS

Continued from page 48

lady who signed her name and consisted entirely of a large sheet of paper with two words in the middle: Drop Dead.

Mr. Veeck allowed it to be understood that perhaps he had been a trifle premature and after reflection had decided that Mr. Boudreau was an ideal manager for Cleveland. Whereupon, Boudreau got a raise in salary, the two-year contract he had been insisting on and all Mr. Veeck had to do was answer the 16,000 letters of protest he had received.

Now what manner of individual is this who has so ruthlessly upset the doctrine of private property? Among the *cognoscenti* he is unanimously regarded as the greatest shortstop in baseball. This is itself a form of miracle because he is one of the slowest men in the game. He runs like a dray, has a batting stance that may only be termed ludicrous and seems to lack every ingredient that would make a star. Yet he daily makes plays that can only be explained by necromancy, is normally a .300 hitter and in 1944, led the league with .327.

Slow—But He Gets Everything

Experts who see him every day are his greatest boosters. Last year he somehow got to a ball behind third base, flipped it back over his shoulder to Keltner, who ferried it over to first in time to get the runner. The combination of Boudreau and Joe Gordon around second base is considered unfair by the opposition. The way Boudreau can snag a ball a mile behind second base and throw a runner out at first is a caution. Since he moves no faster than a largo it can only be held that he has the intuition of a bird dog and the persistence of a bill collector.

The chances are that in a year or two he'll move over to third base, which was his original position in college. His early ambition was to be a catcher but his father squelched that. "You'll get all stove up and won't last long," he warned. Well, Lou got stove up anyhow but this came from his basketball playing at Illinois. His right ankle has been broken three times and both ankles are full of arthritic deposits. Before a game he wraps himself like a mummy, using yards of tape in a method he has learned for himself.

He admits that basketball slowed him down but thinks it helped him in other ways. "Learned how to start fast and pivot," he says. "Taught me how to skid to the right and throw off balance. They tell me I've got that 'split vision,' can see three or four things at once."

This all began in Harvey, Illinois, where his father was a machinist and a former semipro third baseman. Boudreau's case follows somewhat the Bob Feller pattern in that his father was determined to make a ballplayer out of him. As a matter of fact Lou was considered even better as a basketball star when he got down to the University of Illinois. He made All-Illinois three years in a row and was a sensation when Illinois played in Madison Square Garden. During the summer he played semipro ball with the Chicago Midlothians and softball with the Harvey Magic Chefs.

He was playing third at Illinois and doing all right but nothing sensational. He went up to Chicago for a tryout with the White Sox and they didn't want him; he tried the Cubs and they also showed no interest. Somebody touted him to Cy Slapnicka of Cleveland and a deal was made. Boudreau wanted to stay at Illinois till he got his degree in Physical Education but there was the matter of his mother at home. Things were not rosy in Harvey.

"You know," says Boudreau grimly, "missing a meal occasionally."

Cleveland started paying Mrs. Boudreau a hundred dollars a month, on Lou's promise to sign a Cleveland contract after graduation. This was great until Major John L. Griffith, Big Ten commissioner, heard about it. Major Griffith was shocked. Boudreau came in trembling and confessed all. The major declared him ineligible for the rest of the basketball season but there was a hint that if he kept himself nice and clean till fall the matter might be reconsidered.

"I turned down a chance to make a movie with Hank Luisetti," says Lou with a shudder, "and regarded all pro basketball offers as the temptation of the Devil. Then I found out in the spring they weren't going to take me back after all."

So Lou got married to Della DeRuiter, his high-school girl friend, yelled for Slapnicka to come get him and was sent off to Cedar Rapids in the Three-Eye League. Next spring, which was '39, he reported to the Indians' training camp at New Orleans. After a week of spectacular play around third base, Slapnicka hollered: "Git on over there!" Which placed Lou at shortstop and teamed him up with Ray Mack. Steve O'Neill grabbed this combination for Buffalo, where the boys proceeded to burn up the league.

In the meantime the Indians were being what they always seem to be: a disappointment. Buffalo was headed for the pennant, only half a game out of first place and Boudreau was hitting .331. Slapnicka recalled them to Cleveland and Buffalo almost went berserk. It was the first Boudreau experience as a public issue but this time he was involved only as a pawn. He and Mack took over in stride at Cleveland and finished out the season, aware that they were planted for a long time in that setting.

It only now becomes apparent that Slapnicka made one of the choice deals of history.

"They gave my mother fifteen hundred when I signed," says Lou, "and I was to get another twenty-five hundred if and when I played sixty days of major-league ball. Ray and I only got in fifty-five days in that late season stretch but they gave me the money."

Kept Out of the Rebellion

From almost the beginning of the next season, 1940, Boudreau began running the Cleveland team on the field. He had always been team captain in high school and college and just naturally started taking command. It was the year of the "Cry-Baby" revolt against Manager Vitt but Lou and Mack stayed out of it on the advice of the older players. They lost the pennant to Detroit by a single game but Boudreau made the All-Star team, was named "Rookie of the Year" by Chicago sports writers, led the shortstops in fielding with .968 and finished with 101 runs-batted-in and a batting average of .295.

The effort almost cost him his life because he played the last few weeks of the season with what he told everybody was a pulled stomach muscle and which turned out to be a severe attack of appendicitis. When he was finally operated on, the appendix had burst, peritonitis set in and the situation was so bad that his wife and mother were sent for. He pulled through after a tough struggle.

Roger Peckinpaugh was manager in 1941 after Vitt was dropped but the Indians were as usual going nowhere. Boudreau again made the All-Star team and led the shortstops in fielding with .966 but his hitting fell off to .257, his worst so far in the league. At the end of the season Slapnicka had suffered sufficiently and retired as general manager. Peckinpaugh

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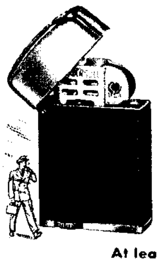

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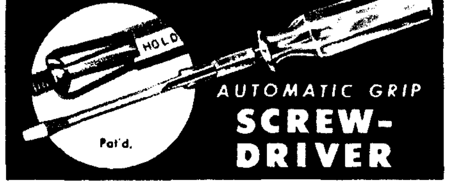

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was elevated to that eminent position and Cleveland was again without a field manager. The Cleveland sports writers, who occupy an influential position in the baseball hierarchy, began speculating on possibilities, and one genius, not wishing to be scooped, listed practically everybody in baseball, including Boudreau.

The lad was twenty-four at the time and had been only two years in the league but the idea struck him as eminently sensible. What followed was really another triumph for Alexander Graham Bell: Lou took up the telephone at his home in Harvey and got Alva Bradley, president of the Indians, on the wire.

"I didn't say much," reports Boudreau modestly. "I merely said I wanted to be manager."

Mr. Bradley, a man of tact and wisdom realized immediately that he was in the position of a father who must deny his son the birthday gift of a tommy gun without at the same time breaking his spirit. He said that a manager had practically been decided upon but that he would present Mr. Boudreau's name to the board. Bradley was strong for Burt Shotton but George Martin of the Sherwin-Williams Company took up the Boudreau motion eagerly and swung the board in his favor. Shotton, just getting into stride for a career that would eventually make him the All-America martyr, ended by signing as coach.

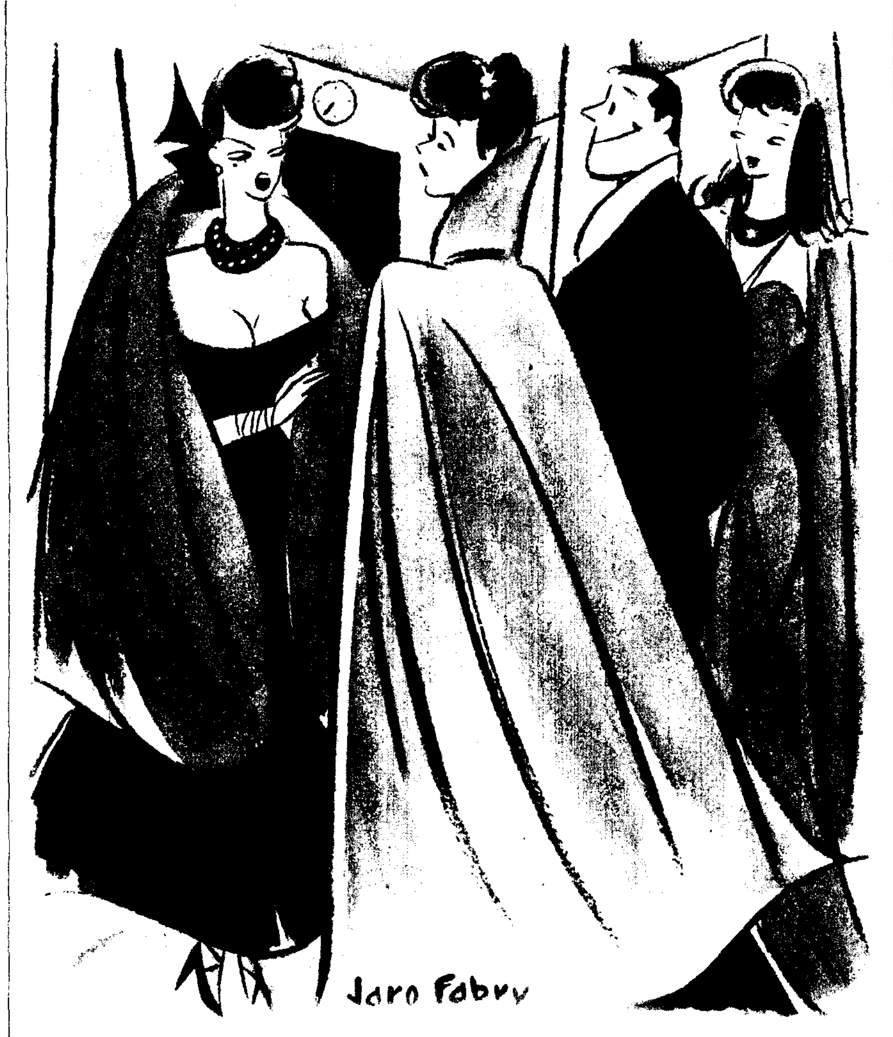
What followed may be regarded as the Ordeal by Fire of M. Lou Boudreau. At spring training he decided that what was good enough for old Illini would be excellent for the Indians. The players found the clubhouse plastered with inspirational slogans: Will to Win, Have a Passion to Score. On the field Boudreau wore a whistle tied to a string around his neck, which he tooted at exact intervals while the serfs pranced docilely about. Since there were important men on the club who had never negotiated fractions and considered grammar a term of endearment, it was plain that Boudreau would soon have trouble.

To further ingratiate himself with the future, Boudreau called in the Cleveland writers for a short lecture. First, he told them sternly, there would be no second-guessing. They looked at him without blinking. Second, there would be no story written that would put the club in a bad light. They were all interested in the welfare of baseball, weren't they? Well, then. The writers rose in a body and through a spokesman informed Mr. Boudreau that they were working for their papers and not for the Cleveland ball club. Furthermore, if anything arose that seemed to call for their attention, they would gladly tear the ears off Mr. Boudreau or even members of their own family who were involved in the conspiracy.

A Clash of Temperaments

It was only a question of time when Boudreau would meet such individualists as Jeff Heath and Jim Bagby head on. At the end of the season Bagby announced publicly that he wanted to be traded since he could stand the manager no longer. Lou again led the shortstops in fielding, hit .283 and was a star again in the All-Star game. Bagby and Heath were eventually sold and Boudreau now adopted a second phase of his managerial progress. He shunned the players off the field, ate his meals with Shotton and Del Baker, who had lately become an Indian coach after managing Detroit, and in general acted like a four-star louse.

The team stumbled through the season, but by now Boudreau was straightened out and since then he has adopted the Middle Way. He rooms alone on trips, as all managers do, but he also bats a pleasantry around with the chattels. In his third year Boudreau came into his own as a player. He fielded .978, the highest shortstop's record till then in American League history and established a new double-play mark of .134. In addition he handled more chances than any other shortstop, had the most assists and made the fewest errors. Also, he led



COLLIER'S "When I said, 'Let's make it a foursome,' Michael—I had a somewhat different idea!" JARO FABRY

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the league in hitting with .327 and in one game tied the major-league record with four doubles and in another game came up with five extra-base hits to tie another record.

What this seems to prove is that Boudreau is either an insensitive lout or a man of great will power and character. In any event he has never allowed his managerial miseries to ruin him as a player. The only exception to this was late last season when his play fell off so noticeably that the finger was being pointed at him. It was whispered and even printed that Lou was on the downgrade. He explains that now as worry about his new contract.

"I knew something was up," he says. "They stopped inviting me to meetings in the front office."

Success of the Famous "Shift"

But unless Cleveland's love affair with Boudreau (we refer to the civic affection) cools, he will end as a third baseman and then as bench manager. The best indication that he has something in his head besides financial figures is the famous "Boudreau shift." It was an outrageous defensive maneuver by which everybody on the Cleveland team but the left fielder and the battery congregated in right field and happily cut off hits by the formerly irrepressible Ted Williams. There were loud shouts of laughter throughout the league but the first to stop chortling was Mr. Williams and the others soon followed. Not only did it curb him against Cleveland but it ruined him in the World Series when the Cardinals adopted a revised version of the Boudreau invention.

Last year he created a small rebellion on the club by taking the signal calling away from Jim Hegan, the catcher, and taking it on himself. The fact that the team started winning immediately thereafter didn't appease Mr. Hegan and he was still sulking when time for spring training came. There was some slight trouble one day, however, when the antique Al Lopez was behind the plate. Boudreau came charging in around the sixth inning with fire in his eye.

"Why'd you give him that curve?" he demanded. "Didn't you get my signal?"

"Was *that* what you were doing out there?" cried Mr. Lopez in feigned astonishment.

But these small crochets and Boudreau's pained feeling during the last month didn't prevent him from turning in a fielding record that is almost unbelievable. His mark for the year was .982, meaning that he missed almost nothing coming his way. His lifetime batting record is .292 despite a position at the plate that would get most young hitters brained by a bat. He stands crouched far over, with his body forming an arc (literally almost half a circle), his *derrière* sticking out at least two feet and his bat held aloft as if he were about to flail a black snake. How he sees the ball is one mystery; how he hits it is another.

He is a dark, handsome young man of thirty, standing 5:11 and weighing 170. He sports a businessman's paunch which comes not from excess fat but a bad posture. His hands are small, which was always held to be an impossible handicap for an infielder, and he has no single physical qualification for greatness. He is a bad public speaker and has in his panic been known to address an audience as "gentlemens." He has three children, still lives in Harvey and pronounces his name as if spelled "Bud-row," with the accent on the last syllable. The rest of the country calls it "Bood-row," and with his several experiences of public opinion Lou is not one to correct the multitude.

Mr. Veeck is his greatest booster as a player and has said of him, "He covers everything on the field except about this much of right field," holding up the thumb and forefinger and allowing a small space to intervene. The Boudreau-Veeck entente seems firmly cemented again and there is general agreement in Cleveland (though slightly belated) that Veeck was not really trying to ruin the ball club with his St. Louis trade.

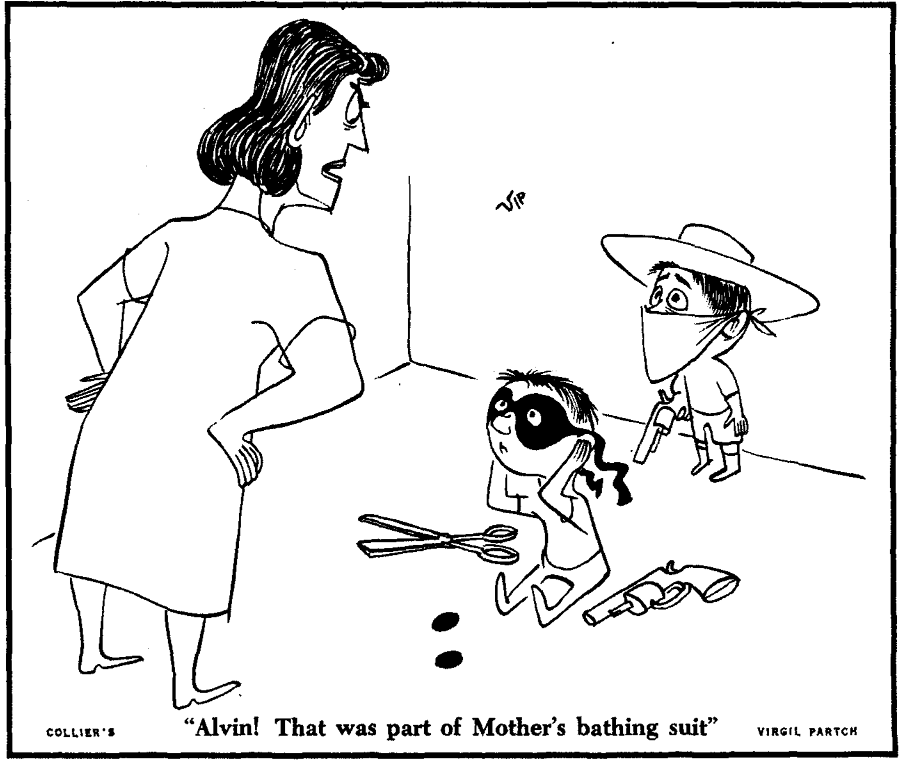
Veeck took the team in the middle of 1946, and by a series of fireworks, parades, free nylon distribution, acrobats and glee clubs managed to boost the home attendance for the first time over a million. Last year, despite twenty-two early games being rained out the total went to 1,521,978. With only a fair season they expect it to reach 2,000,000 this year.

They still have the great Bob Feller and last year transformed Bob Lemon from an ordinary outfielder into a superb pitcher. Beyond that there isn't too much and the additions haven't exactly been sensational. But they'll have the magician at shortstop and if that is what the people wanted, that's what Veeck is giving them. Boudreau seems to have no resentment over the episode. He was even reconciled to St. Louis. He shrugged when asked what he would have done if the deal had gone through.

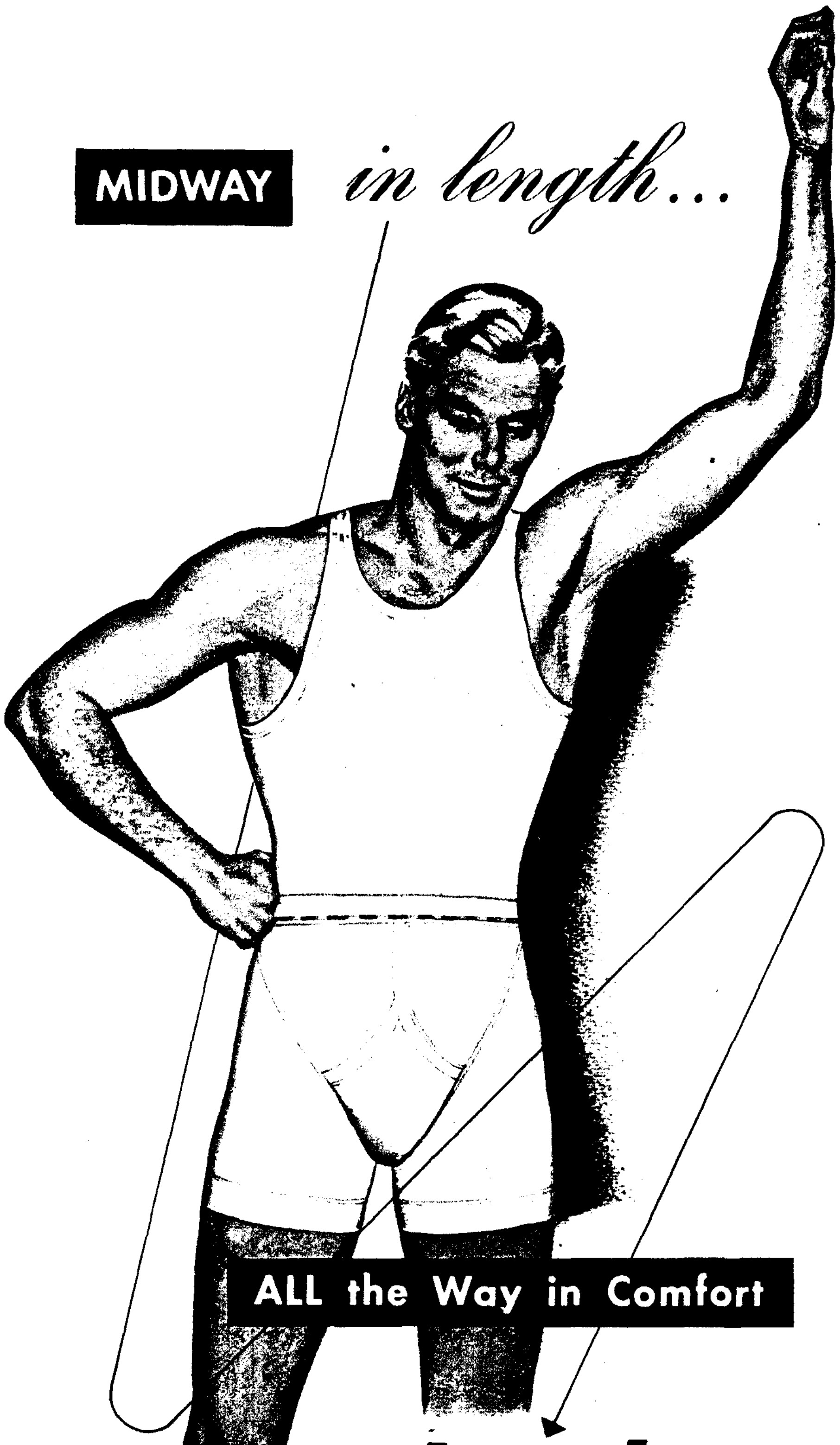
"If you're a ballplayer, you play ball, don't you?" he said.

Luckily that sort of nonsense doesn't go with the Cleveland fans.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Alvin! That was part of Mother's bathing suit" VIRGIL PARTCH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MAKE the most of this year's tax cut because it will be the last for a long, long time to come. Already, behind the scenes, Congressional tax experts are preparing the groundwork for a new tax bill next Congress. With the huge defense and foreign relief spending certain to be continued, a tax boost in some form is inescapable in 1949. The two chief proposals the experts are quietly studying are (1) restoration of an excess profits tax and (2) a federal sales tax.

POLITICS in Minnesota is always stormy, and this year it's more so than usual. The G.O.P. is sharply split over Senator Joe Ball, and the bitter fight between liberals and Wallaceites for control of the Democratic-Farmer Labor party is one of the hottest local brawls in the country. Curious angle of this melee is that both factions are vehemently opposed to Truman. The Communist question is the dividing issue between them. Both factions have capable, popular leaders; the liberals, Minneapolis' young, ambitious Mayor Hubert Humphrey, who is a top man in the Americans for Democratic Action and has his eye on the Senate; the Wallaceites, ex-Farmer Labor Governor Elmer Benson, who also wants to go to the Senate.

ATOMIC energy control will remain right where it is—in the hands of the civilian commission. Senator Kenneth Wherry's revived scheme to shift to military administration will get nowhere. The bull-voiced Nebraskan has practically no support either in the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee or the Administration, and the military, themselves, are split on the issue. Their chief advocate, Lieutenant General Leslie Groves, is out of the service. Above all, Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, Iowa, and other Joint Committee leaders are satisfied with the way the civilian commission is handling its job.

LONG-TIME big mystery among politicos is who is General Eisenhower's inner political steerer. Reason the secret has been so well kept is that the individual has not been in the U.S. He is the man on whom Eisenhower leaned most during the war—his former Chief of Staff, now ambassador to Moscow, Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith. It was Smith who persuaded Eisenhower to address the 1946 C.I.O. convention, after most of the Army high brass strongly advised against it.

GUEST speaker at a capital function, tall, outspoken Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago listened to a long and high-flown introduction. Finally, when the 20-minute peroration was over, Hutchins rose and observed, "After a build-up like that, I can hardly wait to hear what I'm going to say."

SECRET strategy of the MacArthur managers is to "Willkie the Republican convention." That is, stampede it over the heads of the party leaders as Willkie did in 1940. Like Willkie, MacArthur is an outsider to key G.O.P. chiefs. He has no real following among them. Therefore, MacArthur managers figure that to get the nomination they will have to blitz it. All their plans are being organized for that kind of drive.

As part of these pressure tactics, they will use a couple of ideas that proved very effective for Willkie. One is a hometown deluge of telegrams and telephone calls. Local veteran groups and other organizations already are being lined up to bombard the delegates with "We want MacArthur" pleas. The other scheme is a big claque in the convention hall, bars and other places that the delegates frequent. This proved very potent in softening up, the convention for Wendell Willkie.

STATE DEPARTMENT masterminds are almost as widely split over France as the French are themselves. One group favors making an immediate deal with De Gaulle, on the theory that he's sure to come to power eventually and we might as well prepare for that. A second group, hotly anti-De Gaulle, is insisting on all-out support for the Schuman government. Chief argument of this faction is that while De Gaulle is anti-Communist, he is also anti-U.S. on our policy of rebuilding Germany. A third bloc advocates a hands-off course, on the ground that it will put us in a position to do business with whoever wins.

Meanwhile, the department's policy on France continues to drift.

THERE'S a chance North Carolina's May 29th primary will produce two surprise upsets. Senator William B. Umstead and Representative Alfred L. Bulwinkle appear to be in hot water. Both have formidable opponents. Umstead, appointed to fill out the unexpired term of the late Senator Josiah Bailey, is being vigorously challenged by ex-Governor J. M. Broughton. Bulwinkle, rounding out 26 years in the House, is being equally aggressively opposed by Clarence Ridings, a county prosecutor.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY, seventy-two-year-old White House Chief of Staff, will not retire as he intended this spring. President Truman turned Leahy down, on the ground he is indispensable. One reason why Leahy wanted to quit was to publish his version of the Vichy government. Admiral Leahy was U.S. ambassador to Vichy, and he feels that aged Marshal Henri Pétain, now serving life imprisonment, was more sinned against than sinning.

OREGON'S Governor John Hall is having a tough fight holding on to the office he got as a result of a plane crash. The accident killed the three top officials of the state, and Hall, Speaker of the Assembly, became governor. But Douglas McKay, Portland auto dealer, may take the G.O.P. nomination away from Hall in this month's primary. Although a newcomer in politics, McKay is making a rousing campaign.

Manley Wilson, member of the state legislature, has the inside track for the Democratic nomination to the Senate, against Professor Louis A. Wood of Oregon University. Senator Guy Cordon, Republican incumbent, is unopposed.

VISITING Washington while the tax reduction bill was under consideration, Palmer Hoyt, dynamic Denver Post editor, asked Senator Eugene Millikin how he was making out as chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, in charge of the tax legislation.

"Fine, Palmer, just fine," boomed Millikin. "As a result of this bill, I have now become known as the rich man's Dr. Townsend."

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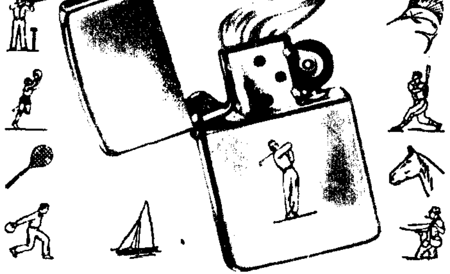

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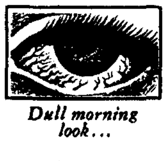

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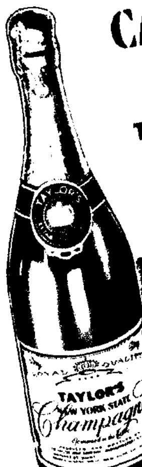

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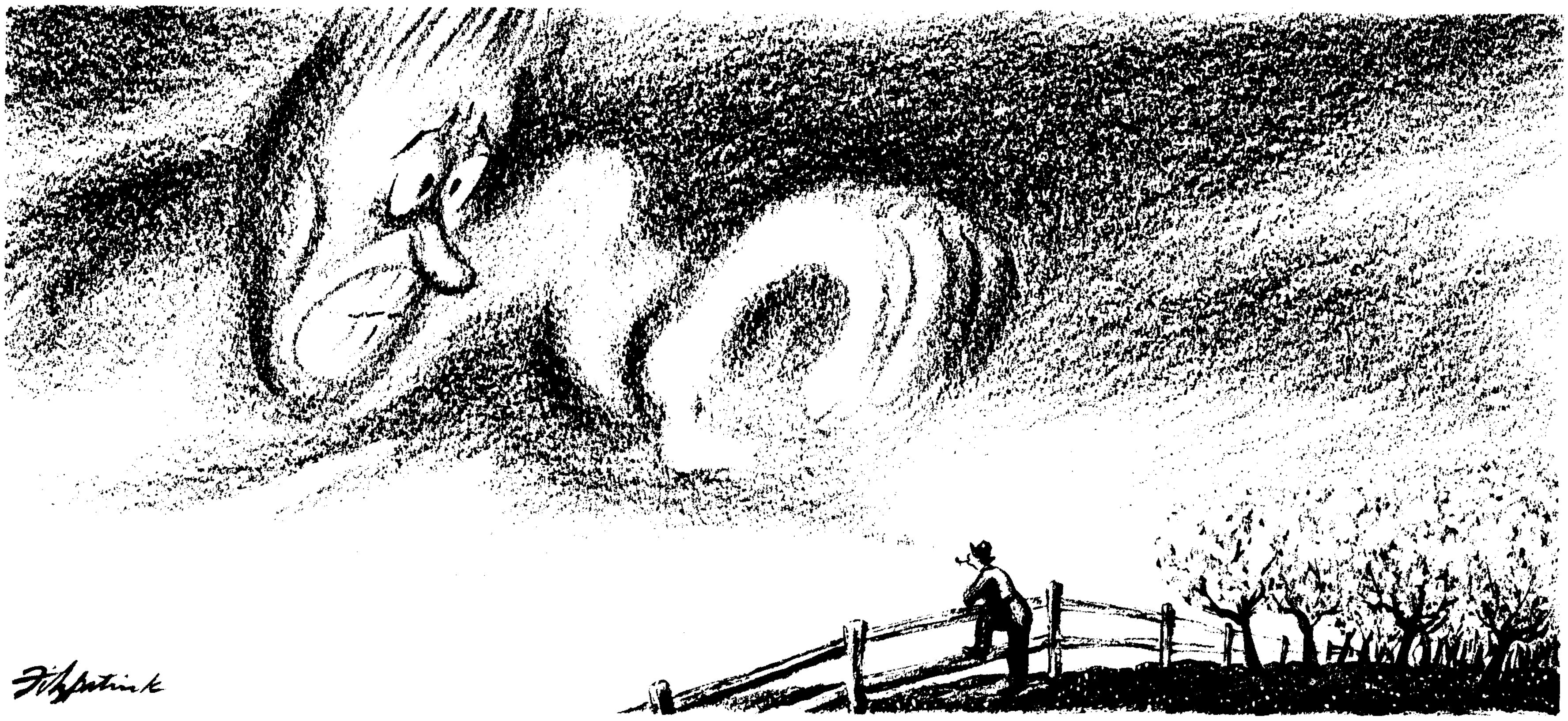

...MOST FEARS ARE PHONY

COLLIER'S recently published a striking article by Howard Whitman, under the title What We're Afraid Of. It took apart the three fiercest fears now fraying American nerves—fear of atomic energy, fear of a war with Russia, fear of a depression. It showed with facts, figures and strong probabilities that all three of these terrors are at least highly exaggerated and perhaps without foundation.

Reading the piece, we were reminded of the old lady who remarked: "I've had lots of troubles in my life; and most of 'em never happened."

It has been that way time and again with the human race, or with large parts thereof.

The most dramatic and long-lasting mass fear on record, so far as we know, was the belief throughout Christendom for a century or more before the year 1000 A.D. that in said year the world was fated to come to some kind of spectacular end. With the calendar now nearing the 2000 notch, that event has yet to occur—though some people once more, squinting at the atom bomb, are persuaded that the end is upon us.

After World War I, the belief became widespread that in another major conflict poison gases would wipe out most or all of humanity. The predictions were as horrifying as those now made about atomic and biological warfare. What happened in World War II was that poison gas was not used.

A hundred or so years ago, many working people were scared to the marrow by the vision of machines killing off human beings' jobs. Some went to the length of mobbing factories and wrecking the machines. But what the machines eventually did was to create many more jobs than had existed before, and to push living standards in many countries to undreamed-of highs.

That's the way things go with most human fears, especially the big ones that roar like tornadoes through tens of millions of minds at a clip. The reason, we suppose, is that the good old future, when it becomes the present, takes a perverse delight in making fools of those who thought they could outguess it.

Why not taper off the fear psychology which is gripping so many of us in this edgy postwar period, and take to living mainly in the present? In which connection, the Reverend Dr. Peter Marshall, U.S. Senate chaplain, opened a recent sitting of that body with the following prayer:

> Our Father, when we long for life without trials and work without difficulties, remind us that oaks grow strong in contrary winds, and diamonds are made under pressure. With stout hearts may we see in every calamity an opportunity, and not give way to the pessimism that sees in every opportunity a calamity.

●

. . . WESTERN EUROPE CAN UNITE: Shortly after the Communist grab of Czechoslovakia and the tragic suicide (or was it murder?) of Jan Masaryk, five Western European countries took what one statesman called an unprecedented step. Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg concluded a 50-year treaty of economic and military alliance.

The pact binds the signatories (1) to go automatically to the defense of any of them that may be attacked, (2) to work toward an eventual customs union, and (3) to unify their social services and broaden cultural ties. The first two points, of course, are the ones with the teeth. Other European nations outside the Iron Curtain are welcome to join up.

It may be that this is the most important news item of the year 1948, though plenty of others look bigger at the moment.

What this news signifies is that the project of a United States of Europe, talked of for the last 100 years or more, is a possibility and not just an idealistic dream. If five European countries can get together in this manner, the setup would appear to be rather easily expandable—assuming Russia does not or cannot head off the expansion by moving to the Atlantic with Red Army troops.

Altogether, some 290,000,000 Europeans at this writing are outside the Iron Curtain. If they could get together—sink their tariff, temperament, language, etc., differences for the common welfare—they could form an eminently respectable counterweight to the Russia-and-satellites group.

Let's encourage this development from our side of the Atlantic in every way we can. A successful United States of Europe would offer us the best hope we've yet had of avoiding future wars originating in Europe.

●

. . . YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS SPIRIT: It appears from a recent United Press dispatch filed in Boston, Massachusetts, that a certain traditional rock-bound, ironclad aspect of the American spirit is still with us here and there. We cite Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Leeman of Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

The Leemans' year-old son Victor, suffering from a tumor, was brought by his parents recently to Children's Hospital in Boston for an operation. The news got around that the Leemans were pretty hard up. Generous Bostonians showered them with offers of food, clothes, transportation, and so on, and one of those tear-jerking "gosh, big city has a heart, after all" newspaper stories appeared to be in the bag.

The Maine couple, however, turned out to have something besides hearts; namely, courage. They politely declined all the offers of help.

"Mighty nice of them," Leeman was quoted as saying in his twangy Maine voice, "but we still have $15 left, and all we want is for the boy to get well. Guess we can hitchhike home well enough. . . . We handle our farming by ourselves, and we don't believe in asking other folks to share our burdens."

As Mrs. Leeman put it: "Thank you kindly, but we don't believe in being beholden to folks. It's just our way of doing things up in Maine. No offense meant."

Now there, we think, you have something to inspire you. Those are words to cheer you up when and if dour thoughts come crowding in on you about the present parlous state of the world.

The Leemans can't be the only Americans left who refuse to think that society owes them a living; who insist on standing on their own feet; who want nothing except what they earn by their own efforts. You can't beat that spirit. We don't believe you can beat a nation whose people cultivate that spirit.

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